

LUCIAN. X
William Sharnan Crawford
DIALOGUES.

Crawford Burn
Selected by

Hanyon

DUGARD.

AND

L E E D S.

Friedrich H. S. Schaefer

Translated by DRYDEN, and
several Eminent HANDS.



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By DUGARD.

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DIALOGUES.

BOOK 1

DIALOGUE

Zeus, Polychrome and Neptune

Notations: Winter 1964-65, 1965-66

Nep. Springs | What, that Prince of Abo's re-

Pd. Why, returning from the Fields one day,

Pol. Why, informing from the Fields one Day I found a parcel of Fellows in my Den, who seem'd to lye in wait for some Prey; and, who, after hadrou'd & spent some time at the Door, and knock'd a Fire, which I borrow'd from a neighbouring Mountain, I discover'd to be very willing to

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get away, but I catching hold of some of them, as they well deserv'd, instantly devour'd 'em. And this most fable Villain, this *Nobody*, or, *Officer*, gave me an Infusion of a certain Drug to drink, luscious enough indeed, and fragrant, but to insensate one most ready and violent. For as soon as ever I had drank it, every thing turn'd round with me. My Den seem'd topsy-turvy; neither were I any more in my Senses. Then falling asleep suddenly, he took a pointed Iron red-hot and thrust it in my Eye whilst I slept, so that from that very time, *Nocturne*, I have been blind.

Nob. Sure you must be very drunk if you were not awak't with such a Wound! But how could *Ulysses* get away after he had done it, for he cou'd not be able to remove the Stone from the Door sure?

Pol. No, but I remov'd it for him, thinking to meet with him the easier as he went out: But placing myself at the Door, and stretching my Hands abroad, and letting only the Sheep go by, as I thought, to Pasture, I believe he sink away under some of their Bellies.

Nob. Not unlikely. But why did not you call the other Cyclops to your Assistance?

Pol. I did, and they came; but when they askt me the Traytor's Name, and I told 'em *Nobody*, they thought me to be mad, and left me. Thus this execrable Villain has impos'd upon me with a Name! But that which vext me most was, that as he went away, he told me that my Father *Nephtun* should not have Power to cure me.

Nob. Trust in me Son; I'll revenge thee amply upon him. And tho' it be out of my Power to restore thy Sight, yet I'll make him know how I live or destroy his Sailors as I please; for he is still in my Dominion.



OF THE SEADEITIES.

DIALOGUE II.

Between Menelaus and Proteus.

Men. I Do not wonder, *Proteus*, that you can change your self into Water, since you are a Sea-God; nor does your being a Tree surprise me, nor is your becoming a Lion past my Belief; but I must confess, when you that live in the Sea transform your self into Fire, you astonish me, and I can't believe it.

Proteus. You shou'd not be astonish'd, *Menelaus*, for I am often wont to do so.

Menelaus. Yes, I have seen you; but yet I fancy there was some Juggle in't, and you deriv'd the Eyes of the Spectators by some Trick or other.

Proteus. And how cou'd I? Was not the Matter plain? Did not you see me transform my self into several Shapes? Which if you won't believe, and do think that I presented an empty Figure before your Eyes, reach me hither your Hand, generous Sir, and feel whether I am Fire or not, or have any Power of burning it.

Menelaus. The Experiment might be dangerous, *Proteus*.

Proteus. But you, *Menelaus*, never seem to have seen *Polytus*, or known what happen'd to that Fish.

Menelaus. Yes, I have seen him, and wou'd be glad to know what happens to him from you.

Proteus. Why, whatever *Sauce* he glides over, or sticks to, he is immediately chang'd into its Colour, and becomes so like to it, that the Fishes next are at a loss to meet with him.

Menelaus. So they say, indeed, but this Passage of yours is more incredible.

Proteus. I know not, *Menelaus*, how you shou'd credit others if you won't believe your own Eyes.

LUCIAN'S Dialogues

Mentaurus. I did see it, 'tis true, but yet 'tis a wonderful thing for the same Person to become both Fire and Water.

DIALOGUE-III.

Between Neptune and the Dolphins.

Nept. YOU do well, *Dolphins*, always to have a love for Man; and heretofore ye carry'd the Son of *Ious* to the *Isthmus*, and sav'd him from the *Scirbesian* Rocks, from whence he was thrown headlong into the Sea, with his Mother: And lately you convey'd *Arion* the Harper safe to *Tanarus*, with his Bag and Baggage; not suffer'd him to be destroy'd by the *Managers*.

1 Dolphin. You need not wonder, *Neptune*, that we are so kind to Man, since we were once such our selves before we were Fish.

Neptune. And for that reason I blame *Bacchus*, who transform'd ye after he had overcome ye in a sea-fight; when he shou'd rather have receiv'd ye into Mercy, as he did others whom he had reduc'd by his Power: But what's the Adventure of *Arion*, tell me, *Dolphins*, for I've almost forgot it.

2 Dolphin. Why, *Arion* being very much belov'd by *Periander* for the Excellence of his Art, he often sent for him; so that being very much enrich'd by the Tyrant, as he was one day sailing home to *Methymna*, he was so vain glorious as to brag of his Wealth, and being lighted into the Boat of a pack of Rascals, he was so foolish as to shew 'em what Gold and Silver he carry'd along with him; so that when they were got about the Middle of the *Aegan-Sea*, they began to set upon him: But he cry'd out (for I heard every Word as I swam by the Side of the Ship) Since I find it is your *Plunder*

Of the SEA-DEITIES.

5

to deal thus by me, I desire you first to permit me to play my Funeral Elegy, and I will voluntarily throw my self into the Sea. The Mariners agreed; and he taking his Harp, and playing, something very surprizing to 'em, leapt into the Sea; when I being near him, receiv'd him upon my Back, and carry'd him to Tenebris.

Neptune. Commendably done truly, he was well paid for his Musick, and you deserve as much for your Care and Diligence.

DIALOGUE IV.

Between Neptune and the Nereids.

Nept. **L**ET this narrow Sea be call'd *Hellefont*; from the Name of this Virgin that was drowned in it; and do you, *Nereids*, take the Body and carry it to *Traax*, that the Inhabitants may bury her.

Amphitrites. No, if you please, *Neptune*, let her be bury'd in this Sea here that bears her Name, for her Misfortunes, and the Cruelties of her Step-Mother, have been so great, that they take away our power to obey you.

Neptune. But she can't remain always upon the Floods, and 'twou'd not be kind to bury her in the Sand; therefore, as I said before, bear her to *Traax* in *Charybdis*: But she will have this for her comfort, that her Mother-in-Law *Proserpine* will meet with the same Fate; for being pursu'd by *Styx* with her Son in her Arms, she shall throw her self off from the top of *Mount Cytherea* into the Sea.

Amphitrites. But she ought to be sav'd for *Darius*'s Sake, whose Nurse she was.

Neptune. Not at all, since she is so wicked; for though *Bastard* deserves it, she does not.

Nereids. But how did she do to fall off from the Ram, since her Brother *Phryxus* was safely carry'd.

Neptune. Oh easily! for he's a young strong Fellow, and cou'd resist the force of the Waves, when she was weak and unus'd to the Saddle: Besides, perhaps her Eyes dazzled to look into the Deep, and her Head turn'd round with the swiftness of the Motion; so that she cou'd no longer keep her hold on the Ram's Horns by which she was supported, and so dropt into the Sea.

Amphirites. But one wou'd think her Mother *Nephele* might have helpt her in this disaster.

Neptune. She might have endeavour'd it, indeed; but there wou'd have been no way to avoid her Destiny.

DIALOGUE V.

Between Xanthus and the Sea.

Xanth. **R** Eceive me into thy Bosom, O Mother, to extinguish my Flames!

Sea. What mean'st thou, poor *Xanthus*? Who burns thee?

Xanthus. *Vulcan*: But, alas, I burn! I fry! I boil over!

Sea. And why did he throw Fire into thee?

Xanthus. Why, because of the Son of *Thetis*; for after I had humbly besought him to desist from slaughtering the poor *Trojans*, he not a whit abated his Rage, but dam'd up my very Channel with their dead Bodies: Whereupon, I pitying the poor Wretch, was resolv'd to draw my Shields upon him; wherewith being frighten'd, he came'd from the Slaughter: When immediately *Vulcan*, for he was near at hand I suppose, ventur'd out his universal

universal Flames against me; whatever he could scrape up, whatever was to be found in *Aëtas*, or any other place, he cast with Indignation into my flaming Bolson. Thus my Elms and Tamarisks were burnt; my poor unfortunate Fish roasted, my self also very much perboil'd and almost dry'd up. And now you see how I have been compos'd and injur'd.

Sea. You are compos'd indeed, *Xanthus*, and hot, which seems to me to be caus'd by Blood, and not by Fire; and all this deservedly, *Xanthus*, because you design'd Violence against my *Sea*: You ought to have remembered he was begotten a *Naxos*.

Xanthus. Ought not I to have assist'd my Neighbours the *Trojans*?

Sea. Ought not *Vulcan* to have assist'd *Achilles* the Son of *Thetis*?

DIALOGUE VI.

Between Jupiter, Esculapius, and Hercules.

Jupiter. **H**ear me you *Esculapius* and *Hercules*: give over this brawling like scoundrel Mortals, 'tis indecent and unworthy the Table of the Gods.

Herc. Is it your Pleasure then, *Jupiter*, that this rascally Quack should take place of me?

Esc. I by *Jove*, for I am your betters.

Herc. In what, you Sot? Because you were once struck with a Thunder-bolt for your Villainy, and since in mere Pity restor'd to Immortality?

Esc. You forget then your own being burnt on Mount *Aëtas*, since you are so ready to cast Fire into my Teeth.

Herc. There is no Comparison betwixt our Performances in the other World: I, the Son of *Jupiter*, spent my Life in famous Achievements,

destroying wild Beasts, and inflicting Punishments on Tyrants: You, a wretched Rascall, went your Mountebank Circuit, and if by the Help of some old Wife's Receipt you happen'd sometimes to relieve a Patient, yet you never did any one Exploit that was great and manly.

Asc. Right, because I cur'd your Blissem when you came up hither to us, half burn'd, with a Body doubly carbonado'd, first with a poison'd Shirt, and afterwards with Flamma. But supposing I had never done any thing that gain'd me Reputation, yet I never went to Service; nor spun in Women's Cloaths like you in *Ipsia* under *Omphale's* Correction; nor in a Fit of Phrensy ever saw my Wife and Children.

Here. Leave rebuking me, Rascal; or your Immortality shall stand you in little stead, when I throw you headlong to Earth, and dash the Brains from your Skull, beyond the Skill of *Pam* to set 'em right again.

Jup. Leave, I say; and do not that disturb the Company, or I'll dismiss you both from our Table. But you *Hercules* ought to give Place to *Esculapius* because he is your Senior in Immortality.

DIALOGUE VII.

Between Mars and Mercury.

Mars. **H**AVE you heard, *Mercury*, how *Jupiter* threatens us, in a Manner no less absurd than impious? When I please (said he) I'll let down a Chain from Heav'n, from whence if all you, ballanc'd against me, shou'd endeavour to pull me down, you'd lose your Labour. You'll never do't. On the other side, if I have a mind to drag the Chain up to me, I will not only fetch ye to me,

but Earth and Sea along with you. Now I
 cou'd allow him the Preference both in Display
 and Strength, to any one of us, but that a single
 Person shou'd be too hard for so many together,
 out-weigh us all, with Earth and Sea thrown in-
 to the Scale, I'll never believe.

Merc. Good Words, I beseech you, *Merc.* 'Tis
 not safe talking at this Rate, lest we suffer for our
 Presumption.

Merc. Can you imagine I'd talk thus to any
 body but your self, whom I know to be no Blab.
 But that which seem'd to me most ridiculous, when
 I heard him bragging (I cannot forbear telling ye)
 I call'd to mind how, not long since, *Nephtis*, *Ta-
 se* and *Pollux*, confederating against him, attempt-
 ed to tye him Neck and Heel, and tho' they were
 but three of 'em, put him into so terrible a Fright,
 that he transform'd himself into all manner of
 Shapes: And unless *Thetis* had taken pity of him,
 and call'd *Briareus* with his hundred Heads to
 his Assistance, they had certainly hamper'd him
 together with his Lightning and Thunder-bolt.
 When I reflected on this Adventure, I could not
 forbear laughing at his Vanity.

Merc. Talk more wisely or hold your Tongue,
 'tis neither safe for you to speak, nor meet to hear
 this Language.

DIALOGUE VIII

Between Diogenes and Pollux.

Dis. I Recommend to thee, *Pollux*, (since 'tis
 thy turn to re-assume Life, and behold the
 Light) to tell that Dog *Mevisper*, to come and

laugh till fill here, * if he has not laugh'd enough above; for where he is, there is still some Doubt, concerning the State after Life; but here there is none in the least. Perhaps he may be astonish'd, as well as I, to see Kings and Princes so little and inconsiderable, that they are distinguishable from others, only by their Complaints. Tell him withal, to come well provided with Necessaries, for he'll find here nothing to eat.

Pollux. But how shall I know him?

Dionysus. He's an old ball-pated Fellow; that generally wears a tatter'd Cloak, full of Patches of several Colours. Those will find him either in *Alcum*, or *Cynus*, making a Jest of every thing, but particularly of the Pride of the Philosophers, who think they know all, and yet know nothing.

Pollux. If he is as you have describ'd him, 'twill be no hard matter to know him; but is there any thing you would have me say to the Philosophers?

Dionysus. Bid 'em leave off their vain Disputes, and their sophistical Arguments, and to cease enquiring into the Nature of Things, and discoursing of what they don't understand.

Pollux. Perhaps they'll say I am an ignorant Fellow, and know nothing of Philosophy.

Dionysus. Tell 'em from me to weep.

Pollux. I shall not fail to obey your Orders.

Dionysus. Say to the Wealthy and the Great Ones, Why, Fool as you are, do you torment yourselves about vain Grandours; why do you heap Talent upon Talent, as if you were never

* If he has not laugh'd enough: The Greek has it, if he has laugh'd enough. They are both good, but the Original carry'd with it Disputes I thought fit to omit.

to die? since when you shall must have 'em, you'll be inconsolable. Don't fail likewise to tell *Megillus* the *Carinthian*, and *Dionemus* the *Athlete*, that there is neither Strength, nor Beauty, nor Dexterity, nor fair Locks, nor bewitching Eyes, nor cheery Cheeks, nor ruby-Lips; in a word, tell 'em there's nothing here, but *Death* and *After*.

Pollex. This Commission is not hard to execute neither.

Dionemus. Fail not likewise to tell the Poor, of whom you'll see a great many afflicting and tormenting themselves, that for the future they have off complaining; because that here behind all is up on the Level, the Rich are not more afraid than others. As for the *Leisured*, reproach 'em from me, with their Cowardice; tell 'em they are not the same People they were heretofore, and that they very much degenerate from the Glory of their Ancestors.

Pollex. Don't speak ill of 'em, for I could not bear it; but I'll accept my self of the other Commission.

Dionemus. Well then, we'll let 'em alone, since thou wilt have it so; but be sure remember the rest.

DIALOGUE IX.

Between *Cicero*, *Menippus*, and *Plato*, &c.

Cicero. WE can no longer endure this Dog of a Philosopher to be so near us; wherefore either remove him somewhere else, or we our selves will pass to some other Place.

Plato. What Harm can he do to you now he's dead.

Cicero. Whatever we grieve or lament our loss, *Felicity*.

Felicity, the one his Riches, or Greatness, the other his Pleasure, he perfectly enjoys at all, and loses at the same time with Injuries. Sometimes he'll interrupt our Complaints, with his Singing, in short, he's an insupportable Fellow.

Philo. These are sad Complaints against these

Misappos. They are all Truths; I hate these infamous, degenerate Wretches, who are not contented to have led ignoble Lives, but now they are dead, must needs torment their Ruins with the Memory of what passes above; I must confess, I take delight in seeing

Philo. But you should not do so, for they bewail considerable Losses.

Misappos. Are you such a Fool too, *Philo*, to approve of such Simplicities?

Philo. No truly, but at the same time I cannot allow of any Sedition in my Dominions.

Misappos. Know then, Wretches as you are, that I'll follow you where ever you go, and will never leave off mauling you with my Singing and Ridicule.

Crasus. Is not this a gross Affront?

Misappos. No. But you might have been ashamed, when living, to cause your selves to be ador'd for Gods, without reflecting that you were Men, and mortal like the rest; and that all your Happiness would pass away like a Dream. Weep therefore now, and bewail the Losses you never prepared your selves for.

Crasus. What Treasures did I lose!

Misappos. How much Gold did I have behind me!

Sardanapalus. What Pleasures am I depriv'd of!

Misappos. This is fine, proceed, and to complement the Harmony, I'll now and then intermingle

this divine Sentence, *Know thy self*: For such a Lamentation ought now and then to be sung to.

JOHN O AND VICTOR M WOOD

DIALOGUE X

Between Menippus and Trophonius in the Presence of Amphibolus.

Men. **P**RAY tell me one thing. Why after your Death did the People build Temples in Honour of you, and rank you among the Gods?

Trophonius. Are we to answer for the People's Folly?

Menippus. But the People had not committed that Folly, had you not impos'd on 'em during your Life-time, and made 'em believe you were Prophets.

Trophonius. Let *Amphibolus* make you an Answer, for 'tis well known I am a Hero that have a Right to foretel what shall happen: One would think thou hadst never been at *Lolabia*, otherwise thou couldst not doubt of so authentick a Truth.

Menippus. 'Tis not at all necessary to have been there, nor to have play'd all those Monkey-Tricks, that are practis'd at the going into this Cave, to know that thou art dead, and that thou hast nothing above others, but thy Impudence: But I conjure thee, by thy Prophetick Spirit, tell me what a Hero is, for I am utterly ignorant of it.

Trophonius. 'Tis a sort of Medium, being between God and Man, or rather a Compound of both.

Menippus. If so, pray thee, where's thy divine Part?

Trophonius. In *Bacis*, where is deliver'd Oracles.

Menippus. This is all Mystery to me, for I think I behold thee here intirely.

DIALOGUE

DIALOGUE XL

Between Mercury and Charon.

Mer. **P**Rithee, Waterman, let thee and I reckon, that we may have no Dispute when it shall have slipp'd out of both our Memories, what I have furnish'd thee with.

Charon. With all my Heart, let us reckon.

Mercury. First of all, a small Anchor for thy Boat, two Shillings and a Penny.

Charon. How! Two and a Penny, that's very dear.

Mercury. It cost so much, upon my Faith, and the Leather to which thy Oar is fasten'd, cost three half-Pence.

Charon. Two Shillings and a Penny, and three half-pence, makes two and two pence half-penny.

Mercury. Item, for a Needle to mend thy Sails, Four pence farthing.

Charon. Add that to the other.

Mercury. Item, for Pitch and Tar to caulk thy Vessel, as also for Nails, and a Rope to managethy Sails; the whole together Ten pence.

Charon. That's cheap enough.

Mercury. I think that's all; but now the matter is when thou'lt pay me.

Charon. I have no Money at present, but if we cou'd have a little good Times, as for Instance, a Plague, War, or Famine, we shou'd get more, and then it were but cheating a little, and one might easily pay thee.

Mercury. In the mean time I must remain with my Arms a-cross, wishing Mischief to the World, in hopes of being reimburs'd.

Charon. Unless some such thing happens, I can't tell how to pay thee, for there's nothing to be got these Times.

Mercury.

Mercury. I had rather not be paid yet a while, than to be a Spectator of such dismal Calamities. But while I think on't, hast thou taken notice of the Difference there is between the Dead of these Times, and those of former Ages? They us'd to be generally strong and vigorous, and for the most part wounded; and now they are dwindled into little Whippersnappers, pale and feeble, some whereof have been poyson'd, others have died through Debauchery and Intemperance, but the major Part has been sent hither by their immediate Heirs, that they might the sooner enjoy their Estates.

Chorus. Truly I don't wonder at it, for Wealth at this time of day is a precious Commodity.

Mercury. Then prithee don't wonder neither, that I press thee to pay me what thou owest me.

DIALOGUE XII.

Between Pluto and Mercury.

Plut. Dost thou know that honest Old Man, that has no Child, and that so many People court, in order to inherit his Wealth.

Mercury. Who do you mean, the Sicyonian?

Pluto. The very Man. Prithee let him live at least till he has buried all those that court and flatter him for no other end than to get his Estate.

*The Ghost says
that his Age,
which I saw,*

Mercury. It would be a great Piece of Injustice that he should live so long, and they die so young.

Pluto. Not in the least, on the contrary, the greatest Justice imaginable; for why should they be his Heirs, who are neither his Relations nor Friends? Is it not a Shame to see 'em offer up their Prayers in publick for his Health, and at the same

with

with him dead in their Heart? At least, let him be Immortal in reference to them.

Mercury. I would be, indeed, but what they deserve; but at the same time, he plays his Part very well with 'em, counterfeiting the dying Man every Hour almost, when at the same time he gets nothing, and this only to obtain fresh Presents, and fresh Careless; inasmuch, that I'm really afraid they'll beggar themselves, by too eager a Desire of becoming rich.

Pluto. Let him then at least reassume the Strength and Flower of his Age, like *Jolas*; and for them, let 'em leave off dividing his Wealth in a Dream, or let 'em lay aside all their vain Hopes.

Mercury. Let me alone, I'll bring 'em all to you in a little time, one after another; I think they are seven in all.

Pluto. Well said *Mercury*; let the Good-Man out-live all his imaginary Heirs.

DIALOGUE XIII.

Between *Tersio*, and *Pluto*.

Tersio. IS it a reasonable thing, *Pluto*, that I should die at Thirty Years of Age, and that *Theocritus*, who can't be less than Ninety Years old, should still be living?

Pluto. The reasonablest thing in the World, *Tersio*, for that Man deserves to live, who never thought another liv'd too long: And they deserve to die, who are always laying Snare for their Friends, in hopes to enjoy their Estates the sooner.

Tersio. But is it not at the same time a piece of Justice, that he, that is incapable by Age of receiving any Satisfaction or Pleasure from his Wealth, should resign it to them that know how to make use of it?

Pluto.

Philo. They are making new Laws, when they would have every one die, that is become incapable of applying their Riches to Voluptuousness and Pleasure for the Design and Nature have ordain'd otherwise.

Tyrpho. 'Tis that Ordinance I find fault with: For in my Opinion, the oldest ought to die first, and the rest in their turn, successively, without permitting an old gouty Dotard to live, after he has lost the use of all his Senses, and is at best but an animated Tomb; and at the same time suffer me to die, who am still young and vigorous, and in the Prime of my Age: This is what may, in my Opinion, be call'd putting the Cart before the Horse, or if thou wouldst have a more noble Simile, making Rivers run back to their original Springs; the Grievance would be somewhat alleviated, if one could but know how long they were to live, that one might avoid a tedious and fruitless Courtship.

Philo. What Reason is there for to eager a Pursuit after another's Wealth; and why should you court an Adoption from these old Men, since you are but laugh'd at when they out-live you? 'Tis a thing that affords Delight, to see such young Fellows as you making your Courtship to old decrepid Men and Women, in the most obsequious manner; especially when they have no Children, for there's nothing lovely in 'em but that; for which Reason when they have any, they counterfit an Aversion to 'em, thereby to allure you, and when Death strikes 'em, they leave 'em their Estates, according to the Rules of Reason and Nature, bequeathing to your selves no other Legacy for all your Watchings and Troubles, than useless and unprofitable Complaints.

Tyrpho. 'Tis what transports me to Dissolution, even now I am dead; for how much time have I bestow'd in cultivating the Favour of These Men, who

who fear'd to be every Hour dying, by his short breathing, and rattling in the Throat; which oblig'd me to double my Preface in order to dissipate my Competitors; and if the Truth were known, that was the real Cause of my Death; for I neither sleep Night nor Day, the very Remembrance whereof, forc'd a Smile from him, even at my Funeral.

Philo. Drink up *Theocritus*; merry be thy Heart, till thou hast liv'd to bury 'em all.

Typho. I could be reconcil'd to thy Will, all but *Caricles* die before him.

Philo. Have a good Heart *Typho*; for not only *Caricles*, but *Philo*, likewise, and *Menander*, and all the others shall die before him, confus'd and destroy'd by their own Sollicitude and Care.

DIALOGUE XIV

Between Zenophanes and Callidemus

Zenoph. **W**HAT didst thou die of *Callidemus*, for thou know'st very well, I burst my self, at an Entertainment, that *Divus* gave, which I conceive to be a fine End for a Parasite.

Callidemus. I remember it very well, but my Feet had something in it, still more tragical; thou know'st old *Procrustes*?

Zenophanes. What, that rich old Man, whose Friendship thou sought'st with so much Diligence and Favour.

Callidemus. The very same, he had promis'd to make me his Heir, but not being able to wait patiently for his Death, I design'd to abridge his Life by Poison: For which purpose I had a Cup-Bearer, who, by mistake, gave me the Cup.

he had intended for his Master: The old Man laugh'd heartily, when he discover'd the Treachery, seeing me fall down dead.

Zenophilus. I think he had sufficient Cause, for I can hardly forbear laughing at it my self; tho' in the other World, and altogether disinterested: Endeavouring to go the nearest way, my Friend, thou plainly seest thou lost thy self, whereas had'st thou kept the better Road, 'twould have brought thee safe to thy Journey's End; tho' perhaps a little later.

DIALOGUE XV.

Between Cressus and Damippus.

Cressus. THE old Saying is now verify'd. The
Guest has talter the Lion.

Damippus. What is it that disturbs thee so?
Cressus. What is it? Why I have been so far impos'd upon, and trick'd, as to make a Man my Heir, contrary to my Intention: And to the great Damage of those, I wish'd well too.

Damippus. How came that to pass.

Cressus. Why truly I flatter'd *Hermolus*, that I might be his Heir; and that I might gain his Affections the sooner, I shew'd him my Will, in which I had made him my Heir, hoping it might induce him to do the same by me. But as ill Fate would have it, I am dead first, although he had already one Foot in the Grave; and now he enjoys all my Estate, having imitated the *Pike*, who swallows both Hook and Bait, and carries away both together.

Damippus. Not only the Bait, and Hook, but the Fisher-man also, who is taken in his own Net.

Cressus. 'Tis what afflicts me to distraction, even now that I am dead.

DIALOGUE

DIALOGUE XVI.

Between Charon and Mercury. Where several others sail.

Charon. **Y**OU easily perceive Gentlemen, the Condition we are in; we have but this little Bark that leaks in many Places; yet nevertheless you crowd in, in such Numbers, and with so much Baggage, that I very much fear you'll repent it, especially those who can't swim; for if the Boat does but incline ever so little to either side, we all go to the Bottom of the Water.

The Dead. How then must we do, to pass safe, and without Danger?

Charon. I'll tell you; you must leave your Baggage on this side, and 'twill be all we can do to go safe then: Sit down, *Mercury*, at the Entrance of the Bark; and suffer none to come in that does not quit his Baggage.

Mercury. 'Tis well said, who is that that comes first?

Menippus. 'Tis I, hold, there's my Wallet, and my Stick, which is all that I am worth, as for my Cloak I ha'n't so much as brought it.

Mercury. Enter, *Menippus*, thou art an honest Fellow, go, and place thy self aloft, next the Pilot, that thou may'st more easily behold 'em all; but who is this Beau?

One of the Dead. *Charmides*, the *Megarian*, the Beloved, of whom one single Kiss was valu'd at the Price of two Talents.

Mercury. Strip thy self, prethee, of all that Beauty, those Lips, and Kisses, likewise of thy long Hair, and Cherry Cheeks; in fine, of thy whole Skin: Enter now, but who is this, clad in Purple, with a Diadem, and a sort of a surly look?

One of the Dead. I am *Lampichus*, King of the *Gala-*

Mercury.

Mercury. What mean'st thou, with all this Furniture and Apparel, Friend?

Lampichus. Wouldst thou have a King go naked, and without Baggage?

Mercury. No, not a King, by no means, but one that is dead, may very well sing all that away.

Lampichus. Leave me, at least, some Token of Grandeur, that I may be known by.

Mercury. No, thou must quit all, even thy Pride, and Vanity; thy Folly, and thy Cruelty; for if they are admitted into the Boat, they'll over-board her: Therefore, to be short, quit all thy Passions.

Lampichus. Now I'm quite naked.

Mercury. Then thou may'st come in: Hark thee Friend, who art thou? With all that Flesh and Fat about thee.

Damofias. I am *Damofias*, the Wrestler.

Mercury. Thou say'st right, I remember to have seen thee in the Place of Exercise; but thou art in too good case, for one that's dead, thou wilt sink the Boat; thou must not enter here, till thou art stript of all that useless Flesh, nay, even of thy Dexterity, Strength and Vigour, thou must also sing away thy Crowns, and Acclamations, for they are of no manner of use, in the other World.

Damofias. Well, I hope thou'lt like me now, for I differ in nothing from the rest of the dead, but am as much a Skeleton as they.

Mercury. Now thou hast lighted thy self, thou may'st come in, but for thy Part, Orestes, cast away thy Treasures, *Lazury* and *Vainness*; thou must not carry with thee neither thy *American*, nor *Pedigree*, nor *Nobility*, nor *Titles of Honour*, *Inscriptions*, *Science*, nor *Prizes*; nay, thou must not so much as reflect, thou hast a *Temple*, or *Astrolabe*, for all these things are so very ponderous, that they'd go down to sink the Boat, if but remain'd in Memory.

Crates.

Crates. Since it must be so, it can't be help, however, I own 'tis fore against my Will, nevertheless I obey thee.

Mercury. Prethee, I hope thou dost not think of carrying thy Arms, nor Trophies along with thee.

Crates. I'd willingly carry these with me, they were bestow'd on me, in memory of a Victory I obtain'd.

Mercury. Leave thy Trophies a-shore! And for thy Arms, there's no occasion for 'em; with us we are peaceable People; but for God's Sake, who is that grave Personage; He is very pensive, knit his Brows, and wears a very long Beard.

Minippus. 'Tis some Philosopher, *Mercury*, or some Impassor, or Juggler, make him strip, and you'll see, what a world of ridiculous Things, he has hid under his Cloak.

Mercury. First of all, sling away this Habit, and then all these other Things: O *Jupiter*! What a Stock is here, of Arrogancy, of Ignorance, Contention, Vain-Glory, doubtful Questions, knotty Disputes, and perplexed Thoughts; then must quit all these, nay, even thy Impudence and Anger, otherwise a much larger Boat would not suffice for thee alone.

Philosopher. I willingly lay 'em by, since you will have it so.

Minippus. Don't admit him, *Mercury*, with that huge Beard, it can't weigh less than threescore Ounces, I'll warrant it.

Philosopher. Who shall have it?

Mercury. *Minippus* shall chop it off, with an Ax, or Hatchet; but I have no scissars.

Minippus. No *Mercury*, I'll take a Saw, for that will make it more ridiculous, and diverting.

Minippus. Have a good heart, don't let them art four Sycophants like a Min, who are

Sty sinking Heart is gone; shall I take away (now I am doing) a link of his own-grown Eye-brows?

Mercy. By all means, for they reach half way down his Forehead.

Miniver. He has something still very strong, about the Arm-pits.

Mercy. What's that, Miniver?

Miniver. His Flattery, that introduced him, among the Great ones.

Philosopher. Prethee Miniver, do thou strip thyself of thy impudent Freedom, of thy Indifference, and thy ridiculous Temper.

Mercy. Not at all; they don't weigh any thing; and besides they are diverting: But for you, Mr. Orator, leave behind thy dog-on-hill, and winded Speeches; with all their *Trains of Antitheses, Similes, Periods, Epithets, Barbarisms*, and all the rest of that heavy Luggage.

Orator. I have obey'd your Orders.

Mercy. That's well! Then unhook the Boat, take in the Ladders, weigh the Anchor, furl the Sail, Pilot, take care of the Stowage: Let's be merry; what do you cry for, Fool as you are, but especially thou that art a Philosopher!

Philosopher. I believ'd the Soul was immortal.

Miniver. Thou art a Liar, that's not the Thing that givest thee.

Philosopher. What is it then?

Miniver. Thy Debaucheries and Voluptuousness: Thou canst not now play the Parasite at the Tables of the Rich, nor haunt the Bowdy-Houses all the Night, with thy Head wrapt up in thy Cloak, and the next Day read a Lecture concerning Virtue to the Scholars, to get a little Money; that's what will do thee.

Mercy.

Mercury. I And for thy Part, *Menippus*, art thou not sorry thou art dead? (and thus I won)

Menippus. How should that be; Did not I come of my own free Will, without being sent for? but whilst we are talking, I hear a great Outcry above: What's the matter?

Mercury. Why, some are rejoicing at the Death of the Tyrant; others are applauding *Dionysius*, who makes the Funeral Oration of *Croesus* the Syonian: In another Place the Women are dragging the Tyrant's Wife by the Hair of the Head; while the Boys are slinging Stones at his Children: The Mother of *Dionysius* in another Place, is lamenting and bewailing, with other Women, the Loss of her Son; but for thy part, honest *Menippus*, I find no body grieves for thee.

Menippus. I'll warrant thee, by and by the Dogs and the Crows will have a battle about me, which of 'em shall be my Grave, when they go to bury me.

Mercury. I commend thy Courage, Steadfastness and Resolution: But now, I have paid you over, go and present your selves before your Judge: in the mean time I'll go and fetch the rest of the Dead.

Menippus. A happy Voyage to thee, *Mercury*: But go on, what do we stop for, Judgment is inevitable; here they talk of nothing but Whips, Vultures, and huge Stones: Every one of our Lives will be strictly examin'd.

DIALOGUE XVII.

Between Crates and Dionysius.

Crates. **D**idst thou know *Merichus*, *Dionysius*? that rich Corinthian, who own'd a

many things, which Charles (who was as tall and as rich as he) took indignantly, and required that Works should be done. On the one of, or I think she off. For they had spent the money I have should have all. The Fortunate either did Charles something or else did not, and sometimes the other, that he should not live his Companion.

Diogenes. And how fell it out, as I said?

Crates. They both dy'd on the same day, and their Estates fell to Porcius, that the Orator had never so much as mentioned.

Diogenes. I'm glad don't in my House, as he there and I, we did not set to make back Parts of our silver, when we were Lovers; I never wish'd in the Death of Antisthenes, to hope to have his Stick which was of Olive, and I believe there never did wish for mine, in hopes of having my Walker and Tub.

Crates. The Eunuch is himself, and was contented with his wife, and I thought my self happy enough, in having my Virtue, as there isn't those of that great Man; which is a Treasure of greater Value, than any much might after; for you don't find any body covets you much on that score; at the same time every body is greedy of Riches and Grandeur.

Diogenes. I don't wonder at it, their Souls be so deprav'd by their Passions, that they cannot be virtuous: But if you offer to catch at their Gold, they'll straight hand on him.

Crates. We have all this Comfort, that we are allow'd to bring our Teachers home along with us, while they are forc'd to leave their scholars, even to the finishing which is paid in full before we pay their Filling. For they bring it no more than Charles's.

DIALOGUE XVIII.

Between Alexander and Hannibal, Mimes and Scipio.

Alex. Stop, Carthaginian, 'Tis my Prerogative to go first.

Hannibal. I shall not allow it.

Alex. Shall Mimes be our Judge?

Hannibal. With all my Heart.

Mimes. Who are ye?

Alexander. Alexander and Hannibal.

Mimes. Both great Men, but what's the Dispute?

Alexander. About Preeminency; for this Man is so violent as to contest my Right of Preeminency, tho' I have been Master of all Asia, and the greatest Captain the World has afforded.

Mimes. We must hear his Reasons; what has he to say Hannibal?

Hannibal. 'Tis a great Happiness to me, to be before a Judge, that will grant nothing to Favour nor Affection; and who will not regard Appearance so much as Truth. I say then, that he who makes himself by his own Merit, as I did, and gives his Fortune entirely to himself, ought to be preferred to him, who derives his Glory from his Fortune: For having pass'd from Africa into Asia with a small Body of Men, I perfectly conquer'd all Asia for my Valour, and plac'd the Death of my Brother-in-Law, having the Command of all Armies: I conquer'd the Colchians, and the Mysians, then passing the Helles, I conquer'd all Asia, as far as Rome, having got the more than thirteen Books, in one of which I have a History of the History, that I had then, and of Kings of old Asia, and present Kings of Asia, and of old Books: I did all this, and

not filling my self *Yupiter's* son; or desiring to be
thought a God: but what is still more remarkable,
I had not to do with *Armenians* nor *Medes*, who
are us'd to fly, before the *Fight* begins, and assign
the Victory to him that has but *Conceit* enough to
say for it; but I had to do with the most warlike
Nations, and most experienced Captains in the
World: On the other hand, I did not perform
their great Achievements with Troops that had
been disciplin'd a long time, nor with Soldiers of
my own Country; but with an Army of *Vaga-
bonds* and *Blindings*; not Hair to a Crown, but a
simple *Burgher* of *Carthage*: Whom *Alexander*,
having receiv'd from his Father, not only a power-
ful Kingdom, but also an invincible Army, want-
ed still the Assistance of *Pompey*, to overcome a
wholesome Prince, and dissolute Nation: And
his Victories having shew'd him he depended
from his *Armenians*, and could himself to be wor-
ship'd as a God, killing with his own Hand some
of his best Friends, and causing others to be exe-
cuted: As to me, tho' I was triumphant and vic-
torious, when I was call'd into *Africa* to oppose
Sipio; I obey'd as readily as the meanest Citizen
could have done, and being since condemn'd I bore
my Exile patiently; but I had like to have forget-
writ to me is very glorious, that I perform'd all
these great Actions, without the Help of much
Learning, and without having had *Achilles* for my
Tutor: If *Alexander* says *Cham* to my Advantage
from his Distance, 'tis well enough, with Reference
to the *Pygmies* and *Amazons*; but not to me,
who am not born his Subject, and have deserv'd
the Character of being a wild and loose Country-
man, but which *Pompey* did not always find in
Understandings.

LUCIAN'S Dialogues

Must. There is Strength in this Speech, which
 imports nothing of *Barbarism*; what say'st thou,
Alexander?

Alexander. That my Reputation alone was
 sufficient to give me the Advantage, if I did not
 design to carry it by dint of Reason, as well as by
 Force of Arms; and to triumph in my Works, as
 well as in my Affairs: For finding my Persian
 Kingdom tottering, and very much shaken by his
 Death, I found a Means to settle it, by making
 Examples of his Murderers; and I made all Greece
 tremble by the Ruin of Thebes. Afterwards being
 chosen Captain-General against the Barbarians, I
 carried my Arms and Hopes further than any that
 had gone before me; then crossing the Hellespont, I
 defeated Darius's Captain in a pitched Battle, and
 conquered all the Provinces as far as Cilicia; overcame
 the King of Persia in Person; and in one Day ge-
 ther'd so many Launches, that Clever's Boat was
 not sufficient to pass the Dead, there was such a
 Multitude of 'em. After that, not to mention Ery-
 thræa &c, I subdued all Asia, as far as India, my
 India it self, and made the Ocean the Bounds of
 my Empire: All these Exploits did not satisfy me;
 I past the Tanais, and overthrew the Scythians, tri-
 umph'd over all the Enemies of Greece, and left
 many Kingdoms to be divided among my Captains:
 Now if after this achieving so many Exploits, I
 have the Power of a Mortal to converse, Mankind
 look'd upon me to have God, 'twas possible to
 'em, and in me that suffer'd it, at the founding of
 my Empire: In fine, thou hast before thee the
 Conqueror of Half the Universe, with whom
 a lowly Wretch contends for Precedence, and
 did the Slave of a little King of Macedonia
 to this, that I made all these Conquests, not
 on, with open Force; whereas Hannibal

di but by Force, and was at last overcome by his own Arms; that's as good to think he conquer'd as I was full of Clemency and Mercy. But 'tis pleasant enough to hear him approach me of my Debaucheries, after his voluptuous Life at Carthage, which made him lose the Fruit of so many Victories: As for my Pleasures, they never sully'd the Glory of my Arms; and would not triumph off I had no more Enemies: I could always find other things in my behalf; but I should be oblig'd to employ more Words in so just a Cause; there remains now nothing but to decide the Dispute.

Scipio. Hold Affair, I have something to represent.

Mime. Who art thou?

Scipio. Scipio, who overcame Hannibal, and subdu'd Carthage.

Mime. What would'st thou say?

Scipio. That I yield Precedency to Alexander; but not to Hannibal.

Mime. Thou art in the right, thou shalt pass before him, and Alexander before thee; let us hear no more on't.

DIALOGUE XIX.

Between Diogenes and Alexander.

Diogenes. What Alexander, it seems Death has not spar'd thee, no more than any other Man.

Alexander. That's no Wonder, since I was mortal.

Diogenes. But Jupiter then was an Impudic; to say thou wert his Son; and thy Mother put upon us too, pretending to have convers'd with a Deity.

LUCIAN'S Dialogues

Alexander. There is no relying upon Warriors and Oracles, but I suffer'd it, because it oblig'd the Minds of the People to pay me a greater Respect and Obedience.

Dionysus. In fine, to whom didst thou leave thy Empire?

Alexander. I can't tell, for I had not Time to dispose of it; but, a little before my Death, I gave my Ring to *Perdiccas*: What dost thou laugh at?

Dionysus. Because I remember the Time when *Græce* proclaim'd thee its General; and its Orators plac'd thee among the principal Gods; some went so far as to sacrifice to thee, erecting Temples to thee, as being *Jupiter's* Son: But where art thou bury'd?

Alexander. In *Babylon*; for 'tis but three Days since I died; but *Ptolemy* is to convey me to *Aegypt*, that I may be worship'd with the Gods of the Country.

Dionysus. Who would not laugh, *Alexander*, to see that even after Death, thou should'st be as wiser than to flatter thy self with the Hopes of leaving thy self ador'd among Monsters! Leave off those Vanities; there's no Commerce betwixt this Place and above; and there's no returning to the World after you have once left it: But I would fain know how thou bear'st it: Loss of thy Empire, and what thou think'st when thou call'st to mind thy *Bathians*, *Babylon*, thy former *Grandeur* and *Glory*? What dost thou weep poor Fool! Did not *Aristotle* teach thee, that all that was Vanity?

Alexander. What dost thou say, *Dionysus*, of the basest of all my Flatterers? Ha! Further don't leave me to publish his Failings, nor to represent how he abus'd my Good nature, and the common Passion I had for Learning; *Demetrius* abus'd me on the Account of my Beauty; *Antisthenes*

the *Scour* of my *Kicks*, which is all the *Scour* to rank among the good and defensible Things, that he might not be oblig'd to ask for 'em, and receive 'em; all the Benefit I reap'd from his Learning, would make a wrong Judgment of Things, and think those Things desirable which were not so, the last whereof still afflicts me.

Dionysius. Dost thou know what I'd have thee do, to cure thy self? Since there is no Hell here in the other world, go and drink five or six large Draughts of the River *Lethe*, till such time as thou shalt have quite blotted out of thy Memory all those imaginary good Things. As it happens too, here's *Cerberus* and *Calisto*, with a *Guard* of *Malecontents*, that are preparing to torment thee; Fly, at least, now thou art dead, and drink thy fill, for it's the only way to cure thee.

DIALOGUE XX.

Between Alexander and Philip.

Phil. **T**hou canst now no longer deny that thou art my Son; for thou hast never dy'd hadst thou been *Jupiter's*.

Alexander. I knew that very well, above; but I look upon the Opinion to favour my Design.

Philip. How! to suffer thy self to be imposed upon after that manner by thy fathering Country?

Alexander. No, but by spreading every where a Terror of my Name and Arms, to the end I might meet with little or no Resistance.

Philip. Praying, when hast thou to do with a formidable People? Thou shalt have at least the *Thracians*, the *Scythians*, and the *Greeks*, the *Guard* of whom, under the

Command of Clearchus put to Flight from the
 Home of Babylonians. Let them all go forth, then, to

Alexander. But was the Legion not the In-
 dians, with their Elephants, so contemptible to
 Lanny? I did not overcome 'em by drawing the
 yifons among 'em, nor by converting their Com-
 manders, keeping my Word with them, but in a
 fair pitch'd Battle; as for the Greeks, I won 'em
 by soft and gentle Usage, having first subdu-
 ed 'em by Force.

Philip. Clearchus has inform'd me of all this, and
 of thy assuming the Customs of the country, making
 thyself to be ador'd like a God, and at
 the same time not allowing any body to speak well
 of me in thy Presence, which was the Cause of
 his Death; he said further, that thou had'st car-
 po'd *Ephesus* to the Lyons, and put to Death
 several of thy other Friends for supposed Crimes;
 not to mention thy Intrigues with *Rome*, and
 thy Tenderness for *Ephesus*: I can find in the
 whole History of thy Life, but one single Passage
 worthy of me, which was the Command thou
 had'st over thy Passions, in reference to *Therich's*
 Wife, and thy Care for his Mother and Daughters.

Alexander. Then thou pass'd over the River
 I shew'd, when all alone, I lay'd off thy Raiment
 into the Town of the *Oxydrichians*.

Philip. That Action ought rather to be blam'd
 than prais'd; 'tis not but that I saw *Clearchus*
 a Prince, and behold him with Pindarus as the
 Head of Troops, with his sword in his Hand, but
 there's a vast Difference between the Value of a
 General and that of a private Soldier; besides, he was
 a Propagator to the Reputation of the Arms, and
 held a God at our Head, in the Place of a
 man. And now, thou art dead, how can
 I think there are that value a Soldier as thou

OF A DEAD I

Impostor: Moreover, the Advantage that
would be made from this Opinion, very much
improves the Glory, as if there would be no more
by Defiance and Artifice, than there would be
conquer by Force of Arms; besides how great
sever all this may be, 'tis very much humbling
God.

Achilles: They will, nevertheless, to entice
me to Achilles and Hector, and that with
much more Reason, as I have taken that Part
in which they imagin'd impossible.

Philip: 'Tis a strange thing, that in all this
time there hath not been any of the Followers
that there still would play the Son of Jupiter in
these lower Regions; at least hath to be with
thy Death.

DIALOGUE XXI

Between Achilles and Antenor.

Ant. **W**HILE I sit here by my self, I
think that that last night's dream
of some year Labour, that had not been full
of Bread, than to ride here among the Stones:
How unworthy is that of the Disciple of Plato
and Chiron? It seems more of the earthly
Physician than of Achilles, who would have
ride Death to a voluptuous Life.

Achilles: Ah! Son of Neptun, his heart at that
time I did not know that all the Glory of the
World is nothing but Smoke, whatsoever Honor
and the other Parts may say of it; but there is
neither Strength, Beauty, nor Industry. I am
sensible that the Trojans for me, are the Greek
for me; all is upon the level, every one is

the first Dorkos, which makes me wish I were
still again, and never to speak.

Anticles. We must conform to the Laws of
the World, and not quarrel against the Order of
Nature; all the great Men are dead, as you
also will be some day.

Achilles. Thou try'st in vain to comfort me,
Anticles. I cannot tell how 'tis, but the Folly
of Life very much afflicts me, and does so,
but thou art wiser than I am, to dissemble the mat-
ter; if it mayn't be call'd rather Covetousness
to die to complaining when one suffers.

Anticles. On the contrary, 'tis Covetousness
Refinement, for what will all that Covetousness
be it not much better to bear one's Misfortune
patiently, than to make one self light in, by un-
profitable and useless Lamentations!

DIALOGUE XXII

Between Menippus and Timon.

Menippus. WHAT dost thou weep for, Timon,
and where Timon dost thou weep
in the Lake where thou art?

Timon. I die with Thirst, Menippus.

Menippus. Art thou so hungry that thou canst not
keep thyself, or take a Little Water in the
bow of thy Hand?

Timon. The Water that flows so plentifully
rounds it, and when I take any in my Hand
immediately runs thro' it.

Menippus. That's very strange; but what
wouldst thou do to drink, now thou hast so much
for what will be so hungry and thirsty, as thou
art in Lake, and the Food that is about thee will
be drunk.

...I want to be my Father's
...that my Father has the same I think that my
Body has

... I believe it is better than the other, but
... what are the other? ... I have not seen them
... and I am not sure if they are the same or not.
... I am not sure if they are the same or not.

Thank You; but the part of my Film will be
thirty without Occasion.

THEY ARE NOT GENUINE, TALKING, IF
THEY WERE, THEY WOULD BE IN THE
MIDDLE OF THE WAY TO THE TOP.

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Alcohol, Cakes, &c. &c. &c. that are not the only things which the Deaf can eat; they can drink; for be they who they will, as they have no Body, they have no action for Drink; but all are not like this, and some will be able to think they can have more.

DIALOGUE XXIII

Between Mexico and Canada, where General
... ..

I

there all; but here are the principal things: **China, Japan, Korea, and the Philippines** are the main ones.

My dear I have all that, and that time the
the Father of the Faith, I have been with the
Father; and now the time has come when
where such a thing can be done.

Quinton

THE GARDEN

Minister. I wish to show the church, and then go to the house of the deceased. But when I see the church, I shall see the dead. I shall see the dead in the church, and the dead in the house.

Osachus. The church, that is the house out of which the dead are taken.

Minister. God has the power to raise the dead; when you see the dead, you will see the power.

Osachus. I shall see the power.

Minister. Say rather that it was Faith, Vanity, and Ambition, that have made it thought immortal when they were mortal. I shall see the Cause of the Destruction of the soul and the body: But that I shall see of an old man, who was not seen after his Death. This is not all; where's the power?

Osachus. With Nature, Providence, and the other great Masters of the Universe, who have still talking on as he used to do.

Minister. I should be glad to see him, if it be not too late.

Osachus. Did he not talk of this?

Minister. That's a common Mark for all the Dead.

Osachus. I tell thee, that he would follow.

Minister. Are they not all in prison?

Socrates. *Minister,* is it not they are asking after I?

Minister. Yes, *Socrates.*

Socrates. What do they do at Athens?

Minister. A great many give the Philosophers there, that are only so by their Argument, and give Walk: These know it how Plato and Aristotle came hither, the one as he came from the Tyrant's Court, the other all over prison.

Socrates.

Socrates. Præterea, quæ de illis rebus dixi.
Menippus. Tuus est deus, si illis potes
 scire, ut sciret deus, ut sciret deus, ut sciret deus.
 Menippus. I believe thou know'st nothing.

Socrates. I will tell thee often, but they would
 not believe me.

Menippus. Who are those men then?
Socrates. Charmides, Phædon, and Alcibiades.

Menippus. What, I see thou hast not forgot thy
 good Qualities in the other World, for thou still
 lovest the beautiful Lads.

Socrates. What could I do here, that were more
 delightful, but for that down near me.

Menippus. I had rather go and be by Crætes
 and Sardanapalus, to hear their Complaints, for
 that makes me burst my Sides with Laughing.

Socrates. And I'll be gone also, for fear some
 Dead should slip out in my Absence. Fare thee
 well; another time thou shalt see the rest.

DIALOGUE XXIV.

Between Menippus and Carbo.

Menippus. Præterea tell me Carbo, since we are
 Companions; in what Condition did
 Socrates come hither? he is dead, and a God,
 thou know'st as well how to talk as to think.

Carbo. At first he they'd found Refreshed,
 and would pass for a Man who had not yet
 Dead; but he had no sooner put his Feet into
 that dismal Place, but he was struck with Hor-
 ror at the horrible Darkness thereof; and when I
 began to look at him and his face, he fell a cry-
 ing like a Child, wailing, howling, and making
 wry.

Menippus.

OF A DEAD

Manipus. He was that, an' he's that, and was not less than Fate, who said he was.

Carver. When he found the absolute Necessity of going through it, he put on a bold Resolution, that he might not seem to regret it what was unavoidable, and that he might thereby be more admir'd. This may be said generally of all Philosophers, they're very stout till they come to this Passage, but then they're many Cowards in the rest.

Manipus. But please tell me, how I appear'd to thee at that Moment?

Carver. Worthy thy Profession, and so did Diogenes before thee; for you did not come as if you were dragg'd for Fate, and with Reluctancy, but freely and cheerfully, as if you had nothing to do but laugh while the rest cry'd.

DIALOGUE XXV.

Between Church, Manipus and Mercury.

Chen. **H**ark thee, Sirrah, pay the Water-man. *Manipus.* Make as much Noise as thou wilt, I'll give thee nothing.

Chen. Come, come, don't tell me, a Farthing for thy Passage.

Manipus. How shall I give thee what I ha'n't?

Chen. Can any body be so poor as not to be worth a Farthing?

Manipus. Yes, I am.

Chen. I'll thrust thee but I'll have my Money.

Manipus. And I'll buy thee about the Head, with my Stick.

Chen. What shall I ferry thee over for nothing?

Manipus. Let *Mercury* pay thee if he will, for he brought me here.

Mercury.

LUCIAN'S Dialogue

Mercy. That's a pretty job indeed, that I must pay for the Dead, after having the Trouble of being their Guide.

Chorus. Then don't not die till I am paid.

Mercy. Put to them then if thou wilt; but how wilt thou make 'em pay thee, if I have no Money?

Chorus. Didst thou not know thou wast to bring some?

Mercy. Suppose I had known it, could I hinder my dying?

Chorus. How I shall then be the only Person, that shall make thy long, of having paid Chorus's Debt again.

Mercy. Don't say for nothing, for I shall to row, and I pump'd, without disturbing thy Head with my Chorus, like the rest.

Chorus. This is nothing to the Purpose.

Mercy. Restore me to Life again then.

Chorus. That's well enough, that Ocellus may beat me soundly.

Mercy. Then please be quiet, and let me alone.

Chorus. Let's see what thou hast got in thy Wallet.

Mercy. There's nothing but a few Lupins, and an Egg or two that have been fat upon.

Chorus. Whence didst thou bring us this Dog-Mercy, that looks at every body, and persecutes all those that weep.

Mercy. Thou dost not know him, he's a Man perfectly free, that values nothing.

Chorus. If I ever catch thee here again.

Mercy. No body comes twice this way.

DIALOGUE

DIALOGUE XXVII

Between Mansel and Digges.

Dig. **W**HY art thou so fearful, Man, as if
one was not worthy to look at thee?

Mansel. Because I have been a King, *Dig-*
ges, and have rul'd over a large Country; not to
make mention of my Beauty, nor my Valour.
Moreover, I have a noble Tomb in *Holkirke-
fur*, adorn'd with Marble Figures, insomuch, that
there are five Churches that equal my Grave:
After all this, is it without Reason I am proud?

Digges. What! for thy Beauty, Valour,
Kingdom, and Grave? Why, Friend, hast thou
hast nothing of all that; and if thou'lt pitch up-
on a Judge, he'll tell thee that thy Church differs
in nothing from mine; as for thy Sepulchre, it
belongs to those of *Holkirkefur* to long of thee,
and shew it to Strangers, as a Wonder of the
World, and a Master-piece in Architecture; but
I don't see what use it can be of to thee, unless it
be to crush thee with its Weight.

Mansel. How! all these things should be no
Advantage to me, and *Mansel* should differ in
nothing from *Digges*?

Digges. Oh! a great deal; for *Mansel* shall
bemoan his past Volupty, and *Digges* shall laugh
at it; he shall talk of his Sepulchre built by the
lovely *Almida*, and *Digges* shall be ignorant
whether he has one, for to him 'tis indifferent; but
he shall remember that he has left behind him an
everlasting Memory, to have led the most perfect
Life possible for a Mortal to lead, which over-
tops thy Sepulchre, wretched *Mansel*, and shall out-
last it, tho' it were built upon a Rock.

DIALOGUE XXVII.

Between *Thersites*, *Nirax*, and *Menippus*.

Nirax. **H**ere comes *Menippus*, he shall be Judge, which of us is the handsomest.

Menippus. I must know first who you are.

Nirax. *Nirax*, and *Thersites*.

Menippus. Which of you is *Nirax*, and which *Thersites*, for I can't distinguish you.

Thersites. I have already this Advantage, that notwithstanding my bald, and Sugar-loaf like Head, our Judge could not know the one from the other: Speak now, *Menippus*, which of us is the most beautiful?

Nirax. I, to be sure, who am the Son of *Carpus* and *Aphie*, and was the handsomest Personage that was at the Siege of *Troy*, and for equalled *Menippus*. But, Friend, thou hast not brought thy Beauty along with thee, and if there be any Difference between his Carcase and thine, it is that thine is the weakest of the two, for thou wast an effeminate Fellow.

Nirax. Prithce ask *How* how I was, when above.

Menippus. Life is but a Dream, *Nirax*, thou must not mind what thou wert heretofore, but what thou art now.

Nirax. How! Am I then not handsomer than he?

Menippus. Shall I tell you, Friends, neither the one nor the other of you is handsome: neither is any of the Dead, for there is no Distinction among you.

DIALOGUE

DIALOGUE XXVIII.

Between Menippus and Chiron.

Menipp. I Have been told, *Chiron*, that having it in thy Power to be Immortal, 'twas thy Choice to die; how couldst thou love a thing that had nothing lovely in it?

Chiron. Because I was weary of living.

Menippus. But wou'st thou not well pleas'd to behold the Light?

Chiron. No; for 'twas every Day the same thing over again, viz. to eat, drink and sleep, and the Pleasure of Life consists in Variety.

Menippus. But how art thou reconcil'd to Death, now thou hast quitted Life for it?

Chiron. Very well; for there's an Equality among the Dead which does not displease me; 'tis like a popular State, where one is not greater than another, and for my part, I care not whether it be Day or Night; Besides, there is this Convenience here below, that one is not tormented with Hunger nor Thirst, nor the other Inconveniences of Human-Life.

Menippus. Take heed *Chiron*, thou dost not fall insensibly into what thou hast endeavour'd to shun; for if Life was tiresome to thee because thou didst every Day the same things, thou wilt soon grow weary of Death, which is constantly one and the same.

Chiron. What must one then do *Menippus*?

Menippus. What the Wife do! be contented with thy Condition, and believe there's nothing insupportable, either in Life or Death.

DIALOGUE

DIALOGUE XXIX

Between Diogenes, Antiphon, and Crates.

Diog. Since we have Leisure, let's walk towards the Door, to see who comes in, and what they say.

Antiphon. With all my Heart; for 'tis pleasant enough to see some weeping, others begging to be releas'd, or resisting those that compel 'em in their Defect.

Crates. I'll tell you what happen'd me in my Defect; we were a great many of us, but the most considerable were *Alexis*, Governor of *Madia*, *Orontes* the *Armenian*, and the rich *Strabon*; this last had been killed by some Robbers, near the Mountain *Citharon*, as he was going to *Elafus*; he was all bloody of the Wounds he had receiv'd; he mightily lamented his Misfortune, that he should leave his Children so young, blessing at the same time his Impudence, thinking yet by Pheme that the Watch had rais'd, he had took along with him only two Servants, tho' he had with him a great deal of Gold and Silver. *Alexis* was a venerable old Man, that was sorely grieved at his going on foot, contrary to the Custom of the *Parthians*; whilst heartily for his Horse that was kill'd with him: For as he was standing as fast as his Horse could by Legs to the Ground, in a Battle against the King of *Cappadocia*, a *Thracian* Soldier advancing towards him, and kneeling with one Knee, that he might have the greater Strength, and putting by with his Buckler the Blow that *Alexis* laid at him, he thrust his Pike with that Force through the Horse's Breast, that he kill'd both Horse and Man at the same time; the Swiftneſs with which the Horse ran, ob-

ding strength to the Thread: As for the other, his Legs were so weak that he could not stand, which is what frequently happens to such People, who are much us'd to ride; and would think what they fit their Feet to the Ground, that they were walking upon Tinsel; he himself at last, that there was no getting him along, a Boat or the Mercury was sent to go with him on his Shoulders, and carry him to the Boat, which made no longer.

Anecdote. For my part, when I descended farther, I would not mingle with the Crowd, but leaving the rest to torment themselves, I sat and took place in the Boat, that I might get the same commodiously; but seeing some lamenting their Condition, and others vomiting, I could not but bear laughing no more than them.

Diagnosis. That were the Adventures of your Passage, but mine were still more distressing; for I happen'd to get with me for the Doctor, who liv'd in the *Foreign Language*, the *Stranger* who commanded the Foreign Troops, and a sick *Convalescent*, call'd *Dennis*, who had been poison'd by his Son: The first had starv'd himself, as 'twas said, he look'd very pale and lean; the second had kill'd himself for a Whore, altho' the Cause of their Death was not known to me, yet nevertheless I would needs know it from themselves; and as *Dennis* blasphem'd very much his Son, I told him, he could find fault with no body but himself; for he was close fill'd to him, in the voluptuous Part of his Age, while at the same time, old and broken as he was, he pass'd his Days in Pleasure very delightfully: I told the *Stranger*, that he was much to blame, to let a Woman overcome him, he that had always appear'd invincible to his Enemies; and I told *Robert* himself, for being so miserable loving of his Wealth, (as if he had been

as live for ever) only to have it as Strangers, as thing related to him; but we are almost got to the Defunct; let us observe, at a distance, what has come: Ye Gods! How many there are that lament themselves; even the old and decrepit, so much are they in love with Life! They all stare except the Children; but let's ask this old Man's Question: What dost thou cry for, Friend? Dost thou think thou wast immortal, or dost thou bewail the Loss of some great Happiness?

The Dead. No, I was a poor Fisherman, that had much else to live; very lame, and almost blind, without any Children to be a Comfort to me.

Diogenes. After all this, canst thou grieve that thou art dead?

The Dead. Yes; for Life is pleasant and delightful, and Death is horrible and frightful.

Diogenes. Thou dost, honest Friend, and art a Child again: What shall we say of these young Fellows, who are enamour'd with Life, if the Man repents at the Loss of it, when he ought to petition Heaven for Death, a perfect Relief to his burthened Age? But let's go back, lest being so near the Gate, they should suspect we design'd to make our escape.

DIALOGUE XXX.

Between Ajax and Agamemnon.

Agamem. IF thy Rage cost thee thy Life, what art thou play'dst the furious against a Flock of Sheep, as if they had been Men; why art thou angry with Ulysses, and why wouldst thou not let him the other Day, when he descended into Hell to consult *Thebes*?

Ajax. Because he was the Cause of my Death, by contending with me the Arms of *Achilles*.

Agamem.

Agamemnon. But will this do? Is he Milder every where, without any body's being at odds with thee?

Alex. But his Arms belong'd to me of Right; didst thou not yield to me? and yet thou wert much superior to *Ulysses*; and all that wilt did the same, except that pious *Pellorus*; whose Life I have saved a conscientious Man.

Agamemnon. There can't be one but *Thetis*, who expos'd 'em in publick; as if every one had a Right to 'em, instead of giving 'em to thee, who wert his Cousin German.

Alex. My Defence was only with him, who disputed 'em with me.

Agamemnon. But *Ulysses* is excusable, if he was touch'd with Ambition, a Thing most Men of Honour are conquer'd with; and thou know'st he carry'd the Prize, even by the Judgment of the *Trojans*, our Enemies.

Alex. I know who was the Cause of it; but we must not accuse the Gods; however, I can never love *Ulysses*, tho' they should command me to do it.

DIALOGUE XXXI.

Between *Minos* and *Sofronia*.

Minos. Duck that Highway-man over Head and Ears in *Salpurga*, and let *Chione* tear to pieces this fam'ly Wretch: As for the Tyrant, let him be smother'd out at his full Length, near *Tyris*, to be gnaw'd like him by the Vultures; but for your part, who have hid virtuous *Lina*, repair to the *African* Fields, and gather there the Fruit of your good Affection.

Sofronia. I have but few Words to say, if *Minos* would vouchsafe to lend an Ear.

Minos.

LUCIAN'S DIALOGUES

Min. What shall I hear of? That shall I have a hundred of letters, and riding on the Highway!

Servant. That's true; but nevertheless, let me if I can't clear my self of some of the business.

Min. How! Must not every body be a servant of God, or possibly a servant to his Father here below? Has not God say full authority to rule over all the Good and Evil in the World?

Min. To most certain, we are all subject to him, which professe to obey him what he shall say, sent from the Throne of his Right.

Servant. But when a Man is kill'd by another's Order, Who is properly the Murderer?

Min. He that gave the Order; for the other is but the Instrument, no more than the Sword; more especially if he be oblig'd to obey.

Servant. That's well; then I suppose it is my Argument: When a servant brings a Letter from his Master, whether, to whom is the Obligation due, to the Master, or the Man?

Min. To the Master, for the other is only the Carrier.

Servant. Dost thou then say, that thou'rt in the wrong to punish me, and reward thee, since neither they say I have done any more than barely transmit the Order of the Duty.

Min. There might be a great deal more said upon the Subject if it were really examin'd; but thou shalt see's Punishment, not only to a Slave, but also to a freeholder, that would contravert the Actions of the Gods: However, without the Wrath of Mercury, but on condition he shall be making to the end, let they shall count and be sent to with the like Question.

And an end of this Dialogue

Lucian

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DIALOGUE XXXII.

Menippus; or the Neoplatonist.

Mn. **H**ail to the Parth, and Threshold of my House,
Of welcome Prossess in this cheerful Light.

Phil. Is not that *Menippus* the Cynick? The
 very same, which my Eyes put a Trick upon me,
 and make me take every one for a *Menippus*. But
 what means that odd Dress, a Club, a Flap, and
 a Lyon's Skin? I'll meet him. Save you, *Menip-
 pus*, whence come you? We have not seen you in
 Town a great while.

Mn.

*From the dark Realm of Death and Night I come,
 Where Ghosts retire far from these upper Orbs.*

Phil. What, have you been privately dead, and
 come to Life again?

Mn. No: *I alive a Visit paid to Hell.*

Phil. What occasion had you for such an unheard
 of, incredible Pilgrimage?

Mn. *Taith, and sworn youthful Blood, my
 Prompters were.*

Phil. Pray, Great Sir, for once leave this Bom-
 bast, and condescend so far as to tell me, in plain
 Prose, what this Habit means, and what Business
 you had in the lower World; for it cou'd not be a
 Journey of Pleasure.

Mn. *I went, my Friend, on things of great concern,
 There to advise with old Tyresias's Ghost.*

Phil. You are out of your Wits here: You did
 not use to chant Doggrel thus to your Friends.

Mn. Cease your Wonder, I have lately convers'd
 with *Euripides* and *Homer*, and they have unawares
 to me so stuff'd me with Metre, that it runs over
 extempore of its own accord. But tell me how go
 Affairs on Earth? What's a foot in the City now?

Phil. The old Trade, Rapine, Perjury, and Ex-
 ortion.

D

Mn.

Min. O wretched, unhappy Men, they know not the late Decree below, nor the Vow against rich Men, which, by Covenant, all the Tricks of the East will never be able to break.

Phil. How? Has any thing been lately decreed there against those that live here?

Min. By You, a great deal; but it is not lawful to divulge or reveal these Secrets, for fear any Body should insinuate against us, as *Rhedemaster*, for Profanation.

Phil. Prithco, *Minister*, don't deny your Friend the Pleasure of the Relation. I can keep a Secret as well as your Confessor.

Min. 'Tis a difficult and a dangerous Request, but for your sake I'll venture: It is decreed that all those wealthy moneyed Church that keep their Money imprison'd like *Demon*.

Phil. Hold; keep your Decree till you have told what I am very desirous to hear: first what occasion you had for this Decree, then who was your Guide, and what jobs and heard there. But I know you are very curious in valuable things, and very probably be slippering with strong and hearing.

Min. You shall have your Will, for what can one deny a Friend, that is urgent? First then I'll tell you my Opinion, and what mov'd me to this Decree. When I was a Boy, I heard *How* and *How* tell of Wars and Seditions, not only of the Demi-Gods, but of the Gods themselves too, beside their Adulteries, Rapes, Theft, Punishments, Exile of Fathers, and Marriages of Brothers and Sisters; I thought all these fine things, and was not a little taken with 'em. But when I grew up to Man's Estate, and found the Laws run counter to the Poem, forbidding Adultery, Seditions and Rapine, I was very much surpris'd in my Mind, how so believe

my self. For I can't not think the Gods would have been guilty of such things. If they had not thought well of 'em; nor that our Legislators would have forbidden 'em if they had not found it profitable. In the Peripatetic Lectur'ds to go to school they call Philosophers, and to give my self up to their Direction, and desire 'em to teach me some plain, certain Rule of Life; with this Resolution I went to 'em impatiently, ready to run (according to the Proverb) from the street into the Fire. For among them by diligent Observation I found Ignorance, and every thing more painful than before, which soon plainly shew'd me that a philosopher was the only golden Lark. One bid me fast, Plaster with all Application, for in that only was true Felicity. Another recommended to me Labour and hard Work, to macerate my Body in water'd muddy Chaulke, and to live under the Contempt and Adversity of all the World, perpetually riving in my Head their celebrated Verses of *Alas! about Winter and Industry, and the Ascent of the Mountain.* Another bid me slight Money, and be indifferent to the Possession of it. Another yet tells me the Wealth is a Mistake. What shall I say of the World, who have my Ears every Day fill'd with the noisy Jargon of Ideas, interposed Substances, Actions and Voids, and a vast promiscuous Medley of such contradictory Terms? But what was most remarkably absurd, was that every one brought very plausible and cogent Arguments for things altogether impossible, so that I cou'd not tell what to object against him, that said Cold and Heat were the same thing, that I were at the said time very well convinc'd in my Mind, that nothing cou'd at once be hot and cold. But what was yet more ridiculous, look upon their Lives, and they were diametrically oppos'd to their Doctrines. You shou'd see those that inculcated

Contempt of Money, covetously hoarding it, suing for Interest, teaching for Wages, and refusing no manner of Drudgery for it: Those that profess to despise Glory, directing the whole Aim of their Lives at it; and those that publicly rail'd at Pleasure, in private the most extravagant Voluptuaries. Thus bilk'd in my Hopes I was still more provok'd, however I tacitely comforted my self that I was but a simple Man, yet had the Company of many wise and fatn'd Men, that wander'd in the same Maze of Ignorance. At length while these things disturb'd my Mind, I resolv'd to go for *Babylon* in quest of some Magician of *Zoroaster's* Scholars. For I had heard that they cou'd by virtue of certain Incantations, and Rites, open the Gates of Hell, and give safe convey thither, and back again, to whomsoever they pleas'd. I thought I cou'd not do better than to bargain with one of them for my Passage, and go down and consult that wise Prophet *Tyresias* the *Bacchian*, which was the best Course of Life, and ought to be a wise Man's Choice. I made therefore all the Speed I cou'd to *Babylon*, where when I was arriv'd I met a *Chaldean*, a wise Man of admirable Skill, with gray Hairs, and a venerable long Beard; his Name was *Mithredarxanes*. With abundance of Prayers, and Importunity, I hardly prevail'd with him, at any Rate, to conduct me thither; having undertaken it, he walk'd me every Morning in the River *Euphrates*, beginning with the Moon, muttering to the rising Sun a strange long Cant, which I did not very well hear. For, like senseless Heralds at the Games, he made a rumbling uncertain Noise; only he seem'd to invoke certain Demons. After the Charm he spat thrice in my Face, and so return'd looking upon no body that he met. Our Food was Acorns, our Drink Milk, Wine and Honey, and the Water of

Chaspey,

Chaffer, our Bed was the Grass, and Heaven our Coveting. After we were by this Diet sufficiently prepar'd, about Midnight he carried me to the River *Tigris*, and there wash'd and cleans'd me, and purg'd me with a Torch, an Onion, and divers other things, muttering all the time softly the Magick Charm. When he had charm'd me all over, and rounded me that I might not be hurt by Spectres, he led me home backwards as I was; all the rest of the Night we prepar'd for our Voyage. He himself put on a kind of Magical Robe, much like a Physician's, and equipp'd me with this Club, the Lyon's Skin, and Harp. He charg'd me further, if any one ask'd me my Name, not to tell 'em *Menippus*, but *Hercules*; *Ulysses*, or *Orpheus*.

Phil. Why so, *Menippus*? For I can't guess at the Reason either of the Habit or Name.

Men. That's very obvious; for he thought if I resembled them, we shou'd the more easily deceive *Acas*'s Guards, they having gone thither alive before us, and so, being known by the Habit, pass without Let. When Day began to appear, we enter'd the River. He had provided a Boat, Sacrifice, Wine and Honey, and all things requisite for those Rites, and having put all on Board, we also with Tears and Sorrow leaving fill'd our selves, embark.

Having fallen a little way down the River, we came to a Fen, and a Lake, into which the *Euphrates* empties it self. After we had cross'd that to a dark, woody, desert Country: Where, as soon as we were come ashore (*Mithrabarxanes* leading the Way) we digg'd a Pit, kill'd some Sheep, and sprinkled the Pit with the Blood. But the Magician, holding a lighted Taper in his Hand, call'd no longer with a low Voice, but as loud as he cou'd, upon all the Demons at once, the *Furies*, nocturnal *Ekate*, and lusty *Proserpine*, mixing with them

certain strange barbarous long Names; immediately every thing began to tremble, the Earth quak'd thro' the Force of the Charm, and the howling of Crows was heard at a distance. Now was the Prospect terrible and dismal; for ev'n Hell's King himself now shook for Fear.

Almost all Hell was expos'd to our View; the Lakes, the fiery River, and Pluto's Palace. When we had descended thro' the Cleft, we found Rhododendrus almost dead with Fear. Crows indeed bark'd and grew fierce; but as soon as I touch'd the Harp, hiss'd with the Sound, he fell asleep. When we came to the Lake, there was no Passage for us, for the Boat was already loaden, and full of Howlings. All the Passengers were wounded, one in the Thigh, another in the Head, others with their Limbs broken or out of joint, so that they seem'd to me to come out of some Battle: But honest Charon, upon sight of the Lyon's Skin, mistaking me for Hercules, readily took us up and carried us over; and, when we landet, staid on the Way. It being dark, *Mithras* came led the way, and I follow'd, holding on him, till we came to a large Meadow, over-run with *Appollills*; there the chirping Ghosts of the Dead met us. A little farther was the Tribunal of Minus: He sat upon a high rais'd Seat, and by him stood evil Spirits and Furies: On the other side were drag'd, in a long Chain, a Train of Adulterers, Deceits, Flatterers, Sycophants, and a numerous Rabble of these Fellows, that, in their Lives, turn'd all things topsy turvy. From another part, by themselves, came the rich Men and Usurers, pale, fow-bellied and gouty; every one with a Clog, and a Crow of two Palms weight. We stood by, and heard their Defence: The Evidence against them were a

Phil.

Phil. Who were they? pray tell me that too.

Mrs. Do you know those shadows, which our Bodies cast when oppos'd to the Sun?

Phi. Very well fare.

Mrs. These are our accusers after Death, by their Depositions we are convicted. They report the offences of our Lives. Some of 'em seem to deserve credit very well, as having been our constant Companions, hardly ever parting themselves from our Bodies. Now after fair Trial sent 'em all to the Quarters of the Damsel; there to suffer according to their Deserving, paying the heaviest Sentence upon those, whose insistent Pride on the Account of their Wealth, and Quality, had swell'd 'em almost to expect Adoration, detesting their short liv'd Vanity and Arrogance, who tho' Moral Sensitives could forget that their Honours were but Transitory. But now divested of all these gaudy trappings, Riches, Quality and Empire: indeed they stood hanging their Heads, as if they were Drowning o'er again their past Felicity. This sight pleas'd me very much, and to think of them, that I knew, I crept close, and bid 'em Remember what they had been, and how much they had been puff'd up at the court, that wait'd their Loves, and were rudely repuls'd and treated by their Servants. Theirs at last arising like their Sun in Gold, Purple, or changeable Colour, thought they made 'em happy. If they graciously allow'd 'em the Favour of kissing their Hand, or Head, at which they were very much surpris'd. One Act of Grace *Mrs.* did. For *Dionysus* the Sicilian Tyrant, who was impeach'd of very many and very enormous Crimes by *Dion*, and convicted upon the Evidence of the Sicilians, was by the Mediation of *Asiopus* the Syracusan (whose Influence and Authority

is very great among them) pardon'd, just as he was to have been bound to the *Chimæra*, upon his certifying, that he had been liberal to several Learned Men. From the Court of Judicature, we went to the place of Execution, where every thing we saw or heard was an Object of Pity. We heard the lashing of Whips, and the Howlings of Men broiling in the Flames. We saw the Racks, Chains, and Wheels, *Chimæras* torn, and *Carburs* worried. Princes, Slaves, Poets, Rich-Men and Beggars all suffer'd promiscuously together, and Repented. Some that had not been long Dead, we knew. But they either sculk'd, or turn'd from us, or if they did look upon us it was with Gestures as Abject and Fawning, as in their Lives they had been Troublesome, and Supercilious. The Poor had half their Sufferings remitted, and were Tormented but by Intervals. There I saw the so Famous in Fables, *Iris*, *Sisyphus*, and *Tantalus* the *Phrygian* in miserable plight, with the Earth Born *Titan*. What a monstrous Bulk he was of! He spread a whole Field. By these we pass'd to the *Elysian* Fields, where we found the Demy Gods, and *Huains*, and a Numerous Rabble of Inferior Ghosts, distributed into Cantons and Tribes, some old and shrivel'd, and (as *Homer* says) wither'd; others Fresh, and lusty, especially the *Egyptians* by virtue of their excellent Pickle. It was very hard to know any of 'em, they were all such naked indistinguishable Skeletons, without viewing 'em very earnestly a great while. For they lay obscurely and carelessly crowded together without any of the ceremony observ'd amongst us.

When I saw such a Confusion of Bones, so like one another, staring horribly with the empty hollows of their Eyes, and grinning with their bare

are Teeth, I was very much at a loss how to distinguish *Thersites* from the handsome *Nireus*, the Beggary *Irus* from the King of, or *Aquilonius* from his Cook *Pyrrhus*. None of their former Marks were left, their Bones were all alike, indiscriminate, nameless, and unknown. This Spectacle made me think the Life of Men like some tedious Procession manag'd, and Marshall'd by Fortune, in which every one took his part and Habit from her. Wherein her Favourite was dress'd in Royal Robes, wore a Diadem, and was attended by Guards, while others were habited like Slaves. This was set off with Beauty, and a gay out-side, while another was to appear Distorted and Ridiculous, that the show might be diversified enough. Sometimes in the middle of the Farce she shifts the Scene, and makes 'em personate just the reverse of what before they were. *Crasus* must lay down his Purple and put on the Habit of a Slave, while *Masurius* before a slave is Cloath'd in the Robes of *Polycrates*. But when the Masque is over, every one is stript of his Habit, quits his part with his Body, and becomes like his Neighbour. Yet some are so Foolish as to repine at and stomach it, when Fortune Redemands those Ornaments, as if she robb'd 'em of something in which they had a Propriety, not resum'd what she had lent 'em but for a little while. You have no doubt frequently seen upon the Stage those Players that as the Plot of their Play requites are *Crow's*, *Priamus's* or *Aegistion's*; yet if occasion and the Poet please the very same that but now so stately acted *Corregus* or *Eriasthus* can contentedly play a Servant. And when the Play is done every one puts off his Glittering Apparel, lays aside his Buskin, abdicates his Dignity, and is as Poor and as Humble as be-

foe: Is no longer *Cress* the defendant of *Menippus*, or *Antisthenes* the Heir of *Aristus*; but plain *T---n B---n*, or *Wi---ms*, so it fares with *Humane Grandeur* according to the prospect I then had of it.

Phil. Pray tell me are those that have stately Magnificent Tombs, Columns, Statues and Titles of Honour any better respected there than the Mob?

Men. You are silly: If you saw *Maugham* the *Carion*, so fam'd for his Tomb you wou'd laugh till you burst to see what a dark contemptible hole he is thrust into sneaking in the crowd: In my Opinion all that he has got by that Monument, is the Fatigue of such a heavy load. When *Aecus* has measur'd out every one's Apartment (of which the largest is not above a Foot) he must be contented with it, and contract himself to the Dimensions of his Lodging. But you would have laugh'd yet more heartily to see our Kings, and Peers begging, or crying Salt-Pills, or teaching the Horn Botk for a livelyhood, and affronted and abus'd to their Faces, like the meanest Slaves. I could not hold when I saw *Philis* of *Macedon* Cobbling old Shoes under a Bulk for Pence; others went a begging in the High ways as *Xerxes*, *Darius*, and *Polemon*.

Phil. This treatment of Kings is very odd, and almost Incredible. But what did *Socrates*, *Diogenes*, and the rest of the Wise Men.

Men. *Socrates* frowns up and down, and confuses every Body; and about him perpetually are *Demetrius*, *Ulysses*, and *Neslor*, and all the rest of the talkative Ghosts; his Legs all swell'd and Dropsical with his Drought still. But the cruellest *Diogenes* is near Neighbour to *Sardanapalus* the *African*, and *Midas* the *Phrygian* and *Imen*

others of those expensive Voluptuaries. He diverts himself with smoking their bowings, and idle tales of their past Drunkenness; sometimes he lies on his back and sings to loud and so forth, that he drowns their cries, which they take so innocently, that they attempt to remove out of his Neighbourhood.

Phil. Thus far you have given a very exact Account, but what was the Decree you were talking of against Rich Men.

Men. That's well thought on, for this Discourse has led me quite from my Text. While I was there the Magistrates call'd a Convention to advise upon the exigencies of the State. I seeing a multitude of People crowding confusedly together, thrust in amongst 'em and made one; several Affairs were first dispatched, and at last the cause of the Rich Men came on; after abundance of Enormities had been laid to their charge as Oppression, Pride, Scornfulness, and Injustice, one of the chief Burghers stood up and read the following Decree.

THE DECREE.

• **W** Hereas many illegal practices, as Rapine,
 • violent Oppressions, and all manner of
 • Contempt of the Poor are us'd by Rich Men in
 • the time of their Lives; he is enacted by the
 • Authority of the Senate and People, that when
 • they die their Bodies be punish'd with the rest
 • of the Wicked according to their Demerits,
 • but that their Souls be remanded to the World
 • again, there to transfigure from Ash to Ash
 • during the Term of Five and Twenty Millions
 • of Years to be beaten and driven up and down
 • by the Poor; after the Expiration of which
 • Term

Term it shall be lawful for 'em to Die. This Bill was Read by *Skeleton Skull*, of *Charnel House Spectre*; and agreed unto by both Houses, the *Min* shouted, *Proserpine* mutter'd and *Cerberus* bark'd according to the usual Form of passing all Acts there.

These things thus over in the Convention, I pursued the Business I came about, so that coming up to *Tiresias*, I open'd my case to him and begg'd his Opinion, what Course of Life was best. He, who is a little pale, squeaking Blind Old Fellow, presently fell a laughing, and said, Child know the Reason of your coming, that Distraction of Opinions among the Philosophers; but I am forbidden by *Rhadamanthus* to answer your Desires. Pray, little Father said I, don't deny my request nor slight one that wanders through a Life of greater Blindness than yours. Hereupon he took me aside a great way from all Company, whisper'd me in the Ear, that a private Life was the most Happy and most prudent. Shun says he the Impertinencies of Astronomers and the curious inquirers into the Principles and designs of Nature, condemn the subtle Sylogizing of the Philosophers, and laugh at their Learned Triflers; be solicitous for no more than your present occasion, and in all else lead a Life of as much Mirth, and as little care as you can.

This said, he immediately return'd into the *Asphodel* Meadow. And, it growing late, I desir'd *Misobolus* to make what haste he cou'd, for now we had nothing more to stay us here. Courage, says he, *Melippus*, I'll show you an easy and a short cut home. Thereupon leading me into a place darker than the former he pointed to a small, Duskish Glimmering that

' thin'd, as it were through a chink; that says
 ' he, is *Trophiast's* Temple, and that's the way
 ' to *Beebe*, follow that, and you will presently
 ' be in *Graven*. Upon this I readily took my
 ' leave of him, and with much ado crawling
 ' through the narrow Mouth of the hole, came,
 ' I know not how, into *Lilidia*.

DIALOGUE XXXIII.

Between Charon and Mercury.

Mercury. Y'Are merry *Charon*, neither the Jest
 and what are the weighty Considerations
 that mov'd you to quit the Skulker, and
 come up into the Light you're so great a Stranger
 to?

Charon. Why, faith, *Mercury*, I had e'en a
 Mouth's mind to see how Men employ'd them-
 selves, what Life was, and how great its Pleasures,
 they so much bewail the loss of when they came
 among us; for not one of them ever made that
 Voyage with dry Eyes. So like young *Protophane*
 of *Theffely*, I begg'd a Holy Day from the Prince
 of Darkness, laid up my Boat, am come up into
 the World, and as I take it, have very happily
 light upon you, for being so well acquainted here,
 you'll shew me all things.

Mercury. I have something else to do, I thank
 ye, good Mr. *Ferryman*; for *Jupiter* has dispatch-
 ed me on an Errand that relates to Mankind, and
 you know he's a tasty old God, and shou'd he take
 me tardy, he'd condemn me for ever to your Habi-
 tation and Complexion; at least, serve me as he
 did *Vulcan*, give me such a kick from the Sky,
 that

that whenever I serv'd him as, Cap-beast, the
hitch and limping I shou'd catch in the Fall,
wou'd make me the Sport of the Company.

Clar. What! then you'll take no notice of your
Comrade and Mate, but let him wander about the
Earth! 'T wou'd indeed become Mrs. *Maisie's* Son
to remember, I never put him to the Sweep, or
Oar, though a lussy broad-back'd Fellow; but
you lay at your length and snor'd on a Voyage
upon the Hatches; unless perhaps you met some
prattling Decent'd, who entertain'd you at his own
ridiculous Charge, till we had made our course,
whilst I, *your* help me, old as I am, tugg'd eter-
nally at both Oars. But my dear little *Mercury*,
for God's sake take me along with you to see
some Sights before I go, for else I shall stumble in
the Light, as Men do in the Dark, and your Fa-
vour will be always most gratefully remembered by
your Friend and Servant.

Mr. Now am I in bodily Fear, that this damn'd
Pergrination of ours will cost me some broken
Bones at last; but hang it, there's no resisting
our's Destiny, and what wou'd not one do to serve
our's Friend. But 'twill be impossible for you to see
every thing, for that wou'd be the Business of many
Years, and *Jupiter* wou'd have me cry'd by all
the Deities of Heaven, shou'd I say: Nor cou'd
you discharge your Offices to the Dead; and
shou'd you let 'em stick a hand any time, *Pluto's*
Kingdom must suffer by it; besides that playey
Fiddling *Eurus* wou'd keep an old pocket, shou'd
he be behind in his reckoning of the Fall-money.
But however, let's consider what's to be done,
that you may know the principal Matters.

Clar. Nay, take your care of that, for I'm a
guest-Stranger, *Mercury*.

Mer. In short then, we must get to some high Place, and from thence survey all. Could you come up into Heaven with me, we might without more ado, through a Tube of Clouds, take a view of the whole World; but that mayn't be neither, for 'you being always with Ghosts and Hobgoblins, must not come into the Court of Jupiter. 'Tis high time to look out some convenient Mountain or other.

Char. When we made a Voyage together, you know, *Mercury*, what I us'd to say to you, if the Wind happened to blow fresh in our Teeth, and the Waves to rise, and you ignorantly would pretend to advise, either to take down the Sails, shorten the Course, or run the Vessel adrift, I often bid you hold your prating, and let me, that knew what was to be done, look to the Boat; so now that you're at the Helm, do what you think fit, and I will sail by your Steering, like a Broom.

Mer. You're i'th' right on't, old Boy, I do know what is proper, and will find a Prospective; but the Question is now, whether *Caucasus*; or *Parnassus*, that's higher, or *Olympus* that's highest of all, be the more convenient Place; but now I think on't, while I'm staring at that same *Olympus*, we shall need your Help.

Char. You may use me, to my Power, I'll obey you.

Mer. The Poet *Homer* tells us, that the two Sons of *Atlas* had resolv'd to pluck up *Ossa* by the Roots, chop it upon *Olympus*, *Pelion* upon that, and so make a Ladder of Mountains to scale Heaven; but the Youth so paid for their impious Top-sick; now we, who intend no Affront to the Gods, may wisely pile Mountain upon Mountain, that we may have the fairest Prospect.

Char.

Char. And think ye that we can raise *Pelion* and *Ossa* one a-top o'th' other?

Mer. Why not? Are not we Gods as strong, as those Boys?

Char. Ay, but 'tis a woundy Task, let me tell you that.

Mer. 'Tis so indeed, but you *Charon* know nothing of the Poets; that old famous *Homer* cou'd heap ye up Hills on Hills, give you a lift to the Sky; and I wonder you should think much of that since you know how *Atlas* supports Heaven; and may be you have heard too of my Brother *Hercules*, who succeeded him while he rested himself.

Char. I have heard such Stories, but you and the Poets look to the truth of 'em.

Mer. They're true, as Oracles. Why should those wise Men lie so? Let us then pluck up *Ossa* as that Mason *Homer* directs in his Verses; next *Pelion*, shaded o'er with Trees; see how easily and poetically we have done it already. Now let's see if we are high enough, or must we raise it higher. Oh! we're yet at the very bottom of the Sky, for we can scarce see *Ionia* and *Lydia* on the East, no more, than *Italy* and *Sicily* on the West, the *Danube* on the North, and only *Croton* on the South, and scarce that too; wherefore we must clap *Ossa* upon these, and *Parnassus* upon 'em all.

Char. Agreed; but let's look to't, that in raising our Work so very high, we don't make it dangerous, and so tumbling along with it, find by the bitter Experience of broken Pates, that we have reason to curse this new *Homerical* way of Building.

Mer. Have a good Heart, *Charon*, all's safe; lift *Ossa* there; here *Parnassus*, so I'll try again.

O! 'tis very well, I can see every thing, and come you up now.

Char. Lend's your Hand, *Mercury*, for believe me, 'tis no Mole hill you have me climb.

Mer. If you wou'd see all, *Charon*, I must tell you, to be very safe and very curious, are hardly consistent. But, here take hold of my Hand, and set your Foot fast. 'Tis very well, now you're up, and since *Parnassus* has two Peaks, let each sit on one, and look you round and consider every thing.

Char. I see a large Country, and a Lake that washes it, with Mountains and Rivers bigger than *Corytus* and *Phlegon*, and Men, but they are very little, with their Hives.

Mer. Those are Cities you call Hives.

Char. Why, look ye *Mercury*! to how little Purpose have we made such work with these Mountains?

Mer. What's the matter?

Char. The matter! I can see nothing here; I wou'd not look down upon Towns and Mountains, as upon those in a Map, but I wou'd see Men themselves, and what they're doing, and hear what they're saying, as when I first met you, and you ask'd me what I laugh'd at, I had heard something, and was much pleas'd with it.

Mer. What was that?

Char. A Fellow being invited by his Friend to Supper, told him, he'd be with him the next Night, and while the Words were yet in his Mouth, a Tile fell from the House (Heaven knows who threw it down) and knock'd him on the Head, so I laugh'd at him for not keeping his Promise; and now, that we may hear and see better, let us get down again.

Mer. Not so fast, I'll take care of that, he by a Spell

a Spell of old *Flower's* I'll give a long Sight, and as soon as I have pronounced the Charm, take notice you doubt no more, but see every thing clearly.

Chor. Come then, let's hear it, say on.

Mer. From his dark Eyes I did remove the Clouds,
And he saw clearly who were *Mer*, who *God*.

Chor. Bless me!

Mer. What don't you see yet?

Chor. See! I marry that I do, *Quærens* was blind to me; so that now I'd have you teach me all things, and answer my Questions; but let me ask you in *Flower's* Verses, to shew you, that as simple as I sit here, I can admire and understand a good saying when I hear it.

Mer. But how do you pretend to know any thing of him, having never been out of your *Sculler*?

Chor. Why look ye now! must you always have a *Phog* at my Profession? When I ferry'd him over, I heard him sing a great many *Catches*, of which I remember some still, and we were then in no small Danger; for when he began that unlucky Song, I'm sure it was to the Passengers, *Neptune* gathered the Clouds, strikes the Seas with his Trident, and raises all the Waves, which together with the Storm brought on by those damn'd Verses, had like to have overlet us: Then *Flower*, being Sea-sick, spew'd out a whole Load of Poetry upon *Scylla*, *Charybdis*, and the *Cyclops*.

Mer. 'Twas no hard matter then to have remembered something of that large Vomak.

Chor. But tell me,

What

*What Fellow that, who falls so like a God?
Tall, brazen, freight, and in his Shoulders
broad?*

Mer. That's *Milo* the great Wrestler of *Crotona*, so famous among the *Graeks* for carrying a Bull half a Mile.

Char. But, *Mercury*, how much more justly are all their Praises due to me, who, when Death, that unconquerable Enemy, has laid him upon his Back, will take that same *Milo*, and carry him over to eternal Darkness; nor shall he know by whom he was foiled; and it shall give him infinite Trouble, as often as he remembers his Crown and his Glory, though now he grides himself in the Applauses of his Strength: Wou'd one believe he ever considers he must die?

Mer. How, Fool, wou'd you have him think of Death in so profane a Manner?

Char. Well, let him pass: When he takes our Voyage, how shall we laugh at his Cost? We shall break many a Jest upon that Strength, when he shall be so little able to carry a Bull, that he can't lift a Flea? But what overgrown Man is that here? He's no *Greek*, by his Dress.

Mer. That's *Cyrus*, *Cambyses's* Son, who brought over the Empire of the *Medes* to the *Persians*; has lately subdued the *Aethiops*; took *Babylon*; and is now preparing a War with *Lycia*, that he might establish himself an unlimited Empire, upon the Conquest of *Croesus*.

Char. Where is that *Croesus* you speak of?

Mer. Turn and look upon that Citadel, encompass'd with a triple Wall; 'tis *Sardis*; and you may see *Croesus* himself seated upon a Throne of Gold, talking with *Solon* the *Athenian*: Shall we then?

Char.

Char. By all means.

Craſus. And now, my Guest of *Athena*, who you have ſeen my Riches, my Treasures of uncoin'd Gold, and precious Furniture, give me your Thoughts of my Condition, and whom do you take to be the happieſt Man?

Char. How will *Solus* answer the Fool?

Mer. No Impertinence, good *Charon*.

Solus. There have been but very few happy *Craſus*; but of thoſe who fell in my Knowledge, *Clodius* and *Bito* ſeem the Favourite of Heaven.

Char. He means (I'll warrant ye) the Sons of that *Argive-Prieſt's*, who were found dead together, next Day after they had drawn their Mother's Chariot to the Temple.

Craſus. Be't ſo; let them have the firſt Place. Who fills the next?

Solus. *Tellus*, the *Athenian*; who, having liv'd well, dy'd for his Country.

Craſus. Poor Wretch; then am not I happy?

Solus. I can yet make no Judgment; you have not reach'd the end of your Days; and Death alone can ſhew us, nicely, who has ran the Race of Life moſt happily.

Char. Well ſaid, *Solus*, (i'faith) thou doſt not forget us; but think'ſt (and truly too) that our Boat is the beſt Judge in this Caſe. But who are thoſe Fellows *Craſus* ſends away laden, and who is it they carry?

Mer. He's conſecrating golden Ingots to *Apo*, as a Thanks-offering for that Oracle, by which he ſhall ſhortly be undone; for 'tis a ſuperſtitious Digot.

Char. Then that's Gold that looks with a pale Brightneſs.

Brightness; 'tis the first time I ever saw it, tho' I heard on't so often.

Mer. That's the dear glorious Name for which the World's in Arms.

Char. For my part, all the good I see in it is, that it tires those that carry it.

Mer. You are safely ignorant what *Wars, Treasons, Robberies, Perjuries, Murders, Chains*, how many tedious *Voyages, hazardous Ways of Traffick*, and how severe *Slaveries*, that Metal engages Mankind in.

Char. And is it for those Reasons preferable to Brass? I know Brass; my Passengers pay their Fare in Brass.

Mer. No, the plenty of Brass makes it less valued; there is but little Gold, and that the Miners dig very deep for too; for it comes out of the Earth, as Lead and other Metals do.

Char. Ridiculous Folly of Men, who so eagerly thirst after that, which they must purchase with Pain, and keep with Care; and whose very Enjoyment must cost 'em their Peace.

Mer. But you see *Solon* seems to have no Regard of it, but despises the *Barbarian* and his Vanity; and I think is going to ask him somewhat: Let's hearken.

Solon. Tell me, *Craesus*, do you think *Apollo* stands in any great need of what you send him?

Craesus. Yes, by *Jupiter*, do I; for all his *Dolphins* can't shew such an other Offering.

Solon. And you believe you bring the God in your Debt, and make him happy, by giving him to possess your golden Ingots.

Craesus. And well I may.

Solon. You'd have one think, *Craesus*, that Heaven's a Common-wealth of Beggars, if the Gods must

must come to *Lydia* for Gold, when they have occasion for it.

Craf. What Place can afford 'em that Place our *Lydia* can?

Solm. But let me know, *Crafus*, whether there be any Iron in *Lydia*?

Craf. None at all.

Solm. Why then you want the better Metal of the two.

Craf. Wherein is Iron to be preferred to Gold?

Solm. If you will answer, and keep your Temper, you may soon know.

Craf. Then go on, and question me, *Solm.*

Solm. Whether is to be valued most, he that keeps, or the thing that is kept?

Craf. He that keeps, certainly.

Solm. If, therefore, *Cyrus*, (as 'tis reported) shou'd make War upon *Lydia*, wou'd you make your Armies Swords of Gold, or Iron?

Craf. No doubt of Iron.

Solm. Yet, shou'd you not procure it, your Gold wou'd be plunder'd by the *Persians*.

Craf. Have a care what you say, Friend.

Solm. Nay, the Gods forbid it shou'd come to that; but you seem now to confess the Preference is due to Iron.

Craf. What then; wou'd you have me find Iron Ingots, and call back my Gold?

Solm. Nor has *Apollo* occasion for Iron: Be whether you consecrate *Brass* or *Gold*, or whatever Metal it is, you but provide a Bounty to the *Phicians*, *Bastians*; or it may be the *Daphnians* themselves, or some Tyrant or Robber; for the God cares but little to deal with Goldsmiths.

Craf.

Cras. You always quarrel with me about my Riches, and envy me.

Mer. That *Lydia* there, *Chorus*, can't bring an honest Freedom of Speech and Truth, but thinks it a strange thing for a poor Man to contradict him without trembling; but he shall one Day remember *Solon*, when, being taken Prisoner by *Cyrus*, he shall be forc'd up the Funerall Pile alive; for to Day I heard *Cleobis* reading the Distinies of Men, among the rest, that *Crasus* shou'd be taken Prisoner by *Cyrus*, *Cyrus* himself be slain by that Queen of the *Massegetes*. Do you see that *Scythian* Woman yonder, managing a white Horse?

Chor. I do, who is she?

Mer. That's *Tomyris*, who with her own Hand shall cut off the Head of *Cyrus*, and throw it into a Vessel of Blood; but do you see that *Cambyses* his Son there? He shall succeed his Father, and when, by a thousand wild Follies, he has run over *Lydia* and *Ethiopia*, he shall then fall stark mad; and, as soon as he has kill'd *Astir*, shall die.

Chor. Oh comical! Can any one see these Fellows despise others, and be so dully patient, as not to break his Spleen at them? For who wou'd think, that yonder Man shall shortly be a Captive, or this have his Fool's Head pickled in a Vessel of Blood? But who's that, *Mercury*, who buttons on his purple Robe; whose Head a glorious Diadem does crown?

*And to whose Hand obedient Cook does bring,
From Maw of Fish, a tributary Ring;
And who, of yonder Isle, does boast himself the King.*

Mer.

Mer. Charon, you handsomely enough tack Rhime and Prose together: That's *Polyrates*, the Tyrant of *Samos*, who thinks himself compleatly happy, yet shall be betray'd to *Orates*, by his Domestick *Masochirus*; in a Moment be stript of all his Happiness, and crucify'd: For I remember *Chilo* said so too.

Char. Gramercy Chilo, bravely cut off their Heads and crucify them, that they may know that they are but Men; let 'em be lifted higher, that they may be crush'd with the greater Fall: And I'll laugh at 'em when they come into my Boat, naked of all their Glory, Crowns, Gold and Purple.

Mer. And it will all come to that; don't you see a confus'd Multitude, *Charon*, where some travel, some make War, some wrangle at the Lawyers Bar, some exercise Husbandry, others let out their Money to Usury, and others beg.

Char. I see indeed an undistinguishable Crowd, a Life full of Trouble, and their Cities like the Hives of Bees, where every one has his Sting to wound his Neighbour; some, though very few, drive and are driven downwards; but what is that Troop that buzzes round 'em?

Mer. Those, Charon, are their Passions, Hopes, Fears, Madnesse, Pleasure, Avarice, Anger, Hatred, and the like: From these proceed the Ignorance of the Mob, and in the same Breast are lodged, by *Jupiter*, both Anger, Hatred, Jealousie, Blindnesse, Ignorance, and Covetousnesse. Fear and Hope flutter above 'em; and Fear sometimes strikes 'em with a chilling Horror, and other times but shakes 'em with a short Ague fit; Hope lifts 'em above themselves, and when they think they're

they're most secure of their Wishes, they grasp the Air, and the deluding Joy is flown away, as you see in *Tantalus* below. Now if you'll turn your Eyes this way, there are the *Parcs* distributing to each his Fate, whence on the slender Threads of Life they all depend.

Char. I see, and 'tis a most fine Web, to which they are all fasten'd, they are link'd too one to another.

Mer. They are so; for 'tis decreed that this Man shall kill that; that again do the same civil Office for a third; this shall inherit yonder's Estate, though his Thread be shorter; and this their being linkt together signifies: Each Man hangs by a Thread; and this, who is so lifted up, shall tumble with a mighty Noise, soon as his Load shall become too heavy for the Thread; while yonder Man, who is rais'd but little from the Earth, drops down in Silence, and his very Neighbours are scarce aware of his Fall.

Char. How extravagantly ridiculous are these things you tell me, *Mercury*.

Mer. So very ridiculous, that Words are too short to reach the height of their Folly. For, first, their Desires are *ambitious*, from which just Death snatches 'em away in the Strength of their Hopes; and though the Envoys and Ministers of Fate are so numerous, as *Fears*, *Consumptions*, *Rotten Lungs*, *Daggers*, *Poisons*, *Assassins*, *Judges* and *Tyrants*, yet never does the melancholy Remembrance of 'em damp or divert 'em from the mad Chace of Pleasure; but as soon as they find the sad Mistake, nothing is to be heard but *Woe* and *Lamentation*, *idle Sighs*, and *unbelieving Alas!* But had they earlier consider'd they were mortal, and that it was but a short time they were allow'd to travel o'er the Stage of Life, that leaving all

that's dear behind 'em, they must pass from the World as in a Dream, they wou'd then live wiser, and die with less Concern; while, as it is, they expect an Immortality of Pleasure: Whenever the Executioner rushes in upon 'em, and drags 'em off with a swift *Power*, or a slow *Consumption*, how are they grieved to be divided from what their foolish Wishes persuaded them, to be eternal? Look on that Builder there, and think what wou'd he not rather do, though he now is industriously pressing on the Workmen to the finishing his House, did he believe it shou'd no sooner be built, but that he must die, and leave the Possession of it to his Heir, for he, poor Wretch, shall have had once the Pleasure of sleeping in it. He who hugs himself in his becoming a Father, entertains his Friends at a Feast of Joy, and calls the Boy by his own Name. If he knew the Child shou'd never out-live his Seventh Year, wou'd he, think you, be so wanton at his Birth? The reason is, he looks upon himself as happy in a Son, who shall hereafter be crown'd in the *Olympick* Games; and observes not his Neighbour carrying out his Son to the last Fire, nor looks forward to what End awaits him. You see men fighting about the Bounds of their Possessions, some heaping up Wealth, they are none of 'em ever likely to enjoy.

Chs. I have seen, and wonder what they find so agreeable in Life, that they should so lament the loss of it.

Mer. Now, shou'd we examine the Condition of Princes, who seem to be placed out of the reach of *ill Fortune*, we shou'd find their Troubles out-number their Joys, and see e'en them encrack'd with *Fears*, *Treasons*, *Passions*, *Hates*, *Anger* and *Flatteries*, and though we take no Ac-

count of the Grief and Distress common to them with other Men, I won't require so late time to reckon up the Sufferings peculiar to their Condition, than those of the *Dead Party*.

Chor. Then, *Mercury*, let me tell you what I think Mankind and their Life has resemble most: You may have seen, among the Banks of a rapid Stream, that make up the Earth; some bigger, and rising over others, swell higher, and last longer; some less, that are sooner broke, and lost in the Stream; some others, that, as if they were made only that they might perish, fall in the very Moment they are rais'd. Nor can it indeed be otherwise. Such is Man's Life; they all rise with a Breath, some higher, some lower, some to a longer, some to a shorter Continuance, but they are all broke at last.

Mer. You come nothing short of *Alma*, in his Comparison of Man's Life, who likens them to the Leaves of Trees.

Chor. Yet such, as you see 'em, how do they contend for Empire, Honour and Riches, which they must all quit, and come down to us with a *single Half-penny*? Let us then, being in this high Place, with a loud Voice, preach to 'em, that they leave off to weary themselves for no Price, and keep their last Hour before their Eyes. Come, I'll speak to 'em thus: Hold, Madam, you shan't live for ever, and what is this you pursue so eagerly? Nothing of all you prize so much here, shall you carry with you at your Death; you shall all go naked hence; your Houses, your Possessions, your Gold shall be reserved for others, and shall for ever change their Masters. Now could I warn 'em thus, do ye think they would manage themselves more prudently.

Mer. You're very wise I'll warrant you, you don't

don't know I see how Ignorance has blinded 'em; you can't bore their Ears with an Auger, they have stuff'd 'em so full of Wax, like the Comrades of *Ulysses*, when he apprehended their hearing the Songs of the *Sirens*. How then can'd they hear, though you shou'd hawl till you split again? For what *Lethe* does with you, Ignorance does here; yet are there some who have kept themselves free to discover things as they are, and distinguish Truth from Falshood.

Char. Then let me preach to them.

Mer. How needless is it to tell 'em, what they know as well as you? Don't you see how they separate themselves from the Crowd, and laugh at 'em preparing themselves for their Journey to you? And they are hated too by those, whose Follies they blame.

Char. Brave Fellows, but there are few of 'em!

Mer. And they're enough too, but let's descend now.

Char. There's one thing more, *Mercury*, which, when you have taught me, your Instructions will be complet. I wou'd see where they lay the dead Bodies.

Mer. They call 'em *Monuments*, *Tombs*, and *Sepulchres*: Don't you see those *Heaps*, those *Pillars* and *Pyramids* at the Gate of the Cities? Those are the *Repositories* of the Dead.

Char. What then, do those yonder anoint and put Crowns upon Tomb-Stones? I see others there building up a Pile, and having dug a Trench round it, burn on it sumptuous Banquets, and pour Wine and Mead, as near as I can guess, into the Trenches.

Mer. I don't know how the Dead are concern'd in it, *Charon*, but these Fools believe that the Ghosts returning from Hell, sutter about, and drink

drink in the Smell and Smoak, and Mud, they make here.

Char. What, those eat and drink whose Souls are cover'd with Mofs? how ridiculous it is for you to talk so, who coming down every Day with the Dead, know that they can never return again; and indeed, my Business were no less so, if I shou'd be oblig'd, not only to carry 'em down, but to bring 'em back again to eat and drink. O Sots! what Madnest is this, you little know how wide the Distance is between the *Living* and the *Dead*, and how Matters are carry'd among us.

*Where they an equal Honour share,
Who buried or unburied are;
Where Agamemnon knows no more
Than Irus be contempt'd before,
Where fair Achilles and Thersites lie,
Equally naked, poor, and dry;
Wander alike through Vales and Hills,
Beset with Flowers of Dissidite.*

Mer. Bless me! how much have you learnt from *Homer*? But since you desire it, I'll shew you *Achilles's Tomb*. Look there, that which lies near the Sea, upon the Promontory *Tigani*, *Ajax* is buried over-against him in *Rhetium*.

Char. Those are not great Monuments, but shew me those Cities of which we heard such great Things below; *Ninive*, the City of *Sardanapalus*, *Babylon*, *Myene*, *Claue*, and *Troy* it self; for I remember, that for these Ten Years past I have carried over many from thence; and though I scarce brought away my Boat from it, I never wanted a Fare.

Mer. *Ninive* is utterly demolish'd, so that it is a hard matter to know where it was; yonder is

Delphi, beautified with so many Towers, fortified with such a great Wall, which shortly shall be no more, and in no better Condition than *Nisus*; but for *Myrae* and *Chloe*, I'm assur'd to show you these, for you'll hang *Elmer* when you go down, for so magnifying two such paltry Villages, and keeping such stir with 'em in his Verse. But they were formerly pretty Places, though they are now lost; for Cities die as well as Men, and what is more wonderful, Rivers too, so that there remains nothing of *Ischius*, that fam'd River of *Syracuse*.

Cor. What is it you praise *Elmer*? and where are those Names of great *Mars* and fair *Chloe*? but in the mean time, who are those fighting there, and what do they knock one another o'th' Head for?

Mer. They are the *Laconians* and *Syracuses*, and that is *Othryas*, who being half dead, is yet raising a Trophy to his own Name.

Chor. What was this War undertaken for?

Mer. For the very Field they fight in.

Chor. O foolish Men! who are ignorant, that though they possess'd the whole *Peloponnesus*, they they shou'd scarce receive a Perch length from *Ecrae*. But others will turn this Field to better Use, and plough where that Trophy's built.

Mer. So it shall happen indeed, but let's descend, and leave the Mountains where we found 'em, and let's be gone; you to your Sculler, I on my Errand; I'll bring some Dead to you e're long.

Chor. You have oblig'd me, *Mercury*, and I'll put you in the List of my best Friends, for the assisting me in this Persecution. But how are unhappy Men employ'd! Kings gild Rich magnificent Sacrifices and Banquets! but so charge at all of Chorus.

LUCIAN

LUCIAN'S DIALOGUES.

BOOK II.

DIALOGUE I.

The Kites, or LUCIAN'S Life.

I Was about fifteen Years of Age, and had left off going to School, when my Father consulted with his Friends what was best to do with me: The Profession of Learning was condemn'd as a Matter of too much Time, Labour, and Expence, which requir'd an Estate to support it; whereas our narrow Fortunes wou'd for a speedy Supply. It was again consider'd a manual Art would immediately afford me means to subsist on without being too great a Charge to the Family, after Years of Ministry, that in that case I should be a Comfort to my good Father, in bringing home part of my Gain. This being fix'd, the next Chapter of the Debate was, what Trade was the most easy to be learnt, most profitable, gainful, and required the least or no very great Stock to manage it. After abundance of things propos'd, as the Fancy or Experience of each Man led him, on a sudden my Father calling his Eye on my Uncle, who was an excellent Statuary, 'Twas an Art, say he, so good & another Art in your Presence. Take him home

• along with you, and teach him yours. In this
 • he may excel; Nature has given him a happy
 • Genius.' This Conjecture was founded on
 those waxen Puppets he had seen me make. No
 sooner was I come from School, but I was ever
 busie in cutting out Horses, Cows and little Men,
 prettily enough in his Opinion; for which innoc-
 ent childish Diversion I often severely suffer'd.
 This he alledg'd in favour of me, as the Marks
 of an Inclination; and all began to conceive hopes
 of my success. A certain Day was appointed,
 and I was deliver'd to my Uncle, well pleas'd
 with my new Employment; Sculpture methought
 was more a Diversion than Business, which would
 commend me to my young Companions, on
 whom I could bestow the little Gods or other
 Images I made or keep for Ostentation. My
 Uncle, putting a Chissel in my Hand, and bring-
 ing me to a fair Piece of Marble, 'Touch it
 lightly, says he, and let us see what you can
 make; What's well begun is half done.' But
 being not us'd to so neat Work, and striking a
 little too roughly, I split the Stone, which was
 very smooth and brittle. This put my Uncle in
 a violent Passion, and catching up a Whip, laid
 on me somewhat too roughly, not considering it
 was my first Attempt; thus my new Appren-
 ticeship began in Tears. I ran Home, roaring and
 crying, exclaiming against the Size of his Whip,
 and shewing upon my Body the Marks of his
 Cruelty, insinuating as if I thought this a Piece
 of Jealousy, lest I should surpass him in his Art,
 and prove a better Workman than himself. My
 Mother, extremely incens'd, rail'd at her Brother
 for this unnatural Usage; and when Night came,
 I went to Bed very pensive and full of Tears.
 What I have yet told you is frivolous and childish,

but, Gentlemen, what I am now about to relate
deserves your Attention; for as the Poet says,

Quis non inquit scilicet inquit

Audire sua vota—

The Images were so lively and strong, they scarce-
ly differ'd from real. To this very Hour, I
think I have imprinted in my Eyes the Gaze in
which they appear'd, and in my Ears the Tone
of Voice in which they spoke, so clearly were
they represented. Methought I saw two Fe-
males standing by me, each catching at me and
pulling me to her Side, with a world of Eager-
ness: Their Contest was sharp, and I very hardly
escap'd being pull'd in Pieces between them;
sometimes one would gain me, sometimes the
other fetch me back. The Dispute continu'd in
this manner for some time, and each reproach'd
at the other; one for endeavouring to rob her of
her devoted Servant, the other for vainly pretend-
ing to usurp her Right. The one was of a fer-
vile Aspect, masculine Face, sullied with Dust
and Sweat, Hair dishevell'd, callous Hands, her
Habit tuck'd up and cover'd with the Dust of
Stone; in short, just such as my Uncle us'd to be
in the midst of his Business. The other a plea-
sant smiling Countenance, agreeable Air, gentle
and well-dress'd: In the Issue, it was agreed to
submit the Affair to my Decision whom I would
chuse to serve. The first which began was that
rough masculine Woman, in these Words: Dear
Child, I, whom you see, am that Sculptress
which you so lately imbrac'd; familiar to you,
and well known to your Family. Your Mo-
ther's Father, and both your Uncles, were of
that Profession; all justly esteem'd excellent
Artists. Now if you will reject my Request,

with literary Villains and empty Tails of No-
 tions, and expose my Cause, I will give you a
 Body robust and vigorous, a Life unobscured
 with Envy: Nor shall you be forc'd to an un-
 grateful Absence from your dearest Friends and
 native Country; nor be absent'd for Weeks, but
 Things. Let not the Manners of my Pastors,
 or Indifference of my Duke, be a Prejudice to
 my Cause. Such were *Phidias* and *Phidias*,
 whom *Jove* and *Jove* so highly valued; such
 were *Morus* and *Procrustes*, ador'd with the very
 Gods they made. Consider well, in being off
 their Number, what Glory you shall gain, what
 a Joy you shall be to your Father, and what an
 Honour to the Place of your Nativity. This
 he said flustering, and uttering a thousand Bar-
 barisms, besides a World of other Things, which
 for want of Memory I cannot repeat, very inde-
 finitely striving to engage me in her Party. Af-
 ter which the other began; 'I, *Seneca*, am *El-*
 'gancy, not altogether a Stranger to you, that
 you have not yet seen me in my Perfection. If
 you suffer your self to be seduced with the pro-
 tented Advantages which that Lady has pro-
 pos'd, you shall be no better than an eternal
 Dudge, a working Slave for the base Necessi-
 ties of Life; obscure, content with a petty un-
 generous Gain, mean and low-spirited; with-
 out Power to oblige your Friends, or hurt your
 Enemies; never great nor popular, but a fee-
 ble labouring Man; one distinguish'd in the
 numerous Crowd, and at the Presence of every
 greater Person; basely subject to, nor daring to
 contest a Man of Eloquence; expos'd to the
 Contempt and Injuries of every insatiable Cur-
 ious. If you shall have the Fortune to equal
Phidias or *Phidias*, your Art I can't but be
 admir'd;

LUCIAN: *Misc.*

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• admire; but no Man in his right Senses will
 • envy your Condition: You are still but a
 • mechanick Slave, forc'd to give your Bond at
 • the Entrance of your Sweet and Reason. But I'll
 • you will submit your self to my Direction, I
 • will show you what is great and glorious in An-
 • tiquity; relate the Discoveries of the ancient
 • Sages, and enrich your Mind, that noble Part
 • of you, with the best Accomplishments, Mo-
 • deration, Justice, Virtue, Sweetness of Dispo-
 • sition, Integrity, Wisdom, Courage, and inspire
 • you with a general Love for whatever is great
 • and honourable. These are the true Ornament
 • of the Mind, which are genuine and lasting.
 • You shall learn what the ancient and modern Hi-
 • story contain; and how to behave your self in
 • all Circumstances of Life, for your Honour and
 • Advantage. I will instruct you in the Mystery
 • of Religion and Policy; from indigent and ne-
 • cessitous, make you rich and envied; and from
 • the Son of that obscure Fellow, who is usually
 • contriv'd to ruin your Fortune, great and po-
 • pular, loaded with Honours, celebrated for your
 • extraordinary Abilities, and highly esteem'd by
 • Persons of the first Rank and Quality. Your
 • Dress shall be like mine, *proving to be an Ho-
 • ur*, which was very agreeable. And you shall
 • Assemblies you shall have Presence of Mind,
 • and be qualify'd for publick Employment. If
 • you desire to travel into a foreign Country, I
 • will make your Fame march before you, and
 • each jarring his Neighbour shall say, *That is that*
 • *Man*. When you open your Mouth, the young
 • Crowd shall attentively listen and admire what-
 • ever you speak, and esteem you Father happy
 • in such a Son; and, upon all Occasions, be the
 • first Man to serve your Friends and Country.

• Before.

Besides this, I will bestow on you that boasted
 Immortality. After your Decease you shall be
 the Companion of the Learned and choicest
 Spirits. Consider what *Demosthenes* was, and to
 what I raised him. Consider *Eschus*, from a poor
 Boy, was courted by the mighty *Philip*. The
 great *Socrates* at first followed my Rival, but
 soon deserted her for me; and you see to what a
 Reputation he has strived. Will you then leave
 those illustrious Men; those grave and learned
 Conversations; that genteel Dress, Honour, Cre-
 dit, Preference, Authority, Dignity; the Glory
 of Wisdom and Learning, and all the Charms of
 Greatness, for a sorry, despicable, ragged Coat;
 for Block, Hammers, Chisels, and such mecha-
 nick Tools; be content to creep on the Ground;
 to work, not daring to look higher, or entertain
 a Thought that's generous; ever curious to give
 your Figures their exact Shape and just Propor-
 tion, leaving your own Body neglected, nasty,
 more contemptible than the very Stones you po-
 lish! At this I started up and declar'd in her
 Favour, quitting that ill-favour'd dirty Slave, for
 this beauteous Lady; which I did with the greater
 Satisfaction, when I reflected on the ill Treatment
 which I had so lately receiv'd. She, enraged to be
 thus defeated, began to knit her Brow, clench
 her Fist, and utter a thousand Threats; but in the
 Issue, growing pale and stiff, as the Story relates
 of *Nike*, was transform'd into a perfect Statue.
 My new Mistress, having now gain'd a compleat
 Victory, Since, *says she*, you have with so much
 Justice put an end to our Controversy; come
 hither, mount this Chariot, (*pointing to one which*
was supported by Horses, winged like Pegasus in
the Fable) and see what glorious Things you had
 nearly miss'd. When I was plac'd she began to
 drive,

drive, and being elevated to a sufficient height, I saw all the Empires, Kingdoms and States, which cover the spacious Globe from East to West; still, like the divine *Triplicimus*, dispersing something thro' all our Voyage: What it was I cannot say; this I remember, Men of the lower World, gazing up with Astonishment, loaded us with Blessings and Praises where-ever we pass'd: At last she brought me Home, not in the same Dress I went out, but splendid and magnificent; and spring my Father, who expected my Return with Impatience, 'There's your Son; for what Happiness he had lost, by following the Advice of your wary Friends.' This is the Substance of what I saw while I was in a manner but a Child, and inspir'd by the Terror of the Whip I had so lately felt. But methinks I am interrupted, 'Bless me, says one, here's a long formal Dream indeed.' 'Twas Winter surely, cries another, when the Nights are at longest; or that fabulous Night, equal to three others, when *Jupiter* begot *Hercules*.' 'Is the Man mad, cries a third, to plague us with a tedious Relation of an old obsolete childish Dream? Curse on such a deal of insipid impertinent Stuff: Or does he take us for a Pack of Astrologers, to unfold this Nonsense?' No, Gentlemen, the grave *Xanthus* made no Scruple to relate his private Dream in a publick Assembly, encompass'd by the Enemy, when Things were push'd to the Extremity, and no room for trifling, because it was instructive. My Design is to encourage our Youth to the Study of Learning and Virtue, especially such as are deterred by Poverty or want of Fortune, and condemn a noble Genius to base Slavery. My Example will animate such Persons, I hope, when they consider from what Beginnings I rise; with what a Resolution

and

and Firmness of Mind I charge'd thee: All the Distinctions of Fortune, supported by the Passion I had for Earning and Expence; in what Condition I am arriv'd, not inferior in Glory to any of those ancient Scintillas, to say no more.

DIALOGUE II.

The Council of the Gods; in a Dialogue between Jupiter, Minus and Mercury.

Jupiter. **H**ereafter, ye Gods, let there be no more Whispering, nor running into Corners, nor blustering that many unworthy Persons have been made Partakers of our Society; but inasmuch as a Council hath been summon'd, let every one openly speak his Opinion, and blame whatsoever he thinks Blame-worthy. In the meantime, do you, *Mercury*, according to the Law, make Proclamation, with a loud Voice.

Mercury. * O yea! Keep Silence in the Court:
* Who is there of the ancient and most eminent
* Gods, that desireth to speak in this Assembly?
* Let him come forth, and he shall be heard!
* The Debate is concerning Inmates and Strangers.

Minus. That do I, *Jupiter*, if I may but have Leave.

Jup. The Proclamation hath already given Leave; so that there is no need of my further Notice.

Min. I say then, that some of us deal very wickedly and unjustly, who being not content that our selves or Men have been made Gods, will needs make our Pages and Attendants our Equals; which we look upon as a thing of no Moment. Wherefore I desire, that I may have Liberty to

Jupiter, Minerva and Mercury

Speak freely, without any Control; for, otherwise, I shall not be able to deliver my Opinion. But every one knows me well enough, for I am free of Tongue I am, and that I am not afraid to say another such thing as are dishonest and unbecoming; for I receive every thing, and equally condemn what I never I think to be well or ill done, without being afraid of any one's Authority; or muzzling my Opinion out of Modesty: For which Reason I seem burdensome to many, and naturally given to Slander, while they call me the common Reporter: But so far as Liberty hath been given by Proclamation, I will boldly express my Mind. I say therefore, that there are many, who being not contented that themselves have been admitted into our Society, and share in our good Fellowship, though they are but half Men, have yet brought into Heaven their Ministers and Followers, and naturaliz'd them for Gods; so that they have an equal Dividend with others, and partake of Sacrifice, without paying the Rent was imposed upon Immortals.

Jup. I beseech you, Minns, not to speak in Riddles, but to tell us your Meaning plainly, and to add their Names: for you have in such a manner given your Opinion, that we are equally suspicious of many, and begin to search sundry Persons sundry Ways, as obnoxious to your Accusation; but it becomes a free Spokesman to conceal nothing out of Fear.

Min. Well said, *Jupiter*, for exhorting me to Liberty of Speech; this is done royally and magnificently; and therefore, according to your Desire, I will name them by Name: And, first of all, here is this Rowley, half a Man, and, by his Mother's side, no Creature; but the Nephew of a Physician Merchant, called Codrus: What name

ner of Fellow he is, since he was indued with Immortality. I do not mention; nor will I reprove his Mitre, his Drunkenness, and Reeling to and fro: For all, I suppose, sufficiently observe how soft and effeminate he is, as well as half mad, beginning to tipple as soon as he is up in the Morning: Yet this Fellow hath brought along with him into Heaven his whole Fraternity, and hath made Gods of *Pan*, *Silenus*, and the *Satyrs*, who are a kind of Goat-footed Savages, addicted to Dancing, and of a monstrous Feature; whereof one having Horns, and in the one half of his Body resembling a Goat, and nourishing a dangling Beard, differs little from a Goat; but the other, being a deformed old Man, with a bald Pate and a flat Nose, commonly riding on an Ass, is by Birth a *Lydian*. The *Satyrs*, having pick'd Ears, and Horns on their bald Pates, like the Horns of Kids, are certain *Phrygians*; yet all of them have Tails. Thus you may see what goodly Gods this Fellow hath made us; I forbear to mention how he hath brought hither two Women, the one of them being his Sweet-heart *Ariadne*, whose Crown he hath turn'd into a Constellation; the other being the Daughter of *Leonus* the Husbandman. And, which is the most ridiculous of all, he hath likewise brought *Erigone's* Dog along with her, lest the Maid should grow melancholy, if she had not her old Companion with her in Heaven. Now do not these Things seem reproachful to you; and meet Madnesse, worthy to be laugh'd at? But here let us proceed to others.

Jup. Good *Minus*, take heed of speaking any thing concerning *Esculapius*, or *Hercules*, (for I see whither the current of your Speech carrieth you) inasmuch, as the one of them is a Physician, and cures the Diseas'd, for which reason he ought

to be preferred before many others : And the other, my Son *Hercules*, hath acquired his Immortality with no small Pains ; wherefore take heed you do not rashly fall foul upon these.

Min. For your sake, *Jupiter*, I will pass them by, though I have many things to say against them ; and indeed, if there were nothing else against them, it would be sufficient that they have as yet the Marks that were made in their Bodies by the Fire : besides were it lawful for me to use liberty of Speech, I could object many things against your very self.

Jup. You have full Liberty therein granted you ; Pray can you accuse me for being but an Inmate in Heaven ?

Min. Truly, *Jupiter*, in *Crete* we may not only hear this, but they likewise shew us your Sepulchre : however, for my part, I give no Credit to them ; nor to the *Equinites*, who affirm that you were supposititious ; but what to me seems most Blameworthy, I will now rehearse : To be short therefore, You, *Jupiter*, are the Ring-leader of this Disorder, and the first that filled our Assembly with Bastards, by lying with Maids and Women of mortal Condition, forsaking Heaven, and going down to them in several Disguises ; so that we are often afraid, lest any should seize upon you, and sacrifice you, as oft as you appear in the Form of a Bull ; or lest some Goldsmith should melt you, as oft as you put on the Form of Gold, and instead of *Jupiter*, you should become some Bracelet, or Ear-ring ; by this Means you have filled Heaven with the Demi-gods, for I can give them no other Title ; and it would be a most absurd Business, if some Stranger should hear that *Hercules* was assumed into the Number of the Gods, while *Eurystheus*, who imposed Commands on him, lieth still in his Grave ; and that *Hercules*, the

Servant,

Servant, should have a Temple, while *Euryalus*, the Master is content with a poor single Monument. Again, amongst the *Tholans*, *Bacchus* is made a God, while his Kinsmen *Pentheus*, *Alcan*, and *Learchus*, were the most miserable of Men: Wherefore, since you, *Jupiter*, first open'd the Gap to Licentiousness, and had to do with Mortals, all follow your Example; neither do the Gods only, but also the Goddesses, imitate your Fashion herein; for who hath not heard of *Achifer*, and *Filobus*, *Enchimon*, and *Jafon*, with sundry others? Wherefore I think it good, to pass these Things over; for it would be an endless Labour to reprehend every thing in particular.

Jup. But, *Minus*, take heed you speak not a Word of *Ganymede*, for it will exceedingly nettles me, if I hear you fall foul on him.

Min. For this reason I will speak nothing of the *Eagle*, that hath been also advanced to Heaven, where she now percheth on your Royal Scepter, and builds her Nest over your very Head, and pretendeth to be a Goddess; this shall be passed over for *Ganymede's* sake. But tell me, Oh *Jupiter*, whence came *Atis*, *Corydon*, and *Lebarnus*, into our Company? or that *Mythras* the *Mede*, who beareth a *Persian* Robe on his body, and a Turbant on his Head; one that can hardly understand a Word of *Greek*? Is that if any one drink to him a Cup of *Nectar*, he is not able to pledge him. Upon this Account the *Scythians* and *Getae* have bid Adieu to us, and, of their own Heads, bestow Immortality on Men, and make Gods of whomsoever they please, by which means *Zambur*, being a Man but of a ferocious Condition, hath gotten Immortality, and thrust himself (I cannot tell how) into the Number of the Gods. But (O ye Gods!) all these Things

are

are moderate; and something tolerable: But who art thou, O Egyptian-Dog's Face, who art clothed with fine Linnen? How can'st thou pretend to Divinity by Barking? And what means that Party-coloured Memphis Bull, which is honoured with Prayers, utters Oracles, and hath his Priests? I am ashamed to make mention of the Storks, and Apes and Goats, and other absurd Things than these, which I know not how they have gotten out of *Egypt* into Heaven. Wherefore how can you endure, that such things should have equal Honour and Worship given to them with your selves? Or how can you take it, *Jupiter*, to have a Pair of Roan's Horns clapt on your Head?

Jup. Those Things which you have related concerning the *Egyptians* are very base; but the greatest part of them contain mystical Riddles in them, which are not to be derided at by the Prophane.

Min. Truly, *Jupiter*, there is great need of Mystery, to know that the Gods are Gods; and that they who are endued with Dog's Heads are Dogs.

Jup. Forbear at present to speak of the *Egyptians*, for we will hereafter debate concerning those Things at leisure. Therefore if there be any others against whom you can except, produce them.

Min. Consider then *Trojanus* and *Antichus*, whereof, one, being Son to a wicked Person, and a Murderer, doth give Oracles in *Oracles*, uttering many Lies impudently, and enchanting Men for Pence a piece. So that you, *Apollon*, are no longer in Esteem for Prophecy; but now every Stone, and every Altar gives Oracles to Enquirers, if it be but sprinkled with Oyl, crowned with Garlands, and attended with some *Incense*, of which there are very many now-a-days: For the Statue of *Polydorus*, the Wrestler, doth cure those, that

are sick of a Fever in *Olympia*, and that of *The agues* in *Thasus*. Moreover, they offer Sacrifices to *Hector* at *Ilium*, and over-against him to *Proteflans* in *Cherfonefus*; so that since we are multiplied into so great a Number, Perjury and Sacrilege have been more frequent, and those that live honestly and justly have begun to flight us. Now thus much may suffice to be spoken of spurious and supposititious Gods; but hearing many other strange Names of such as neither live among us, nor are indeed in *verus natura*, I cannot but laugh heartily, when I think of it; for where is the renowned Virtue, Nature, Fate, and Fortune, so much talked of; being all but insufferable, vain Terms, devised by Men that go under the Name of Philosophers; which, tho' they be Figments of their own, yet have gotten such Footing in the Minds of weak silly People, that none any longer will vouchsafe to sacrifice to us; being fully persuaded, that tho' he offer up infinite Hecatombs to us, yet that Fortune, however, will not any otherwise perform those things which have been decreed at first by the Fates, and destined to every one at his Birth; wherefore I would willingly demand of you, *Jupiter*, in what Place or Corner of the World you ever saw Virtue, Nature, or Fate? for that you frequently hear such Things in Philosophical Disputations, I make no doubt: unless you be so deaf, that you cannot hear their Bawling. There are likewise many Things more to be said, but I will now conclude, for I see some so nettled at my Words, that they begin to Hiss: especially those on whom I have obliquely reflected in my Discourse. Wherefore, for a Close to all, if you be pleased, *Jupiter*, I will read a certain Decree drawn up concerning them.

Jup. Rehearse it: for you have not reprehended every thing absurdly, or without Cause; and truly, many of these Enormities ought to be restrained, lest in time they grow more numerous.

The DECREE.

A Council being assembled on the 7th Day of this present Month, Jupiter sat Consul, Neptune President, Apollo Lieutenant, and Momus Clerk, whilst the God of Sleep (Morpheus drew up this Decree:

*F*Orasmuch as Several Strangers, not only *Greeks*, but *Barbarians*, being altogether Unworthy of the Celestial Republick, as being spurious and supposititious, have, in what manner I know not, made themselves Gods, and crept into Heaven, so that the Place is full of Noise and Distraction, by reason of their confused Gibberish; as also, that the Plenty of *Nectar* begins to fail, insomuch that a Pint is now worth three Pounds, by reason of their great Multitudes: and whereas, they also being impudent and saucy, have driven the true and ancient Gods out of their Abodes, and, contrary to the Primitive Custom, seated themselves in the best Places, endeavouring to be honoured before others, it hath seemed good to the Senate and People, that at the next Winter-Solstice, a Council be assembled in *Olympus*, and seven of the most eminent Gods be elected, to take Cognizance of this Matter, three out of the ancient Court which was constituted in the Reign of *Saturn*, and four out of the twelve Gods *majorum gentium*, whereof *Jupiter* to be one: but those that shall be chosen Judges, shall not presume to sit upon the Bench, till they have solemnly taken an Oath by *Syn*. After which, let *Mercury* make Proclamation, and assemble all those to
the

94 *Jupiter, Minus and Mercury,*

the Council, who desire to be lawfully advised; but let them come, bringing along with them seven Witnesses, and Judgments of an uniform and certain Kind. Then let them meet in one and the same Place: And the Judges, having fairly heard the Case, and thoroughly weigh'd the Allegations, shall either declare them Gods, or banish them to their Graves, or the Sepulchres of their Ancestors. But if at any time afterward any of those who have been rejected, on the Scrutiny, shall be caught in the Pariews of Heaven, he shall immediately be cast headlong down to Hell. Next, be it ordain'd, That every God mind his own Business, and put not his Sick into his Neighbour's Harvest: Nor let Minus meddle with Medicinal Affairs, or Escalopins take away his Time, in giving Oracles; nor shall Apollo pretend to monopolize so many considerable Talents, let him either content himself to act the Prophet, Poet, Fidler, or Physician. Moreover, Be it known to the Philosophers, That they dare not presume to coin every Day new Words, and trifle no more about those Terms which they do not understand. That the Images of those, who have Temples and Altars erected to them, be pull'd down, and that of *Jupiter*, *Juno*, *Apollo*, or some other, be put in their Place. That the City bury them, and, instead of an Altar, set up their Statues. Lastly, that whoever shall not mind this Declaration, refuse the Examination, or to stand to the Award of the Judges, shall be condemn'd without hearing.

Jup. Haste! Minus, your Decree is most equitable, and let all those who approve of it hold up their Hands. Or, rather, let it be thus pass'd without any more to do; for I know there will

hereafter be a Company of Fellows which will not give us their Votes and Approbation. But, at present, get ye all your several Ways, each about his own Business; but when Mercury shall again summon you, be sure you appear in the Court every one of you bringing with him five Vouchers, undisputed Friends, his Father and Mother's Name, and the Place of his Nativity; and, next, how he came to be a God, and of what Tribe and Class. But if any one shall be so hardy, as to neglect being present at this Assembly, he shall no more be look'd on as a God, notwithstanding he have never so mighty a Temple on Earth, and have never so many mortal Dumbies, who esteem him a God.

DIALOGUE III.

TIMON: Or, the MAN-HATER.

Tim. **O**H Friend-assisting, Stranger-helping, Society-maintaining, House-defending, Oath-regarding, Cloud-compelling, Thunder-thumping Jupiter, with all the remaining train of thy Titles and Attributes, which half-brain'd Poets liberally bestow upon thee, but especially when they are founde'd in Metre (for then they give thee a Cart-load of Names, and all to prop up a limping Verse; where is now thy swift-devouring Lightning, thy Sense-confounding Thunder, thy red-hot burning and terrible Thunderbolts? 'Tis now plain, that all this parade of Words is now Banter and Poetical Fiction, and nothing but the noise of some rambling Names. For that much talk'd of Dart of thine that wounds at twelve fars, and is always at hand, as I can't tell how, clearly froil'd and cold and does not preserve the least spark of Indignation against Offenders. So that, get to quince Matten with thee,

thee, *Jupiter*, any Rascal that is going to injure himself, would as soon fear a Link, when put out, as the flame of thy all-destroying Thunderbolt; for they think that thou only dar'st a burning Fagot-stick at them, which makes them neither dread the Fire, nor the Smoke issuing from it, the only danger they apprehend from it is, that it will smut their Faces. By this means it happen'd that *Salmoneus* had the impudence to Thunder in defiance of thee, nor without good Reason, for that audacious Man that was so lost upon Wickedness, knew well enough that he had to do with an impotent insensible stumbling *Jupiter*. For pray tell me why he should not play his frolick, since thou sleepest perpetually, as if thou hadst taken a large dose of Opium, and dost neither hear those that forswear themselves, nor observe the Wicked, but art blind and deaf, and blunderest in every thing like those that are quite spent and dosed by old Age. Indeed when thou wast young, thy Divine Mind was soon up, and wicked Men daily felt the weight of thy Indignation. Then didst not thou make any Truce with them, there was no Collection of the Celestial Artillery, the Thunderbolt was perpetually busie in one part of the World or other: the Shield furnish'd up, the Thunder rattled, and the Lightning like a Groat of Gold, thrown from some eminent Hill, was sent to destroy. Earthquakes came frequent, Snow fell down in prodigious heaps, Hail-stones as big as Eggs, and, to sum up all, violent and rapid Showers and Floods, daily doing mischief. Hence happen'd so universal shipwreck of Man-kind in *Deucalion's* time, they were all drown'd under Water, and scarce one little Skiff made a shift to escape, which lay hid on Mount *Lycoris*, and preserved (if I may use the Expression) some small Sparks of Human Race.

Race, from whence a more vicious Generation was to be propagated, so that now you are justly rewarded for your business by them, since no body, to speak of, offers Sacrifices and Garlands to thee, except two or three by the bye, at the Olympic Games, who, to do thee Justice, don't think the Performance of it necessary, but are willing to keep up an old ancient Custom. Nay, O thou most generous of all the Gods, they are going in full Convention to make a second *Synods* of thee, and then say thou hast *abdicated*. I forbear to mention how often they have plunder'd thy Temple with sacrilegious Hands, nay, they have offer'd to dissent thee at thy best beloved Recreation, the Olympic Pastimes. All this while, thou, with all thy boundless Might and Power wait to say, that thou wilt not so much as awake the Dogs, or call up the next Neighbours to help thee to apprehend them before they make their escape; but like the most noble Confounder of the Giants, and Vanquisher of the *Trojan*, sitst fit in thy Chair of State holding a Thunderbolt in thine Right-hand, while the impudent Villains were shaving thy Locks. And now tell me, Almighty Drainer, when wilt thou throw off this Leathery? When wilt thou come up and chase off this rebellious Race? What Number of *Phantoms* and *Discussions* can be sufficient to atone for so universal and bottomless a Degeneracy from Virtue. But to set aside these common Grievances, give me leave to speak to my own Case in particular: Ever since I have raised so many of the *Athenians* to Honour and Dignity, and of poor *Servants* made 'em rich, not only assist all those that wanted, with my Charity, but finally bestow'd my Wealth upon my Friends, I have spent all my Estate, and by this means am become as poor as a Church

Muse, the ungrateful Raskals have forgot me, and those very Fellows who not long ago revell'd and ador'd, nay, liv'd by my Smiles, will not condescend so far as to look down upon me: So that if by mere Accident as I am walking in the Road I stumble upon any of them, they pass regardless by me, as they would by an old ruin'd Monument, as if they had never known me. Again, often finding me from a far, turn another way, imagining they should meet some ominous and abominable Spectacle, whom not long since they cry'd up as their Saviour and chief Benefactor. And thus, my Necessities pressing me, I am reduc'd to the last Extremities; apparelled in a Hair Doublet, am forced to dig for Four half pence a Day, and here with my Spade and Shovel play the Philosopher in this wretched Solitude. At the same time I reap this Advantage by it, that I don't see their thorough-pac'd Rogues better in their Wickiads, for that would be a troublesome Eye-sore to me. I respect this therefore, then most magnanimous Son of Nature and Race, to shake off this profound and inglorious Sleep; (or between Friends this had last longer than *Hymenides* did) to dart thy Thunderbolt re-kindled from *Ossa*, and to show the indignation of the strong and youthful Jupiter, that art not minded to convince the World, that all their Stories are true which the Poets tell of thy report of thy being buried among

What Fellow's this, Son Mercury, who thus from *Apollo*, at the Bottom of *Mount Olympus* makes this horrid Noise! He's in a very sorry Condition I see, all ragged and dirty, and in a deplorable way by the posture of his Body. Sure I perceive, confident Boar, I warrant you, are you a Philosopher into the Bargain, for otherwise

would never have ventur'd in many impious things against our Crown and Dignity.

Mercury. Why, Father, don't you know Times, the Son of Scheremides, and born at Capua. This is he who has so often rag'd in with the choicest Victims, he that grew so wealthy on the fables, he that offer'd whole Hieroglyphs, and with whom we were us'd to pass in many jolly Festivals.

Jupiter. Alas, poor Wretch! what a strange Alteration of the State is here? And is this that honest free-hearted Gentleman who had such mighty Crouds of Friends always about him? What Disaster has happen'd to him, that he's in this scandalous Drub, so dusty and buggery, and him to die, as I conjecture, by his smiling with so heavy a Spoke.

Mercury. To give you his History then, his Honesty, his Compassion and Charity, have ruin'd him, or rather his Folly, his good

Nature; and his want of Discretion in the Choice of his Friends. He never dreamt that his Liberality was believ'd on Ravens and Wolves; but the more these insatiable Vultures prey'd upon his Liver, the more he took them to be his trusty Friends, as if the only Reason of their eating and drinking with him was, because they were Well-wishers to his Person. And now after they had strip him bare to the Bone, and gnaw'd him, and suck'd out all the Marrow, away they go, and leave him † faght and cut down to the very Root. Nay, the Vultures won't fly much

F. 2

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† I have frequently observed, that Lucian passes on of our Satyrists into another, as does he does from that of a Satyr to a Hero. Now this I will by no means profess to confirm this Liberty in it, give a Master of Eloquence as our Author says, yet one of the most Civil Persons ever lived (I give Master St. Bernard)

with my Fingers in my Ears, or able to be vexed by these disputing Sparks, who perch up Vices, and I don't know what improper Whimsies and Trifles, with the greatest Zeal imaginable. But now, Son Mercury, take *Phorus* along with you, and go to him presently: Let *Phorus* be sure to carry *Thyestes* with him, and let both of them take up their Quarters at his Mansion, and not leave him so easily as they did before, altho' he thro' his good Nature and Bounty turn them out of Doors again. As for those ungrateful dinner-smelling Parasites of his, I shall tell Cognizance of them for the future, and will fringe them off as fast as I have got my Thumbs: I saw only two of its greatest Rayners unhappily hanker, and the Edge of them Minded, when I lately drest it somewhat too eagerly at *Asopos* the Sophist's Head, who would fain persuade his hard Companions, that we Gods were a Cheat upon the World. But I happen'd to milk him, for *Pericles* holding up his Head against it, for'd him, and the Thunderbolt turned out of its way to the Temple of *Caster* and *Pallas*, burnt it to the Ground, by the same token that it was lately flung'd against the Stones. Altho' I know it will be Marvellous enough to them to see *Timon* become a wealthy Man again, not to them who'd not believe him.

Mercury. But now what cause of being bad and impatient! 'tis not only favorable to those that plead at the Bar, but small manner of Persons that have Petitions to offer. *Run* *Agamemnon*, for *Timon* yonder, of a poor Dog, will immediately become as rich as a Prince, and this he gets by his being so bold and clamorous. This I am sure of, had he dog and held his Paper, he might have dog on to the End of the Chapter for all my Father *Jupiter* there.

100 LUCIAN. *Translated*

Phaon. Well, but I vow and swear, *Jupiter*, I won't go near him.

Jupiter. Why so, most noble *Phaon*, especially since I have laid my Injunctions upon you.

Phaon. Why so, say you? Why, because I am an honest God, the Slave has notoriously affronted me in turning me out of Doors, and dividing me into so many Parts, when I was a better Friend to him than his Father ever was: Nay, I had almost said, he thrust me out of his House with a Paring-shovel, after the manner as a Man sings away Fire out of his Hands. Do you think I'll go to him to be squander'd away among Flatterers, Flatterers and Harlots? No, no, find me a stout Person who know how to value me, who will hug and embrace me, where my Company will be welcome. But let these stupid Slaves all serve with their dearly beloved Poverty, since they prefer her to me: Let them wear her Liberty, meaning such chain, and dig for two Pence a Day, that won't make Dicks and Dealers sell their Money when they had it, and give away ten Talents for a Prefence.

Jupiter. Come, come, *Time* will play none of these extravagant Tricks for the future. His Spide, I suppose, has sufficiently convinced him by this time, (unless his Body's made of Iron) that you are infinitely to be prefer'd to Poverty: he methinks you seem to be in a peevish fallen Humour to day, otherwise why should you quarrel with *Time* for opening his Doors, and giving you leave to take the fresh Air; when, if he had been jealous of you, he might have locked you up close within Doors. At other times I am sure I have heard you rail plentifully at rich Men, and complain they so importuned you with their Dicks and Bars, and Locks and Keys, that you had not Liberty

Liberty

erty to pass out and see the comfortable Light. This hard Usage you have often lamented in my hearing, affirming you were almost stifled in the dark for want of Room; and so you came to us pale and thoughtful, with your Fingers shrunk up and contracted, like those People's who are always telling Money. Nay, if ever you had a fair Opportunity you threaten'd to run away, and leave them in the lurch. In fine, you looked upon it as a very severe Treatment to be kept untouch'd, like *Doves*, in some Brass or Iron Apartment, and to be educated by those diligent but wicked Tutors, Usury and Interest. Besides, you maintained, they did very absurdly to love you beyond measure, and yet not to dare to enjoy, nor when they were Masters of you to enjoy their Mistress in Secrecy; but like *Cenci* still to watch you, with their Eyes perpetually fast on the Lock and Seal, while they were such abominable Fools as to think they made *Politic* Advantages, tho' they never watch'd you themselves, to hinder other People from enjoying you; like the Dog in the Manger, that would neither eat the Barley himself, nor suffer the half-starv'd Horse to feed on it. More than this, you laugh'd at those Persons that fear'd and love, and (what was the most ridiculous thing of all) expected their Justice of you, nor were so wise as to consider, that for all their *Procurators*, *Senators*, *Servants*, or *Stewards*, or *Tutors* to their Children, might privately carry you off, and laughing at the unhappy, unbelov'd Possessor, sell him afterwards to some his phantasmal Dog, by the Light of some stony narrow-musht'd Lantern, or Fardling Candle. Therefore, tell me, *Philo*, since to say these things you have condemn'd these things himself,

whether you are not very unjust to object the quite contrary Conduct to *Timon*?

Philo. Hold, I pray, not so fast; for if you examine the Case fairly, you'll find I had Reason on my side to do both. It was not *Timon's* Kindness to me that I quarrell'd at, but his too easy Nature and Negligence. And as for those that lock me up in perpetual Darkness, that so I may become fatter and larger, and (if they could attain their Wishes) immeasurable, yet never touch me, nor show me the Light, for fear of being seen by others: That I say, I justly repute to be not only downright mad, but Men that directly abuse me, because they suffer me who am wholly innocent, to rust amidst so many Bolts and Chances, not considering that they must shortly die, and consequently leave me to some one who is favoured by Fortune. For which reason I neither spare these voracious, stingy Devils, nor, on the other hand, those Prodiges that feed me too fast & too long; but only those that starve the middle Course, and don't totally abstain from me, or unmercifully consume me. 'Twill all be best illustrated by this familiar Case. Here's a Man has married a young handsome Wife, and after that never entertains the least jealous thought of her, but gives her full Permission both by Night and Day to go where she fancies, and intrigue with whom she pleases; nay, is not satisfied with doing so, but voluntarily exposes her to be wooed, is so complaisant as to hold the Door himself, and is willing all the World to her Acquaintance. Now do you believe such a husband's Son does behave like her? No, *Timon*, I am sure you will not. Yet so, because you have frequently seen the Experiment what Love is. On the other hand,

Suppose I find her highly, and according to the usual Rules and Customs of such a Wife, with an intent to get Children; but neither will she nor herself, labour, thinking, and live, and in the Bloom of her Age, she suffers me to be false to her: upon this, she sends me back, and confounds the poor Cuckold, who desires nothing of the barren Uterus, is a melancholy and barren, and everlasting Virginity; and yet pretends he's ready to die for Love all the while, as he would make the World believe by a married Body's pale Face, and his Eyes sunk into his Head; is it possible that such a Man should be taken for any thing else but a dead Man, since when he ought to possess the Deities of the Wapack-Bed, he turns so delicious and amiable a Nymph side away and wither, as if she were a Priestess of Ceres. Now to come to an Application, that I am engaged and bound to say full, plain and bare, and squander'd away by some People, is on the contrary, it is to let your Indignation to be chained and fettered like a signified Virgin.

Jupiter. But why should you be so angry with them? For methinks both of them are equally punished. These, while like Tantalus, they are permitted neither to eat nor drink, but with thirst just only gaze after Gold; and the others, while they are tormented by their insatiable Lusts, as Phlebas was by the Mergle, and the like Men, fringed out of their living. — Well, but now go where I have ordered you; you'll find them with always filled with other Distractions for the future.

Phlebas. I shall be glad that a Man of the Court should be so punished, as they the vulgar Vulgar are, who I am to be proud, and so

prevent my running out. I am resolv'd he will rather do the quite contrary for fear of being overflow'd by me. So that I must e'en be fain'd to throw Water into the Hoghead of the Ship, the Vessel not being able to contain the Liquor, so large an Orifice has this Hoghead to receive, and so sure a passage to let all out again into one *Jupiter*. If he does not stop all this Flooding and endeavour to hinder the perpetual leaking as he'll see you will soon run out, in to his Comfort he'll find his Halber, Jerkin and Spade in the bottom of the Cask. But now 'tis high time for you to be gone, and make a rich Man of him. And do you remember, *Merry*, as you come back to call at *Erne*, and bring the Cyclone to us again. The edge of my Thunderbolt, you know, is blunted, and must be new set again. I shall have occasion for it, as soon as it is mended.

Merry. Let us be gone, *Philo*. But hey day, what is the matter with you? Your Wedding bells, I perceive; I knew long before you were blind, but never dreamt you were lost into the bargain.

Philo. I am not always so, Friend *Merry*, but when ever *Jupiter* sends me to visit my wife, I can't apprehend how it happens, but I am surpris'd and lame of both Feet, so that I hardly make a shift to reach my Journey's End, and am partly that I shou'd stay coming, gone and lame he's humour'd with my Passion. But when I am to quit my Person, you'll find the same changed with me, I am furnished with Wings, and can do all the Father'd Kind in Switzerland; so that as soon as I have paid the Ransom, the Cyren suddenly declares the Prison in favour of me, and I make a whole Furling & one day, and so

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that the English say began out of my head. I
ing out of my head. I have a great many
Miss. I say by the Lord, for I have a great

you *Ph.* He surely spread down, till at last I will
stand light upon your body, or rather, and the
Bapt. whoever he is, that left his hand
upon me, carrying me off as his own, and left
him you, Brother *Adams*, for taking a Trip
for four weeks only, in visitation of some old
and *Adm.* Will had done it my Duty, and I am
who think you only wish him to be taken
from the Ministry, you suspect, you to be

[illegible]

100 LUCIAN: I. 11.

Mercy. But how do you make it
 safe to rally, when you are minded to love
 them, since you don't know one step of the way.

Philo. Oh then I am as sharp-sighted as the
 Devil, and run like any dog, but 'tis only in
 such times as I have an Opportunity to run away.

Mercy. But your Difficulty were still the same
 indeed, and that is, how a God's Name it comes
 about, that you who are deprived of your Eyes,
 and to deal familiarly with you, look as pale as
 a Green-sickness Girl, and are lame into the Bargain;
 how it comes about, I say, that with all
 these noble Qualifications you should find such
 vast Shoals of Lovers, and possible Admirers, who
 are everlastingly going upon you, and if they
 enjoy you think themselves the happiest Men in
 the Universe. As on the contrary, if they fall
 in their Expectation, but weary of their Love,
 Some of these Blodes I have known in my time,
 who were so desperately in love with you, that
 they leap headlong from a high Cliff into the
 bottom of the Sea, leaping themselves to the
 bottom by you, because you won't not bestow a
 kind Glance upon them. Now I don't in the
 least question, but that if you are well acquainted
 with your self, you'll readily own, that such
 Persons are downright mad, and that are possessed with
 the unaccountable Passion.

Philo. But do you fancy then that I appear faith-
 ful to them as I really am, that is to say, lame and
 blind, and with all my other Defects that are?

Mercy. Why so I think, unless they are all
 blind.

Philo. They are not blind, old Friend of mine,
 but what's so bad, Error and Ignorance cast such
 a veil before them that they see nothing in it's
 proper Colours: But this is not all, for to see

get my Money's worth. I will not let my Gold and Jewels, and wear the most costly Apparel; so that the common Fops, imagining no Imperfections are committed under so costly an Out-side, fall desperately in love with me, and run mad if they don't enjoy me. Indeed, if any one should find me thus, and follow me to the Spinning, I don't doubt but they shall themselves Sot, for throwing away their Affections on so deform'd and ugly a Mistress.

Merc. Well then, but when they are come grown rich, and have attained their desire, what are they cheated upon? For you know well enough, that if any one goes about to take away their Riches, they would sooner be slain than their beloved Wealth. This is the case if then they are not sensible, that the Blessing they so very much aim'd at, cost every thing to get, and that was but slightly nam'd over with Gold.

Plutus. No, no, you're quite mistaken, for I have several things that help to set me off.

Mercury. You'll tell a Friend, I suppose, what they are.

Plutus. Listen then. As soon as my faithful Voluntary opens his Door to let me into his House, there enter along with me his Malice, Pride, Folly, Madness, Lust, Covetousness, Deceit, and six hundred other Attendants of the same Quality; with which swarm of Devils his Mind is so taken up, that he admires what he ought to despise, and pursues what he ought to fly from. And as for my self, who introduced the aforesaid blessed Company into his Acquaintance, and am still rewarded by them, he owes upon me to that End, that he would rather suffer

faller all the Extraneous in the World, that is obliged to be divorced from me.

Mor. I cannot but wonder tho' that you are so light and so slippery, so hard to be kept, and so apt to run away, that a Body cannot well find to take hold of you; but you will allow, by what strange Legionsman the Lord knows, we of our Fingers like any Ed or Suspect. On the other hand, Poverty is easy to be caught, and sticks like an ill Conscience when once obtained; for 'tis hung with crooked Hooks on every side, and when a Man is once caught by one of them, 'tis no easy matter to disengage himself. But while we have been prating, away our time here, we have forgot the better part of our Reason.

Phy. As how, prayest thou?

Mor. Why, we have neglected to carry The Jaws along with us, and let the principal Chat we have to play.

Phy. Nay, don't trouble your Head about the Matter, for whosoever I come up with you, God dwells in Heaven, I always have him called me upon Earth, where I strictly charge him to keep within Doors, and not to offer to peep abroad, till he hears me calling to him.

Mor. So that let us make what haste we can to settle; and, for your part, Mind Friend of mine, do you take hold of my Chin here, and follow me till we reach the end of our Journey.

Phy. Faith you are in the right way, *Mor.* to conduct me in my way, but, without your Assistance, I might perhaps wander upon the Lake, or Chat, or some such dangerous Vain. But hold, what noise is that? I hear his voice, that of Iron striking upon Steel, and by the way

Mor.

Mercury. 'Tis our Friend *Time*, who is giving a rocky and mountainous fall head by: Kick me! how easily he's attended there. Let me see, your's Poverty, and Labour, and Strength, and Wisdom, and Fortitude, and several more of the Gang; Famine I find brings up the rear; and yet, after all, this town's Guard du Corps, Friend *Plutus*, is infinitely better than these.

Plutus. Come, *Mercury*, we had e'en a good troop back again, for we shall never do any good with a Fellow that has such an Army to stand by him.

Mercury. However, old *Time* was of another Opinion, so you need not fear.

Poverty. Stay, then *Time*-saying Bally, and tell me, whether art thou carrying this lame and blind Fumbler here?

Mercury. Why, we are dispatch'd by *Time* to make a visit to *Plutus*.

Poverty. Very fine, and must *Plutus* then take *Time* out of my Hands, after I have just disengag'd him from his Vice, confin'd him to the Tutorage of Wisdom and Labour, and bestow'd so much Pains to cultivate and polish him. Am I grown so despicable, as fit to be trampled upon, that you should not see that of my only Pupil, whom with all imaginable Diligence I had fitted for the Practice of Virtue? For so soon as that blind Schooler there gets the managing of him again, he will beat him up with Arrogance and Contumely, and make him as effeminate, drowsy, foolish Creature, as formerly he was. And lastly, when he has worn him to the flimsy, and sucked all the Quintessence out of him, why, then he'll send him back to me to take care of him.

Mercury. Dispute no longer, old *Plutus*, for 'tis *Time*'s Pleasure it should be so.

Poverty.

Philo. Nay, then I immediately vanish; but Labour and Willows, and the salt of you, come and follow me: And Pupil, take this for your Comfort before I leave you, that a few Days Experience will teach you what a good Governor you have lost. One, that while she had the Direction of you, fasten'd your Mind with wholesome Precepts, kept your Body in a State of Health and Vigour, made you entertain a just Regard for her self, as she deserves, and to look upon the applauded Vanities of the Age, to be what they really are, but so many painted Titles, and gilded Toys.

Mercy. Well, now this ragged Regiment is gone, let us march up directly towards him.

Timon. How now, you idle Companions! what makes you here and be hang'd, to come and disturb a poor Day-labourer at his Work time? Get you gone, in the Devil's Name, you confounded Vagabonds, you fly Pick-pockets, as else I shall be gild your curst Sides with Clubs and Stones, till I shall make the Plack too hot for you.

Mercy. Hold your Hand, *Timon*, for we are not Mortals, to be us'd so. I am *Mercy*, and my Companion's Name here is *Philo*, and Jupiter having at last heard your Prayers, has dispatched us two to you; so now take your fill of Wealth at God's Name, and leave off this filthy and miserable Life.

Timon. That you are Gods, yet you may even go and hang your selves, as the saying is; for, to tell you my mind freely, I have an equal Aversion both to Gods and Men: But that ill-fortun'd blind Son of a Whore there, let him be what he will, I am fully resolv'd to knock his Brains out with my Spade, that I am.

Philo.

LUCIAN: TIMON. 115

Philo. For Heaven's sake, *Mercury*, let us march off in time, before this cross-grained old Mutineer does us a Mischief. For my part, I am mortally afraid of him.

Mercury. Leave off this unmanly Language, let me advise you, *Timon*; by this the Church's Temper, and falling down upon your knees, bones, embrace your good Fortune with open Arms. Once more become as great as a Prince, once more set thy self at the Head of the Athenian Republick; and while thou shalt art flowing in all manner of Delights, whip those hypocritical Venues, those travelling, drivelling, ungrateful Republiques, and use them as they deserve.

Timon. Hark ye, *Philo*, you may save these troublesome Laughs, if you please. As for me, I have no occasion for either of you, or your swelling Rhetorick; let me alone, and I live as happy in the best of them all, so long as I am able to do my truly Noble: I don't care a Farthing for all the Princes in the World. Mind that, you shall be formal, young Men, you, with a Plume of Feathers upon your Shoulders there.

Mercury. Why is sharp upon your Friends, old Gentleman, and do you think I'll ever carry such a sawcy churlish Answer to *Jupiter*? No, faith, you're mistaken; you may have some Reason perhaps to vent your spleen against him, and to hate them, because you have been so unworthily treated by several of them. But you over-heat your self, let me tell ye, when ye fall foul upon the Gods, who are your particular Friends, by the same token they have been pleas'd to take your ill Usage into their Consideration.

Timon. Why, truce, *Mercury*, I am very much beholding to you and *Jupiter* for all your Favours; however, I am fully resolv'd to have nothing to do

to do with *Plato*, there, and as I told
 it, I am not a Man to be beaten from a *Rati-*
on.

Mercury. What makes you so inveterate to him?

Timon. What makes me! I have very good
 Grounds on my side. I am sure: That could I
 tell thee, whom I shall never forget, has in his
 time betray'd me into a thousand Inconveniences.
Jupiter. He made me a prey to a parcel of
 people, swearing Varrats; I mean *Platonists*, who
 pick'd me to the very Bones. *Dem*. He procur'd
 some Rogues to contrive my Ruin. *Dem*. He
 made me be envied. *Dem*. He expos'd me to all
 sorts of Temptation, corrupted me with Luxury;
 and finally and lastly, to crown his other Malign-
 ing, he at last very fairly defrauded me and left me quite
 lurch. On the other Hand, *Proserpine*, while I con-
 tinued under her Jurisdiction, crucified me as
 unworthy of a Man, fed me freely and abund-
 antly with me, supplied me with all the Necessaries
 of Life, out of the fount of my Liberty, taught
 me to contemn those Tribes so warmly covet-
 ed by the rest of the World, made me to depend
 solely and wholly upon my self for my Subsistence,
 and instructed me what are the true substantial Ri-
 ches, which neither a slavish Flatterer, nor Insul-
 ing Informer, nor the provoked Populace, nor a
 mercenary Haranguer, nor an insatiate Tyrant can
 take away. Thus while hindered by daily La-
 bour, I employ my self in digging this Field, as
 I see none of those Villanies that are committed
 in that abominable City, so my Spade furnishes
 me with all things necessary to the Subsistence of
 Life: And so, Friend *Mercury*, you may even re-
 turn the same way you came, and carry that keep-
 ing Spark there back again to *Jupiter*; who, you
 may tell him, would everlastingly oblige you, if
 distributing

distributing his Wealth, as he ought, he would make his Children as poor as poor.

Mercury. No, you will excite me there, Men, for all that, don't believe me to be false: But rather by this the honest Church I mean, and open your Eyes to seeing honest Men. To be plain with you, you should not in good reason reject any of the Prayers that come from Jove.

Plutus. Come, *Time*, will you give me leave to maintain my Cause against you, and if I deliver my self openly, and without reserve, you won't take it amiss.

Time. Do so; but hark ye, Friend, let me have none of your smart rhetorical Flourishes, nor insignificant, long-winded Propositions, such as these everlasting Prayers the Orators use to tire the Metaphor-ridden People with in *Athens*: For hence *Mercury's* Sake here, I'll give you the hearing, provided you'll be as compendious as you can.

Plutus. That's not fair dealing this, for as you have accused me upon several Heads, is your offer to give me time to clear them all. But tell me now, in what single particular I ever injur'd you, as you pretend, who have snatch'd you to all the agreeable things of human Life, as Honour, Magnificence, golden Crowns, and other desirable Pleasures? You may thank me for being so much taken notice of, and regarded in the Place where you lived. But if you suffer those cursed Vermin call'd Flatterers to ride you at pleasure, and bring you into any Inconveniences, 'tis no Fault of mine, you may e'en thank your self: Nay, to let the Saddle on the right Horse, 'twas you rather affronted me, who gave me up to infinitely to those insatiable Rascals that pulled you forth, and enjoy'd you with fair Stories, while the drift

of

their Design was to get me into their unrighteous Possession. And then, as for the last Branch of your Accusation, viz. That I betray'd you, 'tis so far from being true, that I may justly return it upon your self. Did you not turn me headlong out of your House? Did you not shamefully desert me your Servant? And therefore, I insist on the only and last Argument which I possess, & upon which you are glad to take up with a homely Poet, the Image of your good Friend Poverty; 'tis your own doing and none of mine. *Mercury* there can bear me witness how earnestly I begg'd of Jupiter yet to send me to you, since I had fullen such admirable scurvy Usage at your House.

Mercury. But you see, *Philo*, what a wretched Figure he makes now. Let that excite you to Compassion, and once more take up your Quarters with him. Come, old *Time*, let me see you dig now for a Wager, and Brother Deity, do you lay him a substantial Treasure under his Spade; he'll soon find it out, if you leave it there.

Time. I had I must comply with you then, and be rich again in spite of my Teeth. However, I wash my Hands of the Sin, since 'tis now Compulsion on my side, but one must needs go when these devilish Gods are resolv'd to drive him. But consider, Gentlemen, into what an Ocean of Miseryes you go to plunge a poor Wretch, who having lived in a happy State for a long while, and committed no enormous Sins, as he knows of, is now punished with so much Wealth, and consequently with so much Care, the constant Attendant of it.

Mercury. Come, *Time*, rather bear it for my Sake, altho' I own 'tis hard and grievous, yet rather accept on't, than those flustering Raskals may

betake their Hearts at the Name. In the mean time,
I'll go first to *Atlas*, and so to *Eleuth*.

Phaon. Our Friend *Mercury's* gone, I see:
How lustily the Eagle plies his Wings in the Sky
there. But, *Times*, don't you budge from this
Place, for as soon as I go I shall find *Thesaurus*
to you. Dig deep there, old Boy. I charge you,
Thesaurus, to be obedient to *Times*, and to rise
up at the powerful stroke of his Spade. Dig
deeper, *Times*. Well, now I have brought you
together, I'll e'en go my way like a true King of
this World, and leave you to your silver.

Times. Well then, trusty Spade of mine, for
you do your Master's Business ably, and don't
you give off till you bring *Thesaurus* forth-coming.
But, in the Name of *Jupiter*, the Father of Won-
ders, of my Friends the *Corybæans* and *Mercury*,
the Gold-finder, how the plague came I by all
this Gold? 'Tis of the right damning, murdering
Colour I see. But am I awake, or is it only a
Dream? I begin to fear that all this mighty
Treasure will dwindle to nothing, when I come
to my self again. Upon better Examination I
find 'tis delicious, worshipful, honourable, fancy-
colour'd, most beautiful Gold.

The greatest Bliss that Mortals can enjoy,

as a learn'd Author has it, which also our Friend
Pindar says, glittering like Fire shines Day and
Night. Welcome, 'my most beloved, most am-
able, most charming, rosy-cheeked Mistress.
Now at last, I believe, that *Jupiter* turned him-
self into this delicious Metal, for what Virgin
alive cou'd be so hard-hearted to refuse the Ad-
dresses of such an agreeable God coming to pay her
a Visit through the Tiles. O *Atlas* and *Croesus*,
of

of opulent Memory, you're not to be married to
 your Mouth with *Timon* here! and oh, ye Tem-
 per of *Daphne*, that have been so long regu-
 lating by those rapturous Jugglers, the Oracle-
 giving Priests, I must bid, as in Duty bound, to
Timon's Wealth; whilst I see the King of *Paphos*
 does not deserve to carry after him, and all the
 Monarchs of the East are not fit to hold his
 Stirrup.——Well, my most beloved *Metastich*,
 and thou my most faithful *Spoke*, how shall I re-
 quire your good Service. I will decently bury
 you up in some neighbouring Church, and there
 you shall keep Holiday to the end of the Chap-
 ter. As for my self, I'll buy me some hand-
 ful of Ground, far from the Infection of the
 Town, and build a small Tower there to secure
 my Wealth. 'Twill be large enough for me to
 live in, and when I am dead, I design to be bu-
 ried there. Now for the better managing of my
 Life for the future, let me observe the following
 Rules, and let them be as unalterable as *Fort*.
 First, I renounce all manner of Correspondence
 whatever with that villainous two-legg'd Cre-
 ature call'd Man. I utterly despise him and all
 his Works, and don't so much as know there's
 such a curst Animal in *verum nature*. Secondly,
 Those specious Names of Friend, Good, Com-
 panion, Mercy and Charity, I pronounce to be
 base unimelligible Jargon, and to relieve the
 Poor, to pity the afflicted, I say, 'tis the most
 heinous Transgression in the World, and an im-
 pudent Violation of the Rules of Morality. But
 a solitary Life, such as those blessed Creatures the
 Wolves lead, is the only happiness on this side
 the *Eden's Field*. Have a care, *Timon*, be a
 Friend to none but thy self. Look upon the rest
 of Mankind as to Dogs, Beasts, Rogues and Trai-
 tors;

me; think it the greatest Of all imaginable
 comfort, with any of these, and then that they
 for an unhappy race (as will evidently be so) when
 'tis thy Misfortune to meet one of the Species.
 In short, make no more reckoning of them, nor
 so much railing, that of so many Species of
 Stone or Bricks. Make no Alliance, no Commerce
 with them, receive none of their Acknowledgments.
 Let Solitude everlastingly pursue you; let the
 Names of Kinfolks, Relations, Country, Coun-
 trymen, and Country it self, be they for ever
 damn'd and obliterated for some Impediments upon
 Mankind; and a parcel of vain, insignificant
 Terms, affected only by vain-glaining Fools and
 Conceits. Let Taxes alone be Rich, let him
 cast a scornful Eye at all the rest, let him only
 take pleasure in himself, and despise the numerous
 Praises and solemn incense of Flattery. Let
 him offer sacrifice to the Gods by himself, let
 him fast by himself, be Neighbour and God to all
 every thing to himself. And, Lastly, when the
 happy Hour of Death comes, when he lets go by
 down this tedious Burthen of Life, let him wear
 a Garland on his Temple, and give himself a
 merry Entertainment at parting. Lastly, May
 his last beloved, his belov'd Name be, that of the
 Man-hater; let his Department be private; his
 Nature be choleric, fierce and not amiable with
 any species of fit of Humanity. If 'tis his good
 Fortune to see any one just tripping in the Flames,
 and crying out to him for help, let him increase
 his Reckoning, by throwing Pitch and Oyl into
 the Fire to cool his Liver, and if in the Depth of
 Winter he beholds a Man carried away by a
 Flood, and with extended Hands begging to rescue
 him, instead of drawing him out, let him fasten
 his Head under the Water, that he may live so
 be

be a plague to the World no longer; if he follows this Course, he may chance to quit from with Mankind before he dies. These Laws were devised by *Timon* the Son of *Echivotes*, who found Paper, Pen and Ink, drew up the Form of them, collected the Votes, and stamped the Royal Authority upon them. Be it therefore enacted by *Timon's* Most Excellent Majesty, with the Advice and Consent of his Reason and Will; and of the subservient Faculties of his Soul, in this present Parliament Assembled, and by the Authority of the same, that they for ever continue in Force; any Usages, Customs, Precedents, or Laws to the contrary notwithstanding. But, how it would tickle my Imagination, that all the World knew how rich and wealthy I am; the fatal news wou'd destroy and sweep away more People, than a thundering Plague or a Deluge. Ha! no sooner wished but it happens; Lord what a Crowding, Sweating, and Jostling is here! How the Rogues press forward, covered over with Dust, and panting for want of Breath. I wonder how they got the scent of the Gold in their Noses; well! what shall I do in this Case? Shall I climb this Hill, and pelt the Raskals with Stones, or shall I for once dispense with my Laws, and vouchsafe to talk with them, that when they find themselves scoundrel'd so, they hang themselves out of despair and dye. This last I look upon to be the wisest Course, and therefore I'll stay here to receive them. Let me see what forward Coxcomb's this that leads the Van, Oh! I see 'tis *Gnathonides*, a most profligate smiling Villain, who when I came to take a Supper with him, very fairly bad me go hang my self, and the greedy Cormorant has often drank off his whole Hogshhead at my House; by the same token

that he has thrown it up again before he got home. I am glad with all my Heart that he's come to make me a Visit, for I am resolv'd to juk his Sides immoderately.

Gnatho. 'Tis no more than what I always said wou'd happen. I knew the Gods cou'd never be such Devils, as to neglect so worthy, and himself a Gentleman as *Timon*. I'll e'en go and assault him. Good morrow *Timon*, thou most beautiful, agreeable, pretty young Gentleman; well how go Affairs pray, Sir?

Timon. Only a Thousand Curses light on thee, for the most voracious of all two-legged Vultures, and the most insupportable of all two-legged Rogues.

Gnatho. Ah Lord, Sir, I see you keep up your old merry Humour still; you love dearly to rally and break a Jest. Well, but have you got a noble Supper for us to Night, and Plenty of delicious inspiring Claret. Hark ye, *Timon*, I have got a Virgin Song for ye, just new compos'd, and smells of the Gamut; 'twill make your Heart dance within you, old Boy. A very pretty the Player, I vow to Gad, that I have an interest in, taught it me this Morning.

Timon. If you don't get ye about your Business immediately, I shall be very apt to spoil your Mule with this rude Instrument, this Spade here.

Gnatho. Confound him! what a Blow he has given me. What's this for old Touch-wood, bear witness *Hercules*, that he has struck me; I warrant you I shall make you repent of this Blow. I'll endite you upon an Action of the Case, and bring you *cum nobis*, for an Assault and Battery.

Timon. Do, thou confounded Law-pimp, do, but if thou stay'st one minute longer, I'll beat thee

do you, I'll make thy Bones strike in thee, like three like Beams in a like Bladder. Go, Scoundrel, or else I shall make you alter your Action, and get me indicted for Man-slaughter.

Gustus. Come, you have had your Profit, let me have mine: Apply a little Gold to the worst place to heal it, there's nothing in the Universe stops the flux of Blood so effectually as that does, *Præparatus est*.

Titus. What, do you find murthering here still, Impudence?

Gustus. Before I go take my Blessing with thee. May a Legion of Devils here, and of Pains below plague thee, for dealing so unhandsonably by me.

Titus. What bald-pated Fellow's this that comes gulling and blowing so; Oh 'tis Philotas, the most notorious abominable Filthiest breathing. I bestowed upon this Monster a pretty Farm in the Country, gave him two Talents towards his Daughter's Portion, and all for commending my singing at a certain Place, where no body better had the Impudence to do it. He swore he was perfectly charm'd with the Sweetness of my Pipe, and that never an Eunuch of them all was to be compared to me. But to see what a vile Monster Man is! when I went to visit him in my late Sickness, not knowing where to bestow my self better, he order'd me to be severely bastinadoed for my Impudence.

Phil. Oh Heaven! what a strange World 'tis we live in, to see what sort of Brains some Fellows carry in their Constitution, a pox on them, how they can come crouching to my Lord Titus, who not two Hours ago would have run from him, as if he had got an infection. There's Scandalous-forsooth came to have his snuff of the

the Supper I wanted you, but Mr. Excellent has broke his Pace as deferred for his Legation: we tho' we are his intimate Acquaintance of the same Age, and Country, and Humour chiefly, yet we believe our selves perfectly, & he we should have to forget our Distance. Most Honourable Sir, a happy Morn attend you, let me with all deference advise you to have a care of Ephemers, for they are a full-fledged, and voracious Generation, who are always hovering about People's Tables, and differ from Ravens in nothing but their Shape. Must a cure I bestow you, good Sir, of the Men of this prodigious Age, they are all rotten as a Pear, and as ungrateful as the Devil can make them. Alas, Sir, I was just coming to wait upon you with a Talent, to employ it upon your Necessities as you saw convenient, when I learnt the happy news upon the Road, that you were arrived to a prodigious Wealth again. I was ready to leap out of my Skin at the News, so earned the Hundred Pound back to my Pocket: however out of my great Affection, I persisted to come and lay this Advice at your feet, tho' perhaps I might very well have spent my Pains, since you are able to discontinue Niglar for the better, if there were Occasion for it.

Timon. That may be, dear Sir: but pray come hither that I may give you a gentle Stroke with my Spade, for old Acquaintance-Sake.

Phil. Take warning from me good Neighbours, how you bestow your Advice for the future. This ungrateful Person here has broke my Head, for only putting him in mind of four things that were for his Advantage.

Timon. You're a third Man coming towards me: by his Gate it should be the Queen's Messenger, carrying a bundle of Papers in his Hand. This

is one that has the Impudence to call me Cousin, and indeed I have paid dearly for the Relation: He was fined to pay the City Fifteen Talents, and to tarry in Prison till the whole was paid; but not being able to lay down so great a Sum, I took pity of his Condition, and set him at Liberty. And yet when the lot fell upon him to divide some Money that was due to the Tribe of *Erictheus*, I went to him to pay what was due to me, and the Dog told me flatly to my Face, that I was not a Citizen.

Demias. Hail, *Timon*, the chief Supporter of thy Family, the Prop of *Athens*, the Ornament of *Greece*: Vast shoals of the People to whom thou art deservedly so dear, and both the Courts of Judicature, have been this long while big with Expectation to see so celebrated a Person. But first be pleased to hear what a Decree I both penn'd my self, and got to pass in thy Favour; "Whereas
 " *Timon* the Son of *Echicratides*, born at *Calys*, a
 " Person not only to be valued upon the score of
 " his great Probity and Integrity, but likewise In-
 " ferior to none in *Greece* for his profound Wis-
 " dom, has done his Country so many considera-
 " ble Services, and besides has signalized himself
 " so happily at the Olympick Games, that on the
 " very same day he won the Prize for Wrestling,
 " Leaping, Running, Boxing, and at the Horse-
 " race."

Timon. Why you confounded bantering Whore-son, I never so much as saw those Sports in my Life time.

Demias. Pshaw that signifies nothing, you'll see them one time or other;— Then behaved him-
 " self last Year in the Republick's Service with
 " great Gallantry near *Acornan*, and cut two Ar-
 " mies of the *Peloponnesians* to pieces."

Timon

Timon. How the plague can that be, you lying Orator, I never trailed a Pike, nor carried Arms since I was born. This long-winded Cur wou'd perswade a Man out of his Name I think.

Democ. Lord Sir, we are but too well acquainted with your great Modesty, the World would smile at us for a parcel of ungrateful Fellows, if we shou'd not do both you and our selves this Justice; but to proceed,---- And besides has done the Publick considerable Service in framing Laws, and Consultations, and the Administration of War. It has seemed good to the Magistrates, Common Council, and the People, to all in general, and each Man in particular, to erect a Golden Statue of *Timon*, near that of *Pallas*, holding a Thunderbolt in his right Hand, and having Rays about his Head, and to crown him with seven Golden Crowns, and that these Crowns shall be exhibited to Day (this being the Festival of *Bacchus*) by the new *Tragedians*. *Democ.* the Orator ratified this Decree, being a near Relation, and an humble Admirer as well as Disciple of *Timon*, who is infallibly the greatest Orator in the World, and in fine any thing that pleases him. Wherefore I have with the profoundest Respect brought this Decree to thee, and cou'd with I had brought my own Son along with me to kiss thy Hands, whom after thee I have presumed to name *Timon*.

Timon. But how can that be, *Democ.* you were never married in your Life, as far as I can hear.

Democ. Next Year will serve my turn full as well, and then I faith I'll pick me a good fruitful likely Lase, and get Children out of her everlastingly; She'll bring me a Boy I know by my Head, and I shall as certainly call him *Timon*.

Times. There's a Bon on the Ear for you, you prating Concoct, and now let me see whether you'll be as good as your Word, and marry a young Wife for my Sake.

Damon. Hey day! What a plague's the matter now? Why, how now Times do you set up for a Tyrant already, and offer to beat a Freeman, who are neither a Freeman your self, nor so much as a Citizen. But I'll take care you shall be had before your letters for this, and several other Transgressions, and particularly for fixing the Tower on fire.

Times. These impudent Pettifoggers, made up of nothing but Perjury, Lies, and Nonsense, dost thou not know that the Tower is still standing? 'Tis now a plain Case, that thou would'st foment thro' a two-inch Board, to gratify thy Malice.

Damon. May then I'll swear you broke into the Treasury, and got all your Wealth that way.

Times. If you do, 'tis so barefaced a Lye, that not a Boy in Town will believe you.

Damon. It may be broke open hereafter; in the mean time you have got all the Riches of it into your Possession.

Times. Say you so you confounded Evidence? Take your other Salutation o'er the Shoulders for that.

Damon. What a devilish Fift he has! Oh my Bones! Oh these!

Times. Don't you smile a noise, Sirrah, lest you remind me to give you another Proof of my Strength. Wou'd it not be a very ridiculous thing if I, who unarmed, routed two Armies of Ecclesiastics, should not be able to crush one miserable Peevishness to Atoms. Besides what should I be the better for winning the Prize at the Olympic Games?—But hold, who comes here? There's the Philosopher! 'Tis the very same, Lord what

what a splendid Feast he makes! That he comes writhing his Forked all the way, and murthering some mighty monster I warrant you to himself. He makes a very dreadful Feast with his Hair curled o'er his Forehead, and looks exactly like *Baron*, or one of his jutting Brothers in the corner of an old *Saloon*'s *Saloon*. This damned Monk who seems to be a Pattern of Frugality, for his Habit and other Expenses, who has got all the Faces of a Saint; you cannot imagine how he eats it in a Morning, and preaches about Sobriety and Virtue, and the Lord knows what. He damns all those for a parcel of Reprehensives, that condescend to be unsatisfied a thing as *Food*, and will talk ye about Frugality and other Temperance, and abundance of such other stuffy Virtues. But if ever you can get this sanctified Radical to a plentiful Entertainment, where he can fill his sanctified Guts *gratis*, and the Dog presents a full Brimner to his Nose (for you must know he has an utter abomination to a small Glass) he trowls me it down as if it were but common Water, and then he falls upon the Victuals like a Vulture, lays his Talons upon whole Joins, beats off his Neighbour with his Elbow, and fills his venerable Beard with Sauce and Crusts. In short he furiously lays about him like a half-starved *Hummer*, and examines every Dish as nicely as if *Industrious* Vertue had lurked in one corner of it; nor looks all, for he licks the Bottom of all the Plates that so nothing may please him. He is still in the grumbling Strain, as if the worst Bits fell to his share, and tho' he takes a whole *Ragout*, or Dish to himself, yet what shows him to be an insatiable Glutton, and wholly abandoned to his Belly, he takes care to fill up every chink with good Wine, till at last the nauseous Sot falls a dancing

and singing, and to crown the scene engages himself in some foolish Quarrel, and for the Reward of his good Manners has his Head broke with a Quart-Pot. All the while this Coxcomb is taking off his Cups, he usurps the greater part of the Conversation to himself, and harangues very plentifully about Sobriety and Temperance, by the same token he makes himself ridiculous to the Company by a World of apish Gestures; the effect of his Wine; and at last leaves his Dinner and Wine behind him under the Table. When he is grown too nauseous to be endured any longer, some of the Servants carry the Spark out of the Room, who hangs very lovingly about the Arms of a singing Girl; tho' to give the Monster his due, Drunkenness is not his only Sin; for when he's sober he comes behind few People either for Covetousness, Lying or Impudence. To dispatch the Remainder of his Character, he's the most abject, fawning Slave alive, and makes no difficulty of forswearing himself; you may set him against all Mankind for his Dexterity in Cheating, and for a Stock of Assurance nothing can match him. In fine he's a Person that knows the World better than any one, and is extremely well acquainted with the whole *Encyclopaedia* of Villainy; a true elaborate finished Rascal, and for all he appears so demure now that you'd think Butler wou'd not melt in his Mouth; yet I shall soon make him open his Pipes, and roar like a persecuted Bear—Why how now *Thrasycles* are you come to make me a Visit? This is a Favour, I cou'd never have expected from you.

Thrasycles. To deal honestly with you, Friend *Tram*, I don't come to visit you for the same kind Reason as most of these troublesome Peo-

People before me have done, who finding you to be a plain unartificial Man, of an easy Temper, and open-handed, make their Court to your Bags, and hope to fill their Guts at your Table. No, I am far from entertaining any such mean Thoughts. You know I am no Dinner-Hunter, no Admirer of your things when they come first in Season. An Onion, a Leaf or two of Lettuce, or any Sort of Sallad, serves my turn well enough, and when I have a mind to regale my self, I season my Herbs with a little Salt. As for my Drink I never go farther than the next Fountain; and this old fashion'd thread-bare Cloak pleases me better than the richest Purple or Scarlet. I hate and abominate even the mention of Gold, and value it no more than the meanest Pebbles on the Shore. 'Tis for your sweet Sake, and not my own, that I came to wait upon you, lest that un sanctified wicked thing, called Money, which has done so much Mischief in the World, and occasioned the cutting of so many Throats, should debauch you, and pervert your Mind from the Ways of Virtue. If your Worship wou'd be advised by so unworthy a Person as my self, I wou'd e'en counsel you to throw all your Wealth into the Sea, for what Necessity does any honest Man lie under to carry Money in his Pockets, who may supply all his Occasions by his Philosophy. But yet, dear Sir, you need not throw them into the Bottom of the Sea neither, only walk if you please a few Paces from the Shore, till you are Knees deep, and then drop your Bags, while no body but I looks on. However, if Your Excellency does not approve of this Advice, I have a better Conduct to offer to your Wisdom; and that is to throw every Penny you have out of your Doors, with all the convenient haste you can. Let me entreat you, Sir, don't leave so much as

178 LUCIAN'S *Times*.

our Parting in your Breches, but like a noble Gentleman give your Gold to all that have credit on for it; a foolish Sum of Fifty Pounds to this honest Fellow, another Hundred Pound Bag to that poor Wretch, a Thousand to a Third; and so on till you have cleared your Hands of this false pernicious Pelf. And then if you chance to meet with a Philosopher, there's all the Reason in the World you should give him a double or treble Share of your Liberality. And as for my self, tho' I profess to you in words *Philosophy*, that I don't value Money this; yet because I wou'd willingly have something to relieve the Necessities of my Friends in want; if you wou'd but be so kind to fill this foolish insignificant Wallet for me, (it does not hold a Quarter of a Peck upon my Word) 'twou'd be more than enough I'll assure you, and you'd everlastingly oblige me into the bargain. For really, dear Sir, a Philosopher ought to be content with a little, and never to let his Desires run-ble beyond his Wallet.

Times. Why truly, honest *Thersites*, I must needs own I approve of your sage Advice, and to let you see what an Impression it has made upon me; prithus now, before you fill your Wallet, let me bestow a few hearty Blows upon that villainous Head of thine, and for fear you should depart in my Debt, let me make up the Sum by laying this Spade upon thy Shoulders.

Thersites. Here's fine work, Faith, what will this impudent World come to; I wonder; what are our Laws, what is become of Justice, that honest Men shou'd be so notoriously abused by a vile two-handed Russian.

Times. Why how now, old Hypocrisy, what a devil makes you so chokrick! Tell me, how I

LUCIAN'S THOUGHTS.

ever defended you of our single Fighting. If you are not content with this, I shall take care to discharge the Reasoning, and bear your great Contentment immoderately.—Ha! what's the matter I wonder, I think all the World are coming to plague me. Yonder's *Blissful*, and *Loose*, and *Caplan*, a Legion of Rascals well matched, besides thousand other Rascals that must receive Correction from my Hands. But what shall I do! I'll e'en climb to that Top of the Hill, face my poor Spade is weary, and almost batter'd in the Service, and from thence I'll so maul them with a Shower of Stones, that every Mother's Son of them shall be glad to fly the Pit.

Blissful. Hold, hold, *Time*, stop your Hand, we are going as fast as our Feet can carry us.

Time. No matter for that you confounded Rascals, I'll take care to send you all home with broken Heads, and bloody Noses.

DIALOGUE IV.

The Judgment of the Vowels.

AS long as I was injur'd by this *Tax* in Matters of a small concern, while he play'd at Petty-Larceny only, and nimble'd here and there what did not belong to him, I contain'd my Resentment, and sat down patiently with a little Loss: Besides when I have heard him abus'd with formal Calumnies, I have taken no notice, but pretended to be deaf, according to that usual Modesty which you are sensible I have preserv'd not towards your Lordships only, but also towards the rest of the Syllables. But since he is arriv'd to

178 LUCIAN: *Timon.*

one Tackling in your Breeches, but that I still
Gentlemen give you Gold to all that have occasion
for it; a foolish Sum of Fifty Pounds to this
honest Fellow, another Hundred Pound Bag to
that poor Wretch, a Thousand to a Third; and
so on till you have cleared your Hands of this base
servicious Pelf. And then if you chance to meet
with a Philosopher, there's all the Reason in the
World you should give him a double or treble
Share of your Liberality. And as for my self, tho'
I profess to you in words *Philosophy*, that I don't
value Money this; yet because I wou'd willingly
have something to relieve the Necessities of my
Friends in want; if you wou'd but be so kind to
fill this foolish insignificant Wallet for me, (it
does not hold a Quarter of a Peck upon my Word)
'twou'd be more than enough I'll assure you, and
you'd everlastingly oblige me into the bargain.
For really, dear Sir, a Philosopher ought to be con-
tent with a little, and never to let his Desires ram-
ble beyond his Wallet.

Timon. Why truly, honest *Thersites*, I must
needs own I approve of your sage Advice, and to
let you see what an Impression it has made upon
me; prithce now, before you fill your Wallet,
let me bestow a few hearty Blows upon that vil-
laneous Head of thine, and for fear you should
depart in my Debt, let me make up the Sum
by laying this Spade upon thy Shoulders.

Thersites. Here's fine work, Faith, what will
this impatient World come to, I wonder; where
are our Laws, what is become of Justice, that
honest Men shou'd be so notoriously abused by a
vile two-handed Russian.

Timon. Why how now, old Hypocrisy, what
a devil makes you so chokrick! Tell me, have I

LUCIANY *Thou.*

ever defrauded you of one single Farthing. If you are not content with this, I shall take care to discharge the reckoning, and bear your great Complaints most immoderately.—Ha! what's the matter? I wonder, I think all the World are coming to plague me. Yonder's *Blipper*, and *Lookee*, and *Cupidon*, a Legion of Rascals well matched, looking a thousand other Rogues that must receive Correction from my Hand. But what shall I do? I'll e'en climb to that Top of the Hill, face my poor Spile is weary, and almost batter'd in the Service, and from thence I'll so maul them with a Shower of Stones, that every Mother's Son of them shall be glad to fly the Pit.

Blipper. Hold, hold, *Timon*, stop your Hand, we are going as fast as our Feet can carry us.

Timon. No matter for that you confounded Rascals, I'll take care to send you all home with broken Heads, and bloody Noses.

DIALOGUE IV.

The Judgment of the Vowels.

AS long as I was injur'd by this *Tan* in Matters of a small concern, while he play'd at Petty-Larceny only, and nimn'd here and there what did not belong to him, I contain'd my Resentment, and sat down patiently with a little Loss: Beside when I have heard him open'd with several Calumnies, I have taken no notice, but pretended to be deaf, according to that usual Modesty which you are sensible I have preserv'd not towards your Lordships only, but also towards the rest of the Syllables. But since he is arriv'd to

that Pitch of Covetousness and Folly, that not contented with those Injuries which I have hitherto quietly passed over, he still continues his Depredations with greater Violence, Necessity compells me to cite him now before you who are acquainted with both of us. Nor was I in a small fear lest a Bill of Exclusion should have pass'd against me. For he will wholly throw me out of my proper Place if he thus augments the Heinousness of his former Crimes, and should I continue to be silent, there is Reason to fear lest I even be number'd among the Letters. Wherefore it behoves not only you, who sit as Judges, but the rest of the Letters, to be very cautious of his Attempt. For if it shall be lawful for any one, who has a mind, to thrust another out of his Order by meer Force, and that you, without whom nothing can be plainly written, shall allow of it, I see not how any Orders can enjoy their Right and Properties according to the Fundamental Laws of our first Constitution. But I think that you will never be guilty of such an Oversight as to suffer any Piece of Injustice in your Jurisdiction. Nor will you, I presume, if you betray the Cause, let this Injury pass without Satisfaction. And I wish that the Audaciousness of other Letters had been also repress'd, as soon as they began to infringe the Laws. Happy had it been for *Ro* and *Lambda*; they had not to this very Day contended about *Kissis* and *Cephalogis*. Nor had *Gamma* enter'd the Lists with *Kappa*, nor they so often been within an Ace of Dagger-drawing in a Fullers for the Word *Gae-phalen*. Nor had that *Gamma* kept up the Quarrel so long with *Lambda* in borrowing from him *Half I say*? Nay, in clandestinely stealing from him the Word *Moris*. Other Letters also would have been deter'd from attempting any Confusion

contrary

contrary to the Law. It is fit and decent for every one to keep in the Place which has been allotted him; but to leap the Bounds which he ought not to do, is the Part of an Infringer and Contemner of Equity. He who first gave these Laws to us, whether it was *Cadmus* the Illander, or *Palamedes* the Son of *Nauplius*; tho' others attribute this Provision to *Simonides*; whoever he was, he did not only determine the Order and Priority, as which should be first, which second, but consulted also what Qualities and Powers he should be possessed of. To you, O Judges, he gave that singular Honour of being pronounc'd without the Assistance of another. The second Place of Dignity they conferr'd on the Semi-Vowels, which cannot be heard, unless one of you be added to him. To some of the Consonants they order'd the lowest Station, and such are the Mutes. But this Rascal *Tau*, (for he cannot be called by a worse Name than he has already, and which by the Gods would not be so much as heard, were it not for those two worthy and comely Letters *Alpha* and *Upsilon*) this *Tau*, I say, has had the Impudence to plague me more than ever, insolently endeavouring to thrust me out of Things and Names of Countries; nay, to ingross to himself the very Conjunctions and Prepositions, that I am no longer able to indure such monstrous and unheard of Avariciousness. But it is high time to inform you whence this Injury began. I was travelling not long since in *Cydonia*, (which is a small Town, and, as I take it, not very unpleasant; they tell us it is a Colony of the *Athenians*). I took for my Companion, my neigest and best Neighbour *Es*: There I happen'd to be acquainted with a certain Comic Poet call'd *Ephimerus* (a Reputation by his Ancestors, tho' he affects rather to be thought to come out of the Middle of *Asia*) with
this

this Stranger I first took notice of the impudent
 Temper of this *Tax*; For while he made bold
 with a few Words, calling it *Taxarabane*, there-
 by depriving me of my Kindred, I took it to be
 the Custom of Letters which had been brought up
 together, over and above, when he took from me
Tamper and the like, affirming they were his. I
 gave him the hearing, and was very indifferent in
 the matter. But when from such small Beginnings
 he advanc'd to that high Step of Impudence as to
 pronounce *Cattituras*, *Kattuma* and *Pitta*, nay, and
 laying down all Fear and Shame to call it *Bess* too,
 this put me out of all Patience, this rais'd my In-
 dignation, and I fear'd lest in time some body or
 other instead of *Susa* would cry *Tusa*. Pardon this
 just Passion to one who is cast down in Spirit, and
 destitute of all manner of Assistance. But the
 Danger is not small, nor to be despised, when I
 am depriv'd of my Acquaintance and familiar
 Letters. My chattering *Pye Kisse* he has quite cut
 short in the Middle, and call'd me *Kitta*: Besides,
 he has rob'd me of my *Poultry*, my *Wood-Pigeon*
Phasse, my *Wild-Ducks*, *Nessai*, and my *Black-*
Birds, *Kessaphei*, can't I cry to the Laws of *Arif-*
archus? Nor has he spar'd my *Bees*, *Melissai*;
 nay, he had the boldness to come into *Attica*, and
 against all Right take away the Mountain *Hymet-*
tas, you and the other Syllables being Spectators
 of it. But why do I recount these Affronts? He
 has expell'd me out of all *Thessalia*, and will have
 it call'd *Thetalia*. Lastly, he has driven me out
 of all the Seas, and will call it *Thalatta* and not
Thalassa. I can bear injuries for a long time to-
 gether, and of that you your selves are Witnesses.
 When did I ever arraign *Zeta* for taking *Sagor-*
cha from me, and depriving me of all *Sagoras*?

When did I ever stand? Is that he looks his
 Length, and without all compass Zentels, being
 back'd by *Thuridius* himself, who is the Writer
 of Things of that Nature. My Neighbour *Bo*
 may be easily persw'd, he being fish when he
 planted my *Myrtles* with his *Apollonius*. You see
 the *Enfers* and *Gondels* of my *Touper*. But
 this *Tau* is a violent *Reppress* in his very Nature,
 nor has he kept his *Head* from the other Letters,
 witness *Baba*, *Zeta* and *Theta*, and almost the
 whole Alphabet much. Call in the *Enfers*, and
 first, if Your Lordships please, let us hear what
Delta has to say. He has taken from me *Baba*
obin, and, which is against all Law, will
 have it pronounced *Babababab*. How now has
Theta lamented and torn his Hair, himself by his
 means *Alas* lost his *Copping-Gloss*, *Caberneth*.
 Hear *Zeta* complaining for the Loss of his *Flate*
Tunes (*Sarvian*) and his *Thurget Tunes* (*Sab-*
zain) that he does not now so much as (*Gruano*)
 open his Mouth. Is this to be heard? or can any
 Punishment be too severe for this notorious Villain
Tau. Nor is this all, for not contented to spoil
 his Relations and Kindred the Letters, his Violence
 has carried him to make an insolent Attempt upon
 Mankind, which was done in the Manner follow-
 ing. For neither does he suffer them to use their
 Tongues aright. But now I talk of Tongues, he
 has driven me out of that Quarter, and instead of
Glossa calls it *Glossa*. O *Tau*! thou Scandal of the
 Tongue! O thou base Usurper of another Right!
 but I will return to him again, and I will ask the
 Patronage of Mankind, whom he has so much of-
 fended. For he endeavours as it were with claws to
 distort and tear their Voices. If a Man seeing any
 beautiful thing and has a mind to call it *Kaba*, he
 presently thrusts his Head and compels him to pro-
 nounce

nounce it *Tau*; so forward is he to be fast in every thing. Nor does his Affronts reach only to private Men, but to that great King whom Earth and Sea obey, and are said to transgress the Laws of Nature; that Emperor, I say, he lyes in wait for, and pronounces him *Syrus*, when his Name is *Cyrus*. So much in reality. How do Mortals deplore their sad Calamity, cursing *Cadmus* a hundred and a hundred times for bringing *Tau* into the Alphabet? For Kings, say they, and Law-givers, when they view'd the Figure of that Letter can'd Gallows, to be erected in the shape of it to hang and punish Offenders on; and thence that wicked Enquirer had its wicked Appellation. For all those Crimes how many sorts of Death do you think this *Tau* deserves? If you will take my Opinion, I think it is but just and reasonable that as he was the first Cause of a Gallows being made, he should take his last Swing on that very Engine which represents him; a Death too good for such a Hang Dog as himself.

DIALOGUES

DIALOGUES

OF THE

SEA-DEITIES.

By Edward Leech.

BOOK I.

DIALOGUE I.

Between Menippus and Mercury.

Menip. **W**Here are all the Beauties of the other World? Prithet, *Mercury*, be so kind to shew them me, for I am but just come hither.

Mercury. I have not leisure, *Menippus*, but cast thy Eye on that side, thou wilt see these *Nereus*, *Narcissus*, *Hiacinthus*, *Achilles*, *Tyre*, *Leda*, and *Helen*; in a word, all that Antiquity has afforded, that's beautiful in either Sex.

Menippus. I see nothing but Bones and Carcasses, in which I can find no Difference.

Mercury. Notwithstanding that, there is there all that the Poets have so much admir'd, tho' thou seem'st to make so light of it.

Menippus. At least, prithet shew me which is *Helen*, for I can't distinguish her.

Mercury.

Mercury. This Carcass that thou seest, is *Hellen Menippus*. How! was it for that, that all *Greece* embark'd upon a thousand Ships, and so many brave Men, perish'd, and so many Towns were reduc'd to Ashes?

Mercury. Thou didst not see her in her Beauty; for I'm certain, thou wouldest have made no Difficulty to undergo a thousand Hardships, for so exquisite a Creature: Dost thou not observe that the finest Flowers fade in time, and lose all their Beauty, tho' when they are in their Glory, every one admires them?

Menippus. 'Tis what I am amaz'd at, *Mercury*, that so many fine Gentlemen, should not reflect on the mighty Dangers, and risks they run, for so perishable and transitory a thing.

Mercury. I have not time to philosophise, *Menippus*; go, and chuse thee a commodious Place, while I sleep and fetch the rest of the Shades.

DIALOGUE II.

Between Simylus, and Polystratus.

Simylus. **WELL** *Polystratus*, thou art at last come to us, having liv'd a Hundred Years.

Polystratus. At least Fourscore and Eighteen.

Simylus. How hast thou past the last Thirty Years, since which time I have been dead?

Polystratus. Truly, pleasantly enough, contrary to thy Opinion.

Simylus. Really, I can't conceive how thou couldst take much pleasure, being so broken and decrepit as *Poly*; and at the same time destitute of Children.

Polystratus. I had every thing to my Wish.

Simylus.

Simplex. In my time, you were a King, and thou deny'st thy self almost Neapolitan.

Polystratus. I received Princes from all Parts, and I had sent the White was dead Changeling in foreign Countries: I had made Credit alone, than all the Town; the greatest Men courted me, and the Ladies thought themselves happy, that could secure me to themselves.

Simplex. Didst thou shut business some Prince after my Death, or did *Fears* change thee, as she did the old Man, that put her in his Debt? For when I dy'd, thou wert an old two-eyed Fellow, and hadst not more than Teeth in thy Head.

Polystratus. I was lov'd, such as I was, and I had been better lov'd still, had I been more decrepit.

Simplex. Thou speak'st enigmatically.

Polystratus. 'Tis but what we see happen every day to old Men, who have no Children.

Simplex. Ah! I understand thee, thou wert flattered for thy Wealth, all thy Charms were in thy Chest.

Polystratus. 'Tis true; but notwithstanding that, I maintain'd my Power, and as a Testimony thereof, I would sometimes shut the Door against one, give a good Reception to another, which made 'em double their Services to me.

Simplex. In short, what didst thou leave them?

Polystratus. Truly, nothing, but Grief and Complaints, for I made a young Man my Heir who did not expect it.

Simplex. How old was he?

Polystratus. About Twenty.

Simplex. I conceive the Reason why.

Polystratus. Not for that, thou do'st imagine; but because he had serv'd it better than the rest:
Now

Now they care for him in his turn, and the greatest Repair to his Levy.

Simylus. I don't care if they give him the Command of the Army, as long as those who fought after thy Estate were baulk'd.

DIALOGUE III.

Between Venus and Cupid.

Venus. **W**Hat's the Reason, *Cupid*, that you who vanquish all the *Deities*, *Jove*, *Nephtune*, *Apello*, *Juno*, and even me your Mother, yet suffer *Pallas* to escape, as if your Torch had lost its Fire, or you your Bow, Arrows, and Skill in Archery?

Cupid. Mother I am afraid of that Termagant, she has such a dreadful Aspect and is such a Virago. Wherefore whensoever I bend my Bow to shoot at her she shakes her Crest, and frights me so that the Weapons drop from my Hand.

Venus. But was not *Mars* much more Terrible! yet you have vanquish'd and disarm'd him.

Cupid. Yes, he willingly yields and invites my Darts. I have sometimes ventur'd to approach her with my Torch, but she presently cry'd out and swore by *Jupiter*, that if I touch'd her, she would catch me by the Leg and sling me down to Hell headlong, or tear me to pieces upon the spot. She threaten'd me too with other Punishments. Besides all this, she has Eyes like Lightning, and wears upon her Breast a Gorgon's head, with Snakes for Tresses, that frights me out my Wits; so that I run away at first sight of it.

Venus. Be it so. You are affrighted as you say with *Minerva* and her Gorgon's Head, yet nothing

thing terrified at Jupiter's Thunderbolt. But how come the Muses to escape you and your Slaves, do they wear Armour too, and Gyges's Head?

Cupid. O Mother I reverence them, for they have venerable Aspects, and are always in study, having their Minds wholly taken up with versifying; nay, I sometimes lend them my Assistance, being charm'd with the Sweetness of their Strains?

Venus. Well, spare them still, because they are venerable Persons; but wherefore suffer you *Diana* to escape you?

Cupid. To tell you in short, I chase her perpetually through the Mountains, but cannot reach her: Besides she's possess'd with a particular Passion already.

Venus. What, my Son?

Cupid. With hunting Stags and Hinds, and is altogether employ'd in this Exercise. But as for that Brother of hers as notable an Archer as he's reputed.

Venus. I understand thee, Boy, he has often felt the sharpness of your Arrows.

DIALOGUE IV.

Between Mercury and Maia.

Mercury. Mother, is there such a Wretch of a God in all Heaven again as my self?

Maia. You must not talk at this Rate, *Mercury.*

Mercury. What? must not I be allow'd to speak, who only have so many sorts of Business upon my Hands, to tire me out, distracted with so many several Offices. For first I must rise at Day-break to make clean the Banqueting-Room. Then when I have made ready the Council-Chamber, and sit every

every thing to Rights, I must stand upon my legs, and run up and down all Day upon his Graves, and so forth; but daily and every, as I was, I must serve him up his obsequies. Nay, when his new Cap-Bearer arriv'd here, I left his Master too; but that which you make the chiefest of me, is, that I am the only Person who is not permitted so much as to take his rest 3 Nights; for even then I am forc'd to carry departed Souls to Hell, to be convey'd to Ghosts and assist at their Trials. The Business of the Day was not enough for me, to be employ'd in the Night, to watch in Assemblies, to instruct Orators, but I must moreover have this Task imposed upon me, to manage the Affairs of the Dead. Whereas the Sons of Gods officiate by turns in Heav'n and Hell. But I am to perform both Duties every Day. We have here the Son of *Almon*, and another of *Sam's*, both the Offspring of wretched mortal Parents; yet they take their Seats and Banquets at their ease amongst the Gods, whilst I, (the Son of *Idler* and *Idler*) am forc'd to wait on them at Table, I was but newly return'd from *Cadmus's* Daughter at *Sidon*; whither he had sent me to see how his Mistress did, nay I had not recovered my breath, before he hurry'd me away again upon another Visit to *Demon* at *Abyx*. In your return from thence, make *Rome*, said he, in your way homeward, and visit *Antiope* by the bye; but as for that job I flatly deny'd him. Upon all which Accounts I heartily wish that I cou'd be expos'd to sale, as poor Slaves amongst Mortals are.

Mais. No more of this my Son; for 'tis your Duty, being young, to obey and honour your Father in all things. Get you gone to *Argos*, he bids you, and thence to *Ilion*, for he will not let he give you the *Supplican*. *Lucianus* an *oblivion*.

DIALOGUE

Discourse V.

A Dialogue between Venus and Cupid.

Venus. **Cupid,** what Work you make? I find me of these Mischicks which *Morose* and *Earth* commit against each other; and themselves, by your Indignation; but Disorders occasion'd by you in Heaven. What a viding Monster do you make of *Jupiter*, transforming him into what Figure you please? You sometimes force the *Sun* to forget his Dutie, and keep him Prisoner in *Cerberus's* Embraces. As for the *Trespasser* you commit against me your Mother, those things I know you do with Assurance. But like a most impudent *Variety*, you set *Rhea* (ancient as she is, and Mother of so many Gods) stark mad in Love with a Stripling, all on fire for a *Phrygian* Lad. You have brought her to that Degree of Phrensy, that with *Lion* yoked together, and *Corybantes* as well as her self, she's perpetually jouncing up and down all over *Ida*. She howls with *Pelion* after *Atlas*. As for the *Corybantes*, one of 'em dismembers himself with his Knife; another lies with Hair dishevell'd over *Prociptus*; another winds a Horn, others beat a Drum or Cymbal. In a Word, all *Ida* is fill'd with their Outrage and Uproar. I am afraid of the worst, and apprehensive lest *Rhea* when she comes again to her Senses should command her *Corybantes* to tear you piece-meal, or throw you to her *Lions*. These are my Fears for you, when I see you run such Risques.

Cup. Set your Heart at Rest, Mother, I am grown familiar with the *Lions*, so as to mount upon any of their Backs, take hold of his Mane, ride and manage him like a Courser. The fiercest

of them will fawn upon me, take my Hand in his Mouth, lick it gently, and let it go again unhurt. As for *Rhea* her self when will she find time to call me to Account, since she's altogether taken up with her Passion for *Amir*. What Offence do I commit in studying those things lovely that are really so? Do not you your self desire that which is beautiful? Therefore ascribe the Blame of those Matters upon me. Are you willing, Mother, that *Mary* should no longer be in Love with you, nor you with him?

Ym. Oh you are a subtle Knave, and always too hard for me: But the time will come, when you'll remember what I have told you.

DIALOGUE VI.

Between Doris and Galates.

Dor. **Y**Our beautiful Lover, *Galates*, that some *Sicilian Swain*, they say, is dying for Love of you.

Gal. No Railery on my Lover, good *Doris*, for let his Shape be what they will, he is yet the Son of *Neptune*.

Dor. What of that? if *Zeus* himself had been his Sire, he is a most rough, unpolite, and horrible Figure; and what is the most shocking Ugliness that can be in Nature, he has but one Eye; Can you imagine that his Fame and Parentage can be of any Benefit to him?

Gal. It is not his Roughness, nor his rural Unpoliteness, that makes him disagreeable, but he is too matuline; the one Eye in his Forehead will do well enough, for he can see as well with that, as if he had two.

Dor. On my Word, *Galates*, these Fruits of *Polydorus*,

Venus and Cupid.

Polydorus, seems as if he were belov'd as well as a Lover.

Gal. No, no, I do not love him I assure you, but I can't endure your Pestness in ridiculing him; and what you do, seems to me to proceed from Envy. Because, when he was feeding his Flock, and discover'd us diverting our selves on the Shore, not minding any one of you, he cast his great Eye wholly on me, as the most beautiful; this is the Force of your Hatred and Envy, that he judg'd me the most charming, and worthy of Love, and you of Neglect.

Gal. Why do you imagine that the senseless Taste of a Clown and a Shepherd, in thinking you handsomer than us, could ever provoke our Envy? And yet I can't fancy what he could like more in you than us, unless it were your white chalky Face: And I really believe it was that alone which proceeds from his eating nothing but Milk and Cheese, and that makes him think that any thing of their Colour must be beautiful. If you think not so, at any time order your Face in the Sea from some adjacent Rock, when the Waves are calm, and you will find nothing there but a very white Face, which is of no Value without a just Mixture of a ruddy Complexion.

Gal. But with meer white Face you find I have him for my Lover, at the same time that neither Shepherd, Sailor, or even Porter, vouchsafes to praise any one of you. But *Polydorus* (so pass his other Perfections in Silence) is a Musician.

Dor. No more of that, good *Galates*; we have heard his Voice, when full of Desire he approach'd you lately with an amorous Song. *Venus* knows that we might easily have mistaken it for the Baying of an Ass; but that the Animal has a more musical Tone. His Lyre was like the Skeleton of

a Deer with all the Flesh off, and his Shoulder stuck out like Elbows, to which his Instrument was fast ty'd, which, being put in Motion, gave a sort of rustical and out-of-Tune Sound, which he in the mean while sang a Tune quite contrary to what he play'd; so that we could not forbear bursting out into a Laughter at this extraordinary Love-Song. For Echo, tho' malicious enough, didn't dare to repeat his wretched Draying; nay, indeed, she would have shewn her self extremely ridiculous, if she had so much as try'd to have imitated such an out-of-Tune Ballad. Besides, the wonderful and delicate Lover had his Darling in his Arms, the Cub of a Bear, rough with Hair, and extremely like himself; and who, my dear Calisto, could choost but envy that so amiable a Gallant.

Gal. Then prithee, my dear *Dei*, let me be thy Lover, how much more beautiful than mine, who has a better Voice, and more Art in Singing, or Playing on the Lyre?

Dei. But I have no Love at all, *Calisto*, nor do I make any Boast of my Beauty: But may you still enjoy your rank Lover, who stinks like a Goat, eats raw Flesh; nay devours, with his inhospitable Jaws, the very Goats that come to him; and may you love him with an equal Passion.

DIALOGUE VII.

A Dialogue betwixt Pan and Mercury.

Pan. SAve ye, Father.

Mercury. And you, if it be possible. But how come I to be your Father?

Pan. Are not you *Cyllenius*, the famous *Mer-*

cury?

Merc. Therefore how can you be my Son?

Pan. I am your Bastard-Son, begotten by you in Fornication:

Merc. By *Jove*, more likely the Son of a He-Goat that fornicated with a She-Goat. How can you be a Son of mine who have Horns, and a Snout, a Hoary Beard, Goat-Legs, and cloven Feet, and besides all this a Tail growing betwixt your Buttocks?

Pan. In finding fault with me you reproach your own Son, or your own self rather, for begetting such an Off-spring. I am not to be blamed for't.

Merc. And who is your Mother, say ye? For I don't remember that ever I gallanted a She-Goat?

Pan. Never, but remember pray how once, in *Arcadia*, you by Force lay with a Freed-Maid. Why d'ye bite your Knuckles, and stand musing now? Her Name was *Penelope*, Daughter of *Iarus*.

Merc. What a Devil ail'd her therefore to bring forth a He-Goat instead of her Likeness?

Pan. I'll tell you the Account that she her self gave me of the Business. When she sent me away into *Arcadia*, 'Boy, said she, I am thy Mother
' *Penelope the Spartan*; but know that you have
' a God to your Father, even the famous *Mer-*
' *cury*, Son of *Mais* and *Jupiter*. Be not troubled
' at your having Horns and Goat-Legs, for your
' Father, when he lay with me, transform'd him-
' self, for a Disguise, into the Likeness of a Goat;
' for which Reason, you resemble that Creature."

Merc. By *Jove*, I remember my playing such a Prank. Shall I therefore, *E*, who value my self upon my Beauty, and before I have a Beard, be call'd thy Father; expos'd to every Body's Flouts for so egregious an Off-spring?

Pan. But, Father, I am like to prove no Dis-

garagement to you, for I am a Musician and a most exquisite Piper. *Bacchus* do's nothing without me, he makes me his Companion, carries me to his Revels, where I always lead up the Dance. But if you saw my Sheep-solds about *Tyros*, and upon Mount *Partholius*, 'twou'd rejoyce your Heart. For I am Sovereign of all *Arcadia*. And when lately I engag'd on the *Arcadian* side, I behav'd my self so stoutly at *Marathon*, that I obtain'd a Reward for my Valour, viz. my Grotto beneath the Tower-Walls. If ever you come to *Athens*, you'll hear what a Noise the Name of *Pan* makes there.

Merc. But tell me, *Pan*, are you marry'd, as they report you?

Pan. No, Father; for I am so amorous that one Woman cannot satisfy me.

Merc. You keep your She-Goats then?

Pan. You slander me. I lye with *Eccho Pitys*, and all the *Menades* of *Bacchus*; and am not a little respected by 'em.

Merc. Son, shall I then acquaint you with my first Request to you, whereby you may ingratiate your self into my Favour?

Pan. Speak your Commands, Father; I'll see 'em perform'd.

Merc. Come to me then, and embrace me lovingly? But have a care of calling me Father in any body's Hearing.

DIALOGUE VIII.

Between Jupiter and Mercury.

Jup. **K** Now't thou, *Mercury*, the Famous *Lucifer's* Daughter?

Mer. You mean *Ia*.

Jup.

Jup. She's no longer a *Daniel Fair*, but an *Haifer*.

Mer. This is monstrous. How came she thus transform'd?

Jup. *Jane* enrag'd with Jealousy transform'd her. Nor is this the worst of it, for she has put her in *Argus's* Custody, the *Herdsmen* who never Sleeps.

Mer. What's to be done then?

Jup. Descend you into the *Nemous Grove* where *Argus* tends her, as for his part cut his Throat, but steal her over Seas into *Egypt*, and make her there the Goddess *Isis*. Let her be empower'd to swell the *Nile*, govern the Winds, and save distressed Mariners.

DIALOGUE IX.

Between Apollo and Vulcan.

Vulcan. *Apollo*, have you seen *Mine's* little Bantling *Mercury*? How lovely an Infant 'tis, smiles on every Body, and promises something extraordinary when he grows up.

Apol. Infant shall I call him, or imagine he'll ever come to Good, who in the Trade of Covining is older than *Jupiter*?

Vul. What harm can he have done any Body being but newly Born?

Apol. Inquire of *Neptune* whose Trident he filch'd, or of *Mars* whose Sword he stole out of the Scabbard; to say nothing of my own losses, being Robb'd by him of my Bow and Quiver.

Vul. Has the Deut done these Feats before he is out of his Swathing Bands?

Apol. H 4

Apel. You'll know so much if ever he comes to your Shop.

Vul. He has been there already.

Apel. Well, and have you all your Tools & Eye-miss nothing?

Vul. Nothing at all.

Apel. Look on over carefully.

Vul. By Jove I don't see my Pincers.

Apel. You'll find 'em amongst his Baby-Clouts.

Vul. Already so light-finger'd, as if he practis'd the filching in his Mother's Belly.

Apel. Have you heard him Harangue yet, and talk like any Orator; he has a mind already of being my Deputy. He challeng'd *Cupid* yesterday, and threw him in the Wrestling School, Tripping up his Heels with a strange sight. Then when *Venus* took him up to care for him for his Victory he stole her Girdle from her, while she had him in her Arms. Nay, while *Jupiter* was laughing at the Jest, he snatch'd his Scepter from him, and would have brought of his Thunder-bolt too, but that was a little of the heaviest and too hot to hold.

Vul. A notable youngster indeed.

Apel. I can tell you more of him. He's a Medicin too.

Vul. How know ye that?

Apel. He found a Tortoise-shell somewhere, which he form'd into an Instrument, putting Pins to it, then laying Bars, and covering it with a Belly, and applying therunto seven Springs, he made most exquisite Harmony therewith, even to the Admiration and Envy of me, who am an Experienced Harper. His Mother *Mars* says she can't keep him in Heaven o' Nights, but that he must down to Hell to pacify his Hand and per-

him something from thence. He has Wings on
and a Wand of strange Virtue, with which he
conjoins Souls together, and leads forth the
Dead.

Vul. I presented him with that Wand, first
Play-Thing.

Jup. And to requite you he has stol'n your
Tongue.

Vul. 'Tis well you put me in mind of 'em; I'll
go presently, if (as you say) I can find 'em in his
Nursery.

DIAMETER X.

Between Vulcan, and Jupiter.

Vulcan. **W**hat Work have you for me, *Jupiter*.

I am come according to your Or-
der and have brought with me an Ax sharp enough
to split a Rock at one Blow if need were.

Jup. Well done, *Vulcan*, now lay on, and
cleave my Head asunder.

Vul. You'd try if I am in my Senses or not?
Tell me sincerely what would ye have me do.

Jup. Cleave my Skull I say: If you refuse you
know to your cost, already what 'tis to Anger
me.

But strike with all your might, and instantly; for
I am ready to die with Pain in my Head.

Vul. Have a care, *Jupiter*, that no Mischief
comes on's, for my Ax is down and cannot do the
Office of a Midwife for you, in a gentle way.

Jup. Strike home, I know what Death I shall
receive by it.

Vul. I am loth, but will do't, for there's no disputing your Commands. What's here? a *Laf* in Armour? You had a pain in your Head with a Vengeance, *Jupiter*. No wonder you were so Cholerick and Impatient, when you had such a *Virago* in the Membranes of your Brain, in Armour too. You were not sensible that you carry'd a *Camp* in your Head. But she capers and dances in her Accoutrements, clashing her Shield and brandishing her Spear, and looking furious as she were going to charge the Enemy. But what is more surprizing she's grown to Woman's Stature in a Minute. Her Eyes are blue, but that suits well enough with her Helmet. Therefore, O *Jupiter*, as a Reward of my Midwifery, bestow her upon me in Marriage.

Jup. You make an impossible Demand, she has sworn to live a *Virgin*, otherwise you have my free Consent.

Vul. That's all I crave, let me alone for the Rest; I shall carry her off this Minute.

Jup. Do't if you think it so easy. But I well know you cover what you never can obtain.

DIALOGUE XI.

Between Mercury and Apollo.

Mercury. **W**hat Makes you in the Dumps,

A. I am unfortunate in my Amours, *Mer-*

Mer. That's enough truly to make any one Melancholy. But what is your Grief? Trou-
bled still for *Daphne's* Transformation.

A. No; my present concern is for my *Er-*
ochianian Boy, the Son of *Oebalus*.

Mr. Is *Hycinthus* Dead then?

Ap. Even so.

Mr. How came that to pass, *Apollo*? Could any Body be such an Enemy to Love, as to kill so beautiful a Youth.

Ap. 'Twas my own Astrand Deed.

Mr. What, were you in one of your mad Fits?

Ap. No. 'Twas miser Accident.

Mr. How? For I'd fain know.

Ap. We were exercising together with the *Discus*; *Zephyrus*, the most mischievous of all the Winds, had been for a long time in Love with him, and being rejected, cou'd not bear the denial: I, according to custom, hur'd the Ball aloft into the Air; but *Zephyrus*, then blowing off from *Tygatus*, carry'd the *Discus* directly to the Lad's Head, of which wound he immediately expir'd. I presently Shot my Arrows after *Zephyrus*, pursuing him to the Mountain. At my Return, I erected a Sepulchre to my Boy upon that very spot of Ground where he was slain, and caused the Earth to produce from his Blood the most fragrant of Flowers, which moreover has this Curiosity, that it's Leaves are form'd into Letters that express my Lamentation for the Dead. Now, hadn't I Reason to be Melancholy?

Mr. Great Reason indeed! To be troubled at the Death of one whom you know to be Mortal.

DIALOGUE

DIALOGUE XII.

Between Cupid and Jupiter.

Cupid. IF I have committed any Fault, punish me, *Jupiter*, for I am a poor silly Child.

Ju. Thou a Child! thou'rt Older than *Apollus*? Because you have neither Beard nor Gravity, you'd pass for a Child, when you are so dastardly Old and Subtle.

Ca. But what harm have I done you, I that am a Fellow, as you call me, that you shou'd think of tying me Neck and Heels?

Ju. Consider, *Venus*, was it a petty Crime to make me your Diversion, transforming me into every sort of Creature, Satyr, Bull, Gold, Swan and Eagle? In the mean time you made not so much as one Woman enamour'd on me; nay, I am almost out of my own Wife's Favour by your Wicked Means. My Mistresses will be catch'd by a Bull or Swan, but Die with Fear if they see me in my proper Person.

Cup. No wonder, *Jupiter*, that they, being Mortals, shou'd not sustain the sight of you in your own Personage.

Jup. How comes it to pass then that *Dionysus* and *Hercules* are so Enamour'd on *Aspells*?

Cup. Yet *Daphne* Fled his Embraces, for all his smooth Chin, and Flaxen Locks: But if you would be amiable to the Ladies, you must not shake your Target, nor carry your Thunder-Bolt, but let your mitred Locks down about your shoulders; wear Purple Robes, Golden Slippers, and

and Dances like any other; you'll then have more Women after you than Bacchus has Menades.

Jup. Good. I desire not the Ladies Favour on such terms.

Cap. Let Love alone then, Zephyr. That's soon done.

Jup. But I will Love, yet enjoy at a cheaper Rate. And so for the present I dismiss ye.

DIALOGUE XIII.

Between Zephyrus and Notus.

Eph. I Never beheld so magnificent a Spectacle upon the Sea, since I had Breath. Didst thou see it, Notus?

Not. What Spectacle do you talk of, Zephyrus? and who were the Causes of it?

Zeph. Indeed you've lost a sweet Sight, and you'll scarce ever see the like again.

Not. I was employ'd near the Red Sea, and likewise blowing over some part of India: And therefore could know nothing of the matter.

Zeph. But didst thou ever see *Aegæa*, King of Sides?

Not. Yes, What *Europa's* Father you mean.

Zeph. The same, 'tis her I'm about to tell you of.

Not. Was not *Jupiter* lately in Love with her? I knew this before.

Zeph. But you don't know what follow'd, therefore, if you please, you shall hear it now from me. As *Europa* one Day went down to the Sea-shore to take the Air with her Companions *Jupiter* transforming himself to a very beautiful Bull, walks along with them. He was extremely white, and had large Horns, neatly turn'd and very lovely Countenance. And by and by as he walk'd
along

along the Lands, he began to Skip, and Leap, and Dance, and Row, so agreeably and sweetly, that Europe was inclin'd to get up upon him, and did so accordingly; which Jupiter finding with a swift and sudden Flight, he bore her into the Sea, and sliding thereinto, swam away with her, whilst she, as she might well, being extremely frighten'd, caught hold of his left Horn for fear she should be walk'd off, and in the other Hand held her Vail waving about with the Wind.

Nat. This was a pleasant sight indeed *Zephyrus*, to see Amorous *Jupiter* Swimming and bearing away his beloved upon his Back.

Zeph. But that which follow'd was much gladder, *Nature*, for on a sudden the Sea was still, and smooth, and calm, and we were silent, and breez'd along only as idle Spectators of the Solemnity, whilst Millions of *Cypids* flew about us a little above the Water, so that sometimes they would dip their Feet a little; they carry'd lighted Flambeaux, and sung the *Exultation*, the *Nymphs* too, deep drench'd in the Waves, and sitting on the back of *Dolphins*, follow'd us, applauding most of 'em half naked. All the kinds of *Tritons*, and whatever the Sea contain'd, which was not frightful, join'd in Concert, and Danc'd in Chorus about this lovely Nymph. Nay, *Nature* himself mounting his Chariot, and accompany'd with his dear *Amphitrite* walk'd before and open'd the Way for his swimming Brother. But above all two *Tritons* bore *Kamys* lying in a Shell, and sowing all sorts of Flowers before the happy Couple. This Show continu'd from *Phoenicia* to *Creta*, where *Jupiter* had no sooner landed, but he return'd to his former Shape, and taking Europe by the Hand, led her into the *Dorian Dance*.

The

The Nymph was very much affam'd, and hung down her Head, as well knowing what she was going about, which done, all return'd into the Sea to their several Posts, and we began to blow and bluster as we did before.

Nat. O happy Zephyrus! whilst you saw these fine Things, I had nothing but Grifins, and Elephants, and black Men before my Eyes.

DI A L O G U E XIV.

Between Oeacbus, Protefilas, Menelaus, and Paris.

Oeacb. **W**Hat makes thee so enrag'd at *Helen*, as to offer to strangle her?

Pro. Because she's the Cause of my Death, and of my Wife's being a Widow, and my Family wanting an Heir.

Oeacb. Thou must blame *Menelaus*, who led thee to the Siege of *Troy*, where thou wert kill'd.

Pro. Thou say'st right; 'tis thou art the Wretch I must pluck the Crow with.

Mene. No, 'tis not me, but *Paris*, thou should'st blame; who, contrary to the Laws of Hospitality, carry'd away my Wife, and who deserves to be ill us'd, not only by the *Greeks*, but by those who perish'd at the Siege of *Troy*.

Pro. Come then, Wretch as thou art, let me strangle thee, since thou hast been the Cause of the Death of so many; thou shalt not escape me.

Paris. Thou art in the wrong, *Protefilas*, to ill use a Lover, like thy self, and a Fellow-Slave of the same Divinity: Dost thou not know that

160 *Pluto, Protefilas, and Proserpine.*

he forces us to love, and does what he pleases with us?

Protefilas. 'Tis true, that little God of Love is the Cause of all the Evil.

Osacbus. One might excuse him too, since, to speak the Truth, thou wer't, thy self, the Cause of thy Death; for such was thy Thirst after Honour, that, unmindful of thy Wife, whom thou hadst just married, thou must needs expose thy self the first to Danger, and so wer't the first kill'd, at the Landing.

Protefilas. I think, after all, the Gods are most to blame, and Destiny, who so ordain'd it.

Osacbus. Revenge thy self then on them, and don't molest these after their Death.

DIALOGUE XV.

Between Pluto, Protefilas, and Proserpine.

Protefilas. A H! *Pluto*, and thou Daughter of *Ceres*, take Pity of a Lover, and don't reject his Prayers.

Pluto. Who art thou, that speak'st after that manner?

Pro. The first Greek that was kill'd at the Siege of Troy.

Pluto. Well, what wouldst thou have?

Pro. Return to the World for a few Hours.

Pluto. That's a Request that all the Dead make, and that none of 'em obtain.

Pro. I don't speak out of any Egotism. I love for Life, but I earnestly desire to see my Mistress, whom I left in her Nuptial Chamber, being in haste to go along with the Greeks, and I was unhappy enough to be kill'd by Hector at the Landing. The Love I have for that beautiful Creature,

Pluto, Proserpine, and Proserpine. 184

ture, is a constant Torment to me, and I would
fain enjoy a little more of her Company.

Pluto. Didst thou not drink of the River *Lethe*,
like the rest?

Pro. I did, but the Disfranchisement was too strong
for the Memory.

Pluto. Shall he have in a little time, and that
will free you the Trouble of going to the Court.

Pro. But I can't bear the Expectation; thou
know'st how impatient Love is, and that
thou hast been in Love thyself.

Pluto. What will it avail thee to sit her for a
Moment, to lose her again for ever.

Pro. May he! I may prevail with her to come
along with me, and by that means thy Empire
will be enlarged by a Shade.

Pluto. It is not a just Request, *Proserpine*, and
'tis what was never done.

Pro. Thou dost not remember *Asop*, *Cepheus*,
obtain'd *Baryades*; and *Heracles*, *Alpheus*, who was
my Relation.

Pluto. Wouldst thou appear to be in the Con-
dition thou art in, she'd die with the Fright?
Dost thou think she'd either do much to look at
there, or know what?

Proserpine. Let's grant his Petition, *Pluto*, and
give Orders to *Mercury* to fetch him back to the
World, that he may reassume his first Form, and
become the same he was, at his leaving his Nup-
tial Chamber.

Pluto. Since *Proserpine* desires it, I consent to
it: Here *Mercury*, guide him back to the World
again; but let him remember he has but one Day
granted him.

Mercury. I will go, and bid him be gone.
Dost thou think he'll be gone?

DIALOGUE XVI.

Between Hercules and Diogenes.

Diogenes. IS not that *Hercules*? 'Tis he I tell thee.
I know him by his Black Skin, and his Club; without mentioning his Bow, or his monstrous Stature; but how came he to die, he was *Jupiter's* Son? How came it to pass, Friend, that having always been Victorious, and Triumphant, thou wert at last overcome by Death? I remember I us'd to offer Sacrifices to thee above, as to a God.

Hercules. Thou didst well; for *Hercules* is in Heaven among the Gods; and I am only his Shade.

Diogenes. What dost thou say? Can one be at the same time in Heaven and in Hell?

Hercules. I told thee already, that 'tis not *Hercules* thou seest here.

Diogenes. Why, hast thou taken his Place, to play his Part here below?

Hercules. 'Tis something like it.

Diogenes. But how came *Oncobus*, who is so exact, to take thee for another?

Hercules. He was mistaken by the Likeness.

Diogenes. I believe so; for in reality, 'tis one and the same thing; nay, I'm rather afraid that this is *Hercules* that's here, and that Heaven has only his Image.

Hercules. Thou art very Impudent to contradict me; art thou not afraid I should make thee know who 'tis I represent?

Diogenes. Why, what couldst thou do as one that is dead, and more especially, being but a Shadow. But tell me, when thou wert alive, wert thou only the Shadow of *Hercules*, or were you both but one and the same thing, that was divided after Death?

Her-

Hercules. Tho' I might very well forbear answering such an impudent Sophister, yet I'll tell thee, that what was born of *Alcmena*, is dead, but what was born of *Jupiter*, is in Heaven.

Diogenes. I understand thee; that is to say, *Alcmena* was deliver'd of Twins, the one was of *Aegyptian's* getting, and the other of *Jupiter's*.

Hercules. Not so, these two were but one and the same.

Diogenes. 'Tis somewhat hard to conceive, two *Hercules's* in one, the one Mortal, and the other Immortal, unless it should be, as they represent the *Centaurs*, half Horses, and half Men.

Hercules. Are we not all compos'd of a Soul and Body? Where's the Difficulty then, that one should ascend to Heaven, the Place from whence it came, and the other descend hither?

Diogenes. That would be well enough, if thou wer't the Body of *Hercules*, but thou art only his Shade, and thou hast made, without thinking, three *Hercules's* instead of two; one in Heaven, the other here, and the third upon Mount *Oeta*, where thou wer't burnt.

Hercules. I perceive very well, that thou art a great Sophister, but prithee who art thou?

Diogenes. *Diogenes*, and not his Shade, who am not in Heaven, but among the Dead, and who laugh at *Homer*, and his fabulous Stories.

DIALOGUE XVII.

Between Panope and Calas.

Pan. Didst thou see, *Calas*, what *Eris* did Yesterday at a Supper in *Thesely*, because she was not invited to the Banquet?

Calas.

Calene, I was not invited neither, for *Neptune* had commanded me to keep the Sea calm: But what could *Eris* do, since she was not present?

Pan. Why, *Thetis* and *Peleus* being led into their Bed-chamber by *Aphrodite* and *Nyx*, *Eris* in the mean time unknown to every body (which was easy then, when there were drinking, often applauding, some listening to *Apollo's* Harp, others to the Modulations of the Muses) threw into their Hall a certain beautiful Apple, all of Gold, which was circumscrib'd with these Words; *Let the Fairest take it*: Which immediately roll'd, as it were so delight'd, to the Feet of *Juno*, *Pallas* and *Minerva*: When *Mercury* suddenly snatching it up, read the Supercription, whilst we *Morians* held our Tongues, having nothing else to do in the Presence of three great Goddesses: But they contended amongst themselves, and every one prefer'd herself with that Epithet, that I believe they had come to Blow, had not *Jupiter* interpos'd, and parted 'em: Yet he would not decide their Difference, tho' they earnestly desir'd it of him: But Ladies, says he, I would have you all go to *Ida*, to the Son of *Priam*, who knows how to distinguish your Perfections, and do ye all Justice; he being a great Student in Beauty, and one who has not hitherto judg'd ill.

Calene, What said the Goddesses to that, *Panope*?

Panope, Why, I believe they are gone this very day to decide it.

Calene, But will not some body d'ye think come and give us an Account of it?

Panope, I can't tell, but this I believe, that *Juno* must needs bear away the Prize, unless the Judge himself should be deceiv'd; for who more pro-

properly can be thought most beautiful, than she
that is the Goddess of it.

DIALOGUE XVIII.

The Judgment of Paris.

Jup. HERE Mercury, take this Apple, carry it to
Phrygia to the Shepherd there, Prius's Son,
who is now tending his Flock on the Top of his.
Tell him, Jupiter commands thee, Paris, who
art beautiful thy self, and skill'd in Love Affairs,
to determine betwixt these Goddesses, which of
them is most beautiful. Let him bestow the Ap-
ple as a Prize upon Her that conquers. Goddes-
ses 'tis time for you to repair to your Judge. I
cannot give Sentence, in this Matter having an e-
qual Respect for you all, especially since he that
gives the Prize to one, must incur the Displeasure
of the other Two. I am not therefore a compe-
tent Judge. But the Egyptian Youth to whom
you are going is of Royal Birth, and Kinsman to
Ganimed. Yet he is an honest Mountebank, and no
Scandal to his Relations.

Ven. For my part Jupiter, if Mercury himself
were appointed our Umpire, I should willingly go to
him, for what Fault could he find in me? But 'tis fit
these Goddesses too should be satisfied in their Judge.

Jun. We have no Reason to fear, that Mercury,
your once Lover, may prove the Arbitrator. But
we accept of this Paris at a Venture.

Jup. Daughter are you of the same Mind?
What say you? You blush and turn your Head
aside. This Modesty betrays a Mind. But you
give Consent; Go then, and take care, you that
shall be vanquish'd, that you take it not unkindly
from your Judge, nor bear him ill will for't; since

'tis impossible you should be all endu'd with equal Charms.

Merc. Let us go then directly for *Phrygia*. I'll lead the way. Follow me chearfully. I know this *Paris*, He's Young and Handsome; a very Amorous Person and fit to decide this Controversy. He'll pass no false Judgment.

Van. This is all very good, and makes for me, that he is like to prove an impartial Judge.

But is he a Batchelor, or has a Mistress?

Merc. Not altogether a Batchelor, *Van.*

Van. How say ye?

Merc. He has convers'd with an Indian Nymph tolerably Handsome, but Rustick and a right Mountain Lasse. He seems not much transported with her; but why d'ye ask this Question?

Van. 'Twas a little rash in me.

Pol. Hark you, Sir, you discharge your Commission ill, to hold Discourse with her apart.

Merc. No Harm to you, *Minerva*, She only ask'd me if *Paris* were a Batchelor.

Pol. What makes her so solicitous to know that?

Merc. I can't tell, she said 'twas only a sudden thought came into her Head; and that she ask'd not out of any Design.

Pol. Well then, is he a Batchelor?

Merc. I think not.

Pol. Has he any Inclination for War, and Ambition of Glory, or is he a meer Herdsman?

Merc. I can't positively tell you that, but one may guess, that since he is in his Youthful Vigour, he would willingly signalise himself in Arms.

Van. You see that I don't complain or upbraid you for talking with her alone; let all Humane Persons do that, *Van.* scorns it.

Merc.

Merc. She ask'd me the same Question that you did, wherefore take it not ill nor think your self neglected that I answer'd her with the same simplicity. But whilst we have been talking we have far advanc'd, and are almost come to *Phrygia*. I know *Idas* and *Gorgon* distinctly: And if I mistake not, *Paris* too, your Judge.

Jus. Where is he? I don't see him.

Merc. This way, *Jus.* look on your Left Hand, not up to the Top of the Hill, but upon the Descent of it, where you see his Shed and Head.

Jus. But I don't see his Head.

Merc. How say ye? Look directly from my Finger: don't ye see Cattle coming out from between the Cliffs, and a Person running down the Brow of the Hill with a Crook in his Hand to keep the Head from straggling?

Jus. I discern him now, if that's he.

Merc. Take. But since we are descended so near to the Earth let us alight and walk to him upon our Feet, for we should fright him with our sudden flying down upon him.

Jus. You advise well, let's do so. But when we are alighted, 'tis *Venus*, your Business to go before and show us the Way. You are acquainted with these Places, having often descended hither (as false Reports) to meet your *Achilles* him.

Ven. I am not in the least concern'd at your Reflections, *Jus.*

Mer. Well then, I'll be your Guide. I was my self intimately acquainted with *Idas* when *Jupiter* was in Love with *Ganymed*; I was often sent from him hither to fetch the Boy fair; And when he Transform'd himself into an Eagle, I flew up a long with him and helpt to bear his

fair charges: If I am not dearish from such this
very Rock that he swept him away, to the
Clouds; for him the Lark chide for piping to his
Flock. Jupiter coming behind him with his
Branco lightly clost about him, Wades, and
catching hold on his Branch with his Hand,
whirl'd the Boy up into the Air, whistling his
Head back to look on him. I caught up his Boy
that fell from him in his Fright. But your Re-
pire is now hard by us, let us assess him. Herd-
man, God save you.

Par. And you, young Man? But will you
you? And what Women are these you have
brought along with you? They appear too fair
and handsome to belong to the Mountains.

Merc. They are not Women: You may be-
hold, Paris, but Jove, Minerva, Venus, and me
who am Mercury, but to you from Jupiter. Why
d'ye tremble, and change Colour? Fear nothing,
there's no Danger now. Jupiter has appointed
you to be Judge of these Ladies Beauty; be-
cause, as he says, you are a handsome Person, your wit
and skill'd in Love Affairs, I assign this Office
to you; the Prize of this Contest you will find
written upon this Apple.

Par. Let me see, that I may read; Lo the
most Beautiful talcits; by this Inscription. But,
O Mercury, how can I, who am mortal and but
a rustick Son, be a Judge of such admirable
Objects, transcending a poor Herdsman's Capacity.
Tis for Courtiers, and Men of Breeding, to de-
termine of such Matters. My Business is only to
decide which Milk-Gent, or Heifer, is the fair-
est. These Ladies are much handsomer than I
can see a Man possibly withstand. For I have seen
any one of them, to look upon another. The
Sight cannot easily distinguish full from the less

The Judgment of Paris.

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whom it first looks, being charm'd with the present Object: But when transfer'd to another, that also appears most beautiful; thus it seems transferr'd on what comes next to View. In short, their Beauty dazzles and overwhelms me, that I can't with my self, like *Apollon*, all Eyes shou'd reckon my self to have pass'd a good Judgment, if I could give this Apple to each of these Beauties. Besides there's this in the Case, to wit me, that one of 'em is *Jupiter's* Wife and Sister, the other two his Daughters. How shall I avoid the Difficultie of such a Sentence?

Merc. I know not, only that *Jove's* Commands are not to be disputed.

Par. I beg but this one Favour of you, *Mercury*, that you will persuade the two that shall be unsuccessful not to be angry with me; but, if I offend, to impute the Error wholly to my Eyes.

Merc. They promise to do so. But now 'tis time for you to pass your Judgment.

Par. Let me venture then, for what can I do? But I would first know whether 'twould be sufficient to view 'em dress'd in the Habits they have on, or if there be not a Necessity for their stripping themselves naked, for a more exact Observation.

Merc. 'Tis your Business, as being their Judge, to determine that as you please.

Merc. As I please? Then I desire to see 'em naked.

Par. Come, Ladies, undress. Do you view 'em well; in the mean time I'll turn my Head another way.

Par. You're in the right way. *Paris*, I therefore strip my self first, to signify you that I have not only a white Neck, but a white Face, and my Eyes my self as large as *Jupiter's*, but that I am all over equally beautiful.

I

Par.

Par. Don't strip her, *Paris*, till she has first gall'd off her Girdle, lest by virtue of that she circumvent you (for she's an Enchantress) by her Charms. Neither ought she to have presented her self in such artful Dress, and so belabour'd with Wash and Paint like an arrant Strumpet, but to have expos'd her naked Beauty to View.

Par. You advise well concerning the Girdle, therefore put it off.

Jas. Why therefore, *Pallas*, do not you put off your Helmet, and shew your bare Head, but shake your Crest to terrify your Judge? You're afraid lest he should object against the Blarney of you, when they wear nothing terrible before them!

Par. There's my Helmet for you.

Jas. And there's my Girdle you.

Jas. Let's strip.

Par. O *Jupiter*, Author of Wonders, what a Spectacle is here! What Beauty! What Pleasure! What a Lark is this! How royal and venerable does she appear, with Mien and Aspect worthy of *Jupiter's* Daughter! How obligingly she looks, and how charmingly she smiles! I have now my Fill of Happiness. Yet if you think it convenient, I would survey 'em each afunder; For I am now in doubt, nor know on which to fix my Eyes, my Sight being attracted several Ways.

Jas. Let's do so.

Par. Withdraw you two; you *Jas.* stay here.

Jas. I tarry; and after you have survey'd me carefully, I have other things to offer to your View, charming Rewards of my Victory; for, *Paris*, if you shall adjudge me to be the most beautiful, I'll make you Lord of all Asia.

Par. I'll do nothing for *Brutus*; so you were therefore, for that shall presently be presented.

which shall appear most according to Right.
Come you hither, *Minerva*.

Pal. I am here. But, *Paris*, if you judge me fairest, you shall never be vanquish'd, but always return with Conquest from the Field; I'll make a Warrior of you, accomplish'd for Victories.

Par. I have nothing to do with War and Battle, *Pallas*; *Phrygia* and *Lycia* are in Peace at present, and my Father's Kingdom free from Enemies. But dress your self, and put on your Helmet; I have view'd you sufficiently. 'Tis time now for *Venus* to present her self.

Ven. I am here by you. Survey every part of me by its self, pass nothing over hastily, but dwell upon every Limb. But if it be your Pleasure, hearken, O beautiful Youth, to what I shall say: I have long since taken notice of you for being young and handsome, inasmuch that for ought I know all *Phrygia* affords not such another. I pronounce you happy on Account of your Beauty, but I must blame you for not abandoning these Rocks to dwell at Court, but wear away your Youth and Beauty in this Desert. What Benefit can you reap from these Mountains? or what are your Oxen the better for your being so beautiful?

You ought to have been marry'd e'er now, not to a rustick and home-bred Female, like these of *Ida*, but to some *Gracian* Dame, of *Argos*, *Corinth*, or *Sparta*, such a one *Helex* the young and fair, a Person upon no Account inferior to my self, and (what's better still) exceedingly amorous. I'm certain that if once she set Eye upon you, she'll forsake every body to put her self into your Pow'r, follow you, and live with you. Have you never heard of her?

Par. Never, *Venus*; but shall now willingly listen to all that you shall say of her.

Ven. She's the Daughter of *Leda*, so celebrated for her Beauty; for which sake *Jupiter* transform'd himself into a Swan.

Par. What Completion is she of?

Ven. Fair, as becomes the Off-spring of a Swan; tender, as one bred of an Egg; yet, much exercis'd to Exercise, and the greatest Dancer that comes to the Ball. She's so courted by every body, that a War was commenced for her sake, when *Jupiter* carry'd her away before she was marriageable. Afterwards, when she was grown up, the greatest Princes of *Greece* made their Courtship to marry her. But *Meneleus*, of *Sparta's* Race, was prefer'd before all others. Yet, if you have a mind to her, I'll see you marry'd to her.

Par. What? To a Person that's marry'd already?

Ven. Alas, you are yet young and simple; but I know how to bring such Matters about.

Par. How? For I'd fain know too.

Ven. You shall travel to the *Graces*, come to *Lacedaemon*, and there have sight of *Helena*. Afterwards it shall be my Care to make her fall in love with you, and run away with you.

Par. This very Particular seems to me incredible, that she should leave her Husband, and fall away from her native Country, with a Barbarian and a Foreigner.

Ven. Trouble not your self about that: I have two Off-springs of mine, *Love* and *Desire*, you shall have 'em both along with you whither you go. *Desire* shall intirely take Possession of the Lady, and compel her to love you; *Love* shall diffus'd all over you, shall render you desirable and amiable. I will, myself, be with you as Person, and entreat the *Graces* to hear you.

passy; so that, with all our united Flowers, we'll force her to what we will.

Par. How will Success with Success, O Venus, is uncertain: But for my own part I am already in love with Helen, and mightily long to see her: I think to myself already under Seal for Greece, arrived at Sparta, returning home with my Bride, and am grieved that all these things are not yet, indeed, accomplish'd.

Ven. Not to fail, Paris: let not your Heart upon her, till you have first rewarded me, by giving Judgment on my side, and made me the Manager of that Nuptial. 'Tis fit that I should go along with you, triumphant and in good Show, and celebrate, at once, your Nuptials and my Victory. All these things are in your Power, and to purchase, with that Apple, both Love, Beauty, and a Bride.

Par. But I'm afraid you shoud' slight me, since I have given Judgment for you.

Ven. Would you have her sister to you?

Par. No, but please lustily.

Ven. I promise, therefore, that Helen shall be your Spouse, and that I will bear you Company in your Voyage to her, and that she shall come with you to Troy. In all which Matters I will be personally present, and give my Assistance.

Par. And will you bring with you Love, Love-liness, and the Graces?

Ven. Take Courage: I will, moreover, bring along Desire and Honour.

Par. On these Conditions I give you the Apple: take it on these Promises.

DIALOGUE XIX.

The Cobbler and his Cock: Or the Dream.

Cobbler. THE Devil take this squalling Cock; wou'd the Neck of him were off; never was poor Man robb'd of such a Treasure. A screaming Toad! that won't let a miserable Wretch for much as dream of Happiness: What a Plague nills a, to crow thus early? I'm sure 'tis not Day, by the Silence of the Streets; besides, I don't perceive it so cool as commonly 'tis before the Dawning: One would think, by his Vigilance, a watch'd the golden Fleece, or stood Centinel in the Garden of the Hesperides. But I'll spoil his Musick, I'm resolv'd, and crop his Gills for him, as soon as I get up, for thus disturbing me.

Cock. I thought I had oblig'd ye, Master, and done my Duty, by waking ye so early, whereby you might earn a Penny these hard Times, to relieve your Poverty; and, had you been advis'd by me, it had been perhaps the Mending of an old Boot or Shoe in your way, by this time; but henceforth I shall be more careful how I disturb your Repose, since it offends you so much: However, give your poor Servant leave to tell you, by the way, that you may starve in your Sleep; and so caution your Drowsie-ship, lest you dream too long of Happiness, till y^e are miserable indeed.

Cobbler. Bless me! what do I hear? my Cock speaks and discourses like one of us!

Cock. I perceive, Master, by your Wonder, that you are not Book-learn'd; if you were, you might have read, in *Flour*, how *Achilles's* Horse stopp'd in the midst of the Battle, and spoke, and prophecy'd; and, what was more strange, that that heard him were not surpris'd, nor so much

as involk'd *Jupiter* to avert the Omen. What, wou'd you have thought to have heard the Ship of the *Argonauts* make Speeches? Or an Oak in *Dedona's* Grove? Or to see Ox-hides walk, while their Flesh bellow'd and lamented as 'twas roasting at the Fire? But that I shou'd speak, who sing so clear, is no such Wonder: Besides, I am *Mercury's* Bird, the God of Eloquence, who frequently converses with Men. But, be it how it will, if you will swear Secrecy, I will, for once, reveal to you the Cause of the Miracle that is much astonishes you.

Cocker. Secrecy! Why, if I shou'd publish it, no body wou'd believe me. But let me see myself, if this be not still a Dream, and I yet fall asleep?

Cock. Behold then a stranger thing than all the rest; I, my self, was once a Man, whom you now see a feather'd Fowl.

Cocker. There goes a Story, indeed, that *Mary* had a beautiful Boy, who was his Confidant in his Amours; whom, while he lay with *Fanny*, he left Centinel at the Chamber-door, with Charge to call him betimes; but it seems the Youth, falling asleep, neglected his Duty, and the Sun discover'd the two Lovers to *Mother*, who took them both napping in a Net, he had prepar'd for that purpose: Thus it seems he offended the God, that he forthwith turn'd the Lad into a Cock, who to this Day has the Crest and Spurs he then wore; and his Progeny, to repair his Disgrace, keep Watch and Ward, and ever since proclaim aloud the Approach of the Morning.

Cock. You recount a Fable that is in every one's Mouth; but my *Metamorphosis* is nothing a-like to that Story.

Coller. Let me know it then, prithee, dear Cock; for I dye of Impatience to hear it.

Cock. Have you never heard of one Pythagoras?

Coller. What the famous Philosopher, who forbade the eating of certain Meats?

Cock. The self-same; and who before had been *Pythagoras*.

Coller. 'Tis true indeed the Report goes, that he was a great Conjuror.

Cock. Speak with Reverence, good Master! for I my self am that very right worshipful Person.

Coller. Good Gods! what an odd Change was that from a Cock to a Philosopher, or rather from a Philosopher to a Cock. But how, in the Name of Wonder, cou'd this come to pass? For, besides other Difficulties, thou hast Qualities totally differing from Pythagoras; for thou dost not only love Beans, but art an eternal Prattler.

Cock. While I was that Philosopher, I eat no Beans; but as to Silence, I enjoy'd that only to my Scholars, not to my self: But I have pass'd through many Changes since those Days, too tedious to tell.

Coller. But let me know all however, good Cock; for, in short, I am so ravisht at thy Relation, that, were it left to my Choice, whether to return to my Dream, which was beyond Expression agreeable, or hear thy Adventures, I should be at a loss which to chuse, so near a Resemblance there appears to me between a Dream, and this History of thine.

Cock. Your Dream runs still in your Mind, I see: But Dreams, being but fantastick Passions, yield nothing but false Felicity.

Coller. 'Tis very true, my Head is so intirely possess'd with it, that I think I shall never be rid

out;

off't : and begin to fancy I shall now dream as long as I live.

Cock. As long as you live ! That's contrary to the Nature of Dreams, which are the Image of Inconsistency it self : And therefore the Poets paint them with Wings ; but yours seem to be gl'd, and tack'd to your very Eye-lids. What shou'd this Dream be, Master, that so charms you, that you can't blot it out ?

Cobbler. I am at cannot to tell thee, as thou can't be to hear it : For 'tis a Pleasure to remember Pleasures past. But let me first know thy Story.

Cock. As Dreams are for the most part the Product of our Thoughts and Wishes, when awake, so I take for granted are yours ; for Mankind places Felicity in something that they pursue, rarely in what they possess.

Cobbler. In a Word then, I dream'd I was Master of a mighty Treasure. The glittering of the Gold dazzl'd my Sight, and agreed exactly with the Description *Plutus* gives it, when he saith, that Water is an excellent Thing ; but that Gold is like a sparkling Fire, that gilds the Night, which is indeed a Description of my Dream. But not to tire thy Expectation, thou know'st I kept from Home the other Night.

Cock. I have reason to remember it ; for, by that means, I went supperless to Bed, and had nothing all the Day but a few musty Beans, which you gave me at your Return ; a sorry Entertainment to such a Wrestler, who had done such Wonders heretofore in the Olympic Games.

Cobbler. I was well thou hadst that ; for I had been fasting, and had tasted a little too liberally of the Cucumber, and therefore made haste to Bed ;

where I had such a Dream as might well be call'd divine, feasting with *Homer* all Night long on Ambrosia.

Cock. I desire then, if you please, Master, an Account, in the first place, of your Feast, to entertain my Appetite, having the Devil a Corn in my Crop; and you know the Remembrance of a plentiful Meal is some Pleasure to one half-famish'd.

Cobbler. Be it so, since thou desir'st it: Know then, that I met by Accident, in my Walk, with that good rich Man *Eucrates*; and, after I had mannerly saluted him, according to Custom, I made a short Turn out of the Way, that my Poverty might not give Offence; the rather too, because I was not in my best Cloaths; but he civilly treating me, invited me to Supper, telling me it was his Daughter's Birth-day. I endeavour'd modestly to excuse it; but he reply'd, that there wou'd be a vacant Place at his Table; for that one of his Guests was fallen sick, and I shou'd come in his Room. Whereupon I thank'd him, and took my leave, departing the gladdest Man alive, beseeching the Gods with all my Heart; that if his Friend's Fever were not sufficient to keep him away, that they wou'd vouchsafe to send him the Gout for more Surety. The Space between that and Supper-time I thought an Age, such was the Impatience of my Appetite, for my Belly had suffer'd a long Vacation. I walk'd some three Hours under the Clock-house, that I might be sure not to fail the Minute; but sure never did Time seem to me so tedious, not even when I cobble upon Trust: At length the Clock struck; away trudg'd I, turning the best side of my Cloak outward, towards my Friend's House; where, meeting many of the Guests at the Door, I observ'd, among the

rest, the sick Man, in whose Place I was invited, being brought in a Chair.

Cock. I pray, who was it?

Coffer. Why 'twas the old slovenly Pedant, with the nasty Beard, who teaches his Scholars so many Fooleries. Lord! how pale and disfigur'd he was; wheezing and coughing as a wou'd brought up all within him. Upon his coming in to the House the Physician met him, wondering he wou'd offer to come abroad in that Condition, and that they ought to have sent him his Supper home. But, he reply'd, he ow'd too much to the Friendship of *Eucrates* to be absent; and that he wou'd not have fail'd on such an Occasion, tho' he had been sure to have dy'd by the way. So unwilling he was to lye under the Imputation of Pride or Disdain. Whereupon I cou'd not forbear Muttering between my Teeth to tell him, he had done much better to have staid with his Pistle at home, without coming abroad to spoil good Company with his ugly Face; and that, if he must cough up his Lungs, it had been better Manners to have done it at home. But he made as though he understood me not. And now the Master of the House met him, and kindly saluting him, gave him his Hand, and with the Help of his Servants, dragg'd him in, and thank'd him for the Pain he had taken. Whereupon, I began to consider how I might decently sneak away; which being observ'd by *Eucrates*, Say, Neighbour, says the good Man, you shall not want a Place at the Table; for rather than fail, my Son shall sup on the Womens side, with his Mother. That one Word restor'd me to Life; tho' it grieved me now that I should be the Occasion of the young Gentleman's Disappointment. Supper being on the Table, three or four lusty Fellows took up the

Beast

Best of a Pedant, and planted him in his Chair, bolstring him up with Pillows for fear of falling; and 'twas my Misfortune (because no body else wou'd) to be plac'd next him. The Treat was magnificent; where, between whiles, we had Tumblers and Balloons to recreate the Company; and, in a Word, my Happiness had been complete, but for the Philosopher at my Elbow, who cross'd my Head with his senseless Discourses about Virtue and the Impertinences of the Schools. Whereupon I whisper'd this Reflection to my self, That there was no such Thing as perfect Happiness to be found in this World; and, that no Rose was without its Prickles. Thus much for my real Entertainment. Now for my Dream; and that was, That *Escrates* was dead, and had made me his Heir, and left me an immense Estate in Money, a vast Quantity of rich Moveables, and Vessels of Gold, and Jewels to a mighty Value: That I was serv'd and worshipp'd by Crowds of Domesticks, who had no other Business but to attend my Pleasure: That I was drawn in a sumptuous Chariot, lolling and stretch'd out at length, as if I had never a Limb to help my self. In this glorious State, ador'd and flatter'd by all, it came into my Mind to treat and entertain my Friends, who went as soon met as invited; for in Dreams Things are dispatch'd in a Twinkling. But in the Height of all my Jollity, just as the Dinner was coming in, and as I was about to drink to my Guests in a large golden Goblet, behold all my Joy vanished in a Moment, at the command of Crowing, and, poor I, left the same miserable Cobbler I was when I went to Bed. After all I have told thee now, canst thou wonder thou'd be angry with the Troubler of my Repose, and the Enemy of my Felicity?

Cock. But are you so weak, Master, to fancy that Happiness consists in these Things?

Cobbler. I am not singular, if I do; for I remember to have heard, that even thou thy self, when thou wast *Rupertus*, wast the most magnificent Fellow in the whole Army; dressing and adorning thy self in Gold and glittering Furniture when thou wastest to fight; and that might be the Reason, perhaps, that *Alator* compares thee with the Graces: For what can we behold so pleasing to the Eye, as that shining Metal, which *Jupiter* himself employs to compass the Good-will of his Mistress? In short, 'tis Gold that gives Birth and Honour to the basest Fellow; and a thousand Virtues, to which Men have not the least Pretence; Witness thy Neighbour *Simon*, by Profession a Cobbler, as I am, and who, but last *Asper*, thought himself happy to feast with me on a Dish of Treen.

Cock. What! the little, ugly, fat-faced Fellow, who stole your Purkin, and, hiding it under his Cloak, swore he never saw it; but I perceiv'd the Theft, and chid aloud; to tell you if you had but heeded me.

Cobbler. The very same; That Cock-crow, grown great on a sudden, by the Death of a Hen, who has left him almost as rich in Effect as I was in my Dream, is become the Darling of the fine Women, and is grown so vain, that the other Day, when I saluted him by his right Name, he scornfully reply'd, that he was not call'd *Asper*, but *Simonides*, advising me to take heed how I retrench'd his Name, lest he retrench'd my Ears for my Pains: Dost thou marvel then, I shou'd worship and adore this wonder-working Metal, Gold? But, I perceive, why dost smile?

Cock. I smile, Master, to see you taken in the same Fool-trap with most others; for I can easily

prove,

prove, that this Gold, which you fancy to have such Charms, is, on the contrary, the Source of all the Evils incident to Mankind, and those who possess most are most miserable; and, sure I am, that none can preach truer Doctrine on this Text than my self, who have pass'd thro' all Conditions of Life under the Sun.

Cobbler. To the point then; and now tell me thy Adventures, for mine are at an end.

Cock. Believe me then, dear Master, in the first Place, that you are a much happier Man than the greatest of those you envy.

Cobbler. The Devil take thee for thy Raillery; or for thy Punishment, may'st thou share a little of my Felicity. But Mirth apart, let me hear how from *Euphorbus*, thou becam'st *Pythagoras*; and at length, after sundry Transmigrations, a Cock; for without doubt many odd Adventures must have befall'n thee during so many Revolutions.

Cock. 'T would be endless to recount every thing from the beginning, when the Soul, for some villainous Crime or other was first sent down by *Aspells* to be imprison'd in a Body. Neither is it lawful for me to reveal these Mysteries, nor for you to know them. But from the time I was *Euphorbus*, take the Account.

Cobbler. Hold a little, I prithee; be so kind as first to tell me, what I was before I was this poor Devil that now I am.

Cock. Why you were one of those Indian Ants that gather Dust-gold.

Cobbler. Improvident Wretch that I was, who had not the Foresight to hoard up a Portion of that precious Dust to relieve me in my Necessity! But now tell me, if thou canst, what I shall be; for if some better Fortune is not to befall me, I shall

certainly forthwith hang my self on thy perch, for detestable a Life is this of a Cöbler.

Cock. We know nothing of the Time to come. But to pursue my Story: While I was *Euphorus*, I was slain at the Siege of *Troy*; and then, after a long Interval of Time, that I remain'd without a Body, I became *Pythagoras*, when it came into my Father's Head to give me one.

Cöbler. Were you all that while without Eating or Drinking?

Cock. No doubt on't; for what need had I of Meat and Drink, when I had no Body to sustain?

Cöbler. Does *Homer* give us a true History of the Trojan War?

Cock. How shou'd the blind Fool know? what that time was himself a Dromedary in *Boetia*? But take this from me, That his *Ajax* was not such a Swash-buckler, as he describes him; nor his *Helen* such a Beauty; for I remember her well, she had a long Crane Neck, or rather like a Swan; for she had a Swan to her Father, from whence she had the Whiteness of her Complexion. But she was at that time as old as *Hecuba* her self; for she had been stol'n before by *Thesus*, who liv'd during the first Trojan War, which happen'd long before *Agamemnon* was born.

Cöbler. And *Achilles*? was he such a Hero as the Poet paints him?

Cock. I cannot punctually resolve you that Question, for I never fought with him; but this I am bold to assure you, that his Friend *Patroclus*, whom I vanquish'd, lost his Life civilly enough.

Cöbler. And I suppose yours came as cheap to *Meneclaus*. But enough of this; And now tell me your Adventures while you were *Pythagoras*.

Cock. I travell'd first into *Egypt*, to converse with the wise Men of that Nation, and learn the Mysteries

My Series of their Religion; and, after I was well instructed in their Learning, I retir'd to my own Country, where I was receiv'd and admir'd by the *Grants*, who inhabited in *Italy*, and call'd for little less than a Deity.

Cocker. I have heard part of your Story, that you possid'd these People; that you had been dead, and was restor'd again to life; and that you had a golden Thigh: But please resolve me one Doubt; What was your Meaning to forbid the eating of certain Meats, and particularly Beans?

Cock. Why! I am assur'd to tell you.

Cocker. Nay, nay, no mincing of Matters to a Friend, especially your Master; tho' I am content at this time to forget that Title; come, therefore, out with it.

Cock. Then in one Word, I had no solid Reason at all; 'twas a mere Whimfie, a Caprice to begot Obedience and Admiration.

Cocker. Now, tell me, What was your next Memorabilia after you had been *Pythagoras*?

Cock. My next Change was to *Aspidochelone*, the famous Whore of *Millina*.

Cocker. Ha! Mr. Cock, who wou'd have believ'd you shou'd ever have come to Cows and Perch in a Hen-roost? What! *Pythagoras*, a Debaucher of young Men! *Pythagoras*, a Fainting and Dreading, to allure Lovers! *Pythagoras*, a Murther and Mother of Children to *Peridia*!

Cock. Ay, you may laugh till your Side ake; but there is no Reproach you can urge, that will not fall as heavy on certain Women I call *Quacks*, who from that Sex were chang'd into Men.

Cocker. Say it thou so, my Cock; I'll believe thee, but thou canst not be *Pythagoras*, nor *Aspidochelone*, nor *Peridia*, I please inform me, which of these three have the greatest Pleasure in Love?

Cock. You will know that of your self, one time or other; for 'tis odd, but in so many Revolutions of Ages, you will come to be more than once of the Feminine Gender.

Cobbler. Thou think'st, perhaps, that all Men are as voluptuous as the Scythians or Assyrians; but 'tis said, that in thy Youth thou wast but a follower to a Tyrant of Sodom, who lov'd thee for thy Beauty. But tell me, what wert thou then, whilst thou hadst been *Assess*?

Cock. The Cynic Philosopher, *Crates*.

Cobbler. Ridiculous Change! From a pleasant Whore, to a sorry Cynic!

Cock. Then I became a King, next a Beggar, then a Governour of a Province, a Horse, a Jay, a Lizard, and, at length, after Variety of other Changes, what you now sit me, a Cock, to which I have more than once been chang'd, and like it best of all others. But, to return to my Laughter, at your being so drastic in your Poverty; I tell you no body can better advise you than I, who, having tasted the Sweet and the Sour of all Conditions, know their Weight to a Grain.

Cobbler. Then, good *Aspidochelone*, *Pythagoras*, *Crates*, *Asses*, or what shall I call thee?

Cock. I'm not a Bottom either what; but I wou'd chuse to be call'd by my present proper Name, Cock: for at this time I am no other, and the rather, that it may not appear you condemn my present low Estate.

Cobbler. Then, good Mr. Cock, toach me the Favour, (since you are so well instructed) to tell me, what you think when you say, that Poverty is to be prefer'd to Riches?

Cock. First, then we will weigh the Burden of Poverty: The Chancres of War, Malar, and

break your Sleep, who having nothing to lose, have nothing to fear. If they cry, The Enemy approaches, you are in no pain, how to save your Goods, or hide your Treasure; but at the first Alarm, can pack up your whole Estate in a Snap-fack, and retreat out of Danger at your ease, in case you have no mind to stay; if otherwise, you are as much in Safety to abide at Home; for, to the Poor, every Place is a Sanctuary. While the Rich Man beholds, with Terror from the Battlements, the Enemy gathering where he had not sown, his Vineyards spoil'd, his Granaries savag'd, his Farms burnt, and his whole Estate at the Mercy of the rude Soldier. Consider what pungent Thoughts must needs possess him at such a Prospect; where each single Reflection is a Dagger at his Heart. If Money be to be rais'd to sustain the War, 'tis on the rich Man they distrust for Supplies, while the Poor look on unmolested. If the Town be taken, 'tis the Rich are expos'd to Plunder, Torture, and a thousand Insolencies; While the poor Man beholds all, without fear of lighted Matches between his Fingers, to make him discover his conceal'd Treasure. If you are to march against an Enemy, the rich Man's Honour posts him in the Place of Danger in the first Ranks, while the poor Man's Unworthiness places him in the Rear; where, if you are beaten, you can fly with more Safety; who have no Honour to lose by running away, nor Armour to clog your Flight, both equally cumbersome, and Impediments to Safety; and if they win the Day, you have your share of the Triumph and the Booty. In Times of Peace, how are you cajol'd, feasted, and flatter'd, to obtain your Voices for Dignities and Places of troublesome Trust? To whom, but to the Poor, are Shews and Specta-

cles

ties exhibited? And 'tis for their Use and Pleasure, without either their Pains or Cost, that sumptuous Baths, and publick Buildings are erected. While the Rich are expos'd to unspeakable Disputes, purely on the score of their Possessions. 'Tis you, that exact an Account of their Administration; when, and in what manner you please. 'Tis you, who condemn them, and confiscate their Estates, when ever it comes into your Fancy to undo them. Sometimes, not content to exclaim against them in the Assemblies, you stone them in the Streets, and cast out their Carcasses to the Dogs. While the Poor fear no Impeachment; no popular Commotion breaks their Sleep; nor Tyrant's Frown disquiets them. The Poor are never shov'd, when they cry Fire in their Neighbourhood; or stop Thief; nor do they feel the tythe of those Anxieties, that vex the Great. They have no false Stewards to call to account; nor desperate Debts to solicit. They have no Law-suits depending, rely not on the Caprice of a surly or corrupt Judge, nor are at the Mercy of a knavish Advocate. In short, there is I know not what kind of Fatality in Riches, that palls the Possessor's Taste in the very Enjoyment: Men are equally tormented in their Acquisition, and Preservation, and feel a thousand secret Grudges in dispensing them. While you, my honest Master, when you have earn'd a Teller or so, canst slip to the next Tipling-house, and there among your Companions, sing, Oh be joyful; where you rail, and talk at random, and fear neither Spy, nor Informer. If you by chance fall sick (which rarely happens, for Diseases are the Lot of the Voluptuous) you have no Cares to sink you under the Weight of your Malady, and therefore

'tis fabled tedious or dangerous; while the Evil
 are equally plagu'd by the Devil and the Dis-
 sor, and are liable to so many and various In-
 firmities, that 'twould tire you, but to hear them
 num'd. In a word, if I cou'd but give you a
 List at length of all the Evils that Riches bring
 on Mankind, you wou'd be frighten'd at the
 horrid; not to mention Death; whereas they
 are in perpetual Dread, looking on it with ter-
 ror, and calling it a Curse, while you regard it
 as Relief. Reflect then, with me, that flesh who
 fear and fly this high, do but, with Riches, fall
 so much further, while such as sleep below are
 out of danger.

Cob. I begin to think they let the wiser of the
 two.

Cock. Wou'd you have a Particular of the ex-
 traordinary Incidents of Humane Greatness. Be-
 hold Croesus transferr'd on a flaming Pyre, the
 Scorn of those who but now ador'd him. Behold
 Darius, Tyrant of Persia, degraded from his
 Royalty, and grasping a Rod instead of a Scep-
 ter; and, from a great King, become a School-
 master in Persia. Behold Alexander the Great.

Cob. Say a little, and first tell me wherein
 consists that the Happiness of Poverty; for I
 wou'd be glad first to know that.

Cock. Happiness! I tell you that Condition is
 so deplorable, that you prevent my Design, by
 bringing it to my Memory: I myself have been
 a mighty King; was invest'd with all the Splen-
 dour of Majesty; abounding in Riches and pre-
 cious Jewels; I had a magnificent Court,
 numerous Followers, Buildings, Gardens, Ar-
 mies, Flots; was respect'd as a God; and yet I
 live less than a Goat: When I appear'd in

lick, my Sins were crucified to Death to be
 laid up: the living were buried, and buried
 cover'd, to show a sight of me, and condemn
 my Glory: and yet, after all, let me show you
 that in the garments of misery, I did not
 let my sins go, but that the same I felt, that
 in secret, you and I do commit: my sin is
 those sin, those are what I am, and I am
 Art and Workman, that within are full of
 Filth and Corruption, and as ugly, as they
 are glorious to the View: and when their Out-
 side represents a God, or a Hero, or a Heroine,
 or of King and Queen.

Col. The painted and gilded tape their Face
 and Infatuation: for the Pomp and Pageantry, you
 mention, are but the Outside, the Dressing and
 Ornament of Guilt.

Col. What shall I say then of their Fears and
 Distrust: of their open Envy, and secret Fear
 of the Poor and Trains led for their Defen-
 sion, of the Host of Jews, the Difference of others,
 and the Army of all their broken Slaves, and
 frightful Demons, the Basis of criminal Re-
 flections, the Conscience of wrongful Treachery, their
 vain and ridiculous Hopes, selfish and impossible
 Projects, supported by Factions and Demons,
 ver'd by Interest and shallow Subjects, con-
 founded by Flattery and Alliance, betray'd by
 false Friends, false Masters, and wicked Coun-
 sellors, hang'd with Intrigue and guilty Politi-
 cians, and sinking under the Load of all. One
 has it in his Head, that his Son is a Fool, or a
 worthless Wretch, not fit to succeed him, ano-
 ther, that his Brother has secret Designs to de-
 throne him, a third, is equally diffident of good
 Men and bad, jealous of the Reputation of the

By the way, the Collier and his Coal.

time, and fearful of the Malice and Struggles of the other. Add to this the Intensity of our Loves, for what King can have Assurance of the Sincerity of his Mistress? who is more won and bound by the Dignity of the Man, than the Merit of the Lover, the Jealousy of a Prince raised too high? the Fears of Solitude, and Conspiracies of the Great Ones? and the continually Reflection on so many Examples of Princes dethron'd, assassinated, poison'd, and infinite other tragical Histories, as they are represented on the Stage, and are ever ringing in their Ears.

Col. Enough, enough, dear Cock, I leave the
the Ages to hear it. And let me be a hundred
times rather what I am, than the greatest En-
vyer in the World, tho' I were sure to be
poison'd in a Cup cut out of a Carbineer, for all
these great Men's Feasts, I see are dangerous, I,
for my part, run no hazard by working at my
Calling, unless it be to cut my Fingers off, and
that I can cure with a Colver, while these
miserable Men you mention are eternal Slaves to
their Fears, and, when all's done, the World I
perceive, is a meer Stage-play, where the occa-
sionally Actor, in a laced Coat, hides a Rascal in
his Heart, and a crooked deformed Body is often
conceal'd in a Whale-bone Doublet. I think I
have learnt of thee to make Similes; but let us
turn over this Leaf, and enquire a little into the
Nature of Brutes, pithier, therefore give us
thy Judgment of their Condition.

Cock. That would be too tedious at this time; besides, it does not belong to our Theme; wherefore, I will only tell you, in short, that they are for the most part much more happy than Men, for they go by the Rules, and live by the Prescriptions of Mother-Nature. They feel not what Men suffer, nor all the Villanies they do; among them there is neither Usury, Flattery, nor any of the detestable Vices, that plague Mankind.

Cobbler. 'Tis true; and yet I can't help wishing my self rich; for my Heart's Blood: 'Twas bred in me, and I suck'd it with my Mother's Milk; and this Upsart, my Neighbour Simon, was out of Head; nor am I yet quite rid of my Dream.

Cock. Say ye so I will, I'll soon cure you of your Malady; and, while 'tis yet Night, we'll make a short Visit to some of these rich Rascals, that you may have a Sample or two of that Felicity.

Cobbler. So pleasant Proposal! Princes how shall we compass that; hast thou a Receipt to make us see through a Stone-wall?

Cock. No: But do ye for the two long Feathers in my Tail, one of them carry'd about ye, has the Virtue to make invisible, and to open the strongest Locks; a Gift bestow'd on me by God Mercury, to whom I am dedicated.

Cobbler. If this be true, I'll forthwith visit my Neighbour Simon's Cellars, and transport all his Treasure hither; and so reduce the Scoundrel to his primitive Trade of Translator.

Cock. That must not be; for Mercury has commanded me to discover such a sort of Theft.

Cobbler. That is not very probable, Mr. Cock; for why should the God of Thieves be pleas'd with

with the Punishment of death who slay his Obedience; but let us go however, and I'll do my best to withstand the Temptation.

Cock. Pull one of these Feathers then out of my Tail—Pshaw! what have you done, you have pluck'd both!

Collier. No Matter, we shall be so much the surer; besides, your Tail looks better.

Cock. Well, whether shall we go now? I shall we make our first Visit to the rich Rascal that wants a longer Name, since he's become an Heir!

Collier. With all my Heart: Here, we are just at the Door; What are we to do next?

Cock. Put the end of the Feather only into the Key-hole, and that's enough.

Collier. 'Tis done; and the Door wide open, a notable Secret! no Key could have done it better.

Cock. Go, go before: Behold, how the Churl lies broad awake, when all the World's dead asleep.

Collier. I see him plainly, by the Light of a Lamp that stands by his Bed-side. How pale and frightful the Wretch looks! some curking Thought or other torments him, to be sure: For I did not hear he was sick.

Cock. But, hark! listen to what he murmurs to himself; perhaps we may discover the Cause of his Agony.

Sinner. There are seventy Talents that I have hid in a Hole in the Ground, here, under my Bed. I hope they are safer than those I buried in the Stable, under the Manger. 'Twas that Dog of a Farrier, I dare be depos'd, that stole 'em; for I'm told he lives better, and is drunk often of late, and has bought his Wife a Gold Chain. My Heart aches for my Plate, 'tis so much, I would the Wall were but six or six Foot thicker: I don't

Shan't close my Eyes to-night, nor rest; till I have sent for the Smith and the Mason to make all firmer; for I have many Enemies and malicious Neighbours about me, that envy my good Fortune; especially that rascally Rogue the Coffer at next Door, who, because I was part of his Trade, can't brook the sight of me.

Coffer. No! ye infamous Cur you; that's true enough, no more I can't; but I never came into your Shop, and stole your Goods, and then damn'd my Soul to the Devil by forswearing it.

Cock. Hold! not so loud, you'll discover us.

Sinner. One can't be too careful; I'll take a Turn or two about the House, to see if all's safe; How easy 'tis for a Rogue to hide himself, and cut a Man's Throat! For I have the drowsiest Refractory to my Servants that ever liv'd; 'tis odds but some Door or other is left open. Hold! What's that? I hear a Noise; Who's there? Help! By Jove, I have him. No, 'tis one of the Pillars of my Gallery. I'm all in a cold Sweat; methinks I see Rogues in the dark. I must tell over my Gold in the Morning; I wish it may prove right. I may be easily abus'd. Still I hear a Noise; somebody's in the Court-yard: Well, I'll put on my Armour, and be upon my Guard, that I may not be surpris'd.

Cock. What d'ye think, Master, of the Felicity of your Neighbour Sinner, whom you so much envy? Let us now visit your Friend Eccecrates, before the Day breaks.

Coffer. What an abominable wretched Life do these Much-worms lead! May my Enemies be all rich— But before we go, perhaps give me leave to lend him one Souce in the Jawa.

Cock. Do, if you will.

K

Sinner.

SHR. Murder! Thieves, Thieves! What's there!

COB. Away! Let's leave him to howl, and shut the door on his Madness.

SHR. This is your Friend's House; come, let's go in: Ha! here is some Rapine; among the Servants, I see already, for the Door's lock has been; or else a Lover in his passion of some Silver Chain.

Behold **Alonzo**, as watchful as a Pigeon, sitting and counting his Interest on his Fingers, never dreaming of Death, tho' one Foot be in the Grave; or that he shall be to-morrow an Ant or a Gown, into which Citizens' Ushers are for the most part chang'd.

COB. Ah! good Gods! all this Man's Wealth but now was mine, in a Dream.

SHR. I see you can't suffer your Will as yet, tho' you're convinc'd what miserable Conditions that rich Man see. But here's another ghastly Spectacle: Behold! his Wife in one Corner staring the White with his Coach-man, and his Daughter in another, lewdly caught by a Lover; and that was the Reason we found the Door unlock'd. What a Reward will this be to the Wretch, when their Mothers come to light! And now, Madam, be silent; would you be content to be rich at this rate!

COB. No, by no means; I'll sooner die on a Rack, than suffer such Inhumanity. Fit upon this wicked Wealth! From this moment I bid adieu to those vain Wishes.

SHR. Come then, let's away, for now the Morning dawns; and when you next come out, you may have your share.

DIALOGUE

DIALOGUE XX.

The Action of Philosophy.

Jupiter. Come, get ready the Scaffold, and
space up a Place for the Merchant:
Do you stand ready to bring out the Goods in or-
der; but first trim 'em up, to make 'em neat and
fightly, to invite Chapmen to bid. Do you,
Mercury, be Crier; and, in the Name of Good-
luck, summon Customers to appear at our Mar-
ket. You must cry Philosophers of all Sorts and
Sizes; and if any Buyer wants ready Money,
we'll trust him a Twelvemonth, upon good Se-
curity.

Mercury. O they come in Shoals; we must
nick the Opportunity, and not be too tedious with
them.

Jupiter. Begin the Sale, then.

Mercury. Who shall I bring out first?

Jupiter. The same that
some half-hair'd grave-looking Fel-
low.

Mercury. So he, Pythagoras, come down and
shew your Shapes before the Company.

Jupiter. Make Proclamation.

Mercury. O ye; Gentlemen, I first present
ye with a rare and valuable Jewel: Who bid?
Who's for being more than Man? Who for
knowing the Harmony of the Universe? and for
taking a Link or a Life or two, after this?

Merchant. The Fellow has none of the worst
Look; but where's his Excellency?

Mercury. In Affliction, in
Sorrow, in Anger, in Grief, in Melancholy,
and Jealousy; and he's an accom-
plish'd Fortune-teller to boot.

Merchant. May a body catechise him a little?

Mercury. Ay, and welcome.

Merchant. What Countryman are you, Friend?

Pythagoras. A Samian.

Merchant. Where were you bred?

Pythagoras. In Egypt, among the sage Philosophers.

Merchant. Very well; put case I shou'd bargain for you, what will you teach me?

Pythagoras. Nothing; I shall only be your Remembrancer.

Merchant. How's that, prithee?

Pythagoras. Why, first I'll purify your Soul, and refine it from all its Dross.

Merchant. Suppose it is already refin'd, what Methods will you use then?

Pythagoras. First, I must enjoin you a long Silence; tie up your Tongue, so that you shall not speak a Word for five Years together.

Merchant. Prithee, Friend, go preach to Croesus's Son; I'm very talkative, and don't like being a Statue: But what shall I learn after the five Years are out?

Pythagoras. Musick and Geometry.

Merchant. A very good Jest, I faith! I must be first a Fuller, then a Philosopher.

Pythagoras. Next you must learn the Art of Numbering.

Merchant. Poh, that I understand already.

Pythagoras. Let's see a Sample.

Merchant. One, two, three, four.

Pythagoras. Little do you think that four is ten, an equilateral Triangle, and the Number we swear by.

Merchant.

Merchant. By the grand Oath Four, nothing can be more divine or sacred.

Pythagoras. Next, my Friend, I'll teach you the Power of the Earth, Air, Water and Fire, with their several Forms and Motions.

Merchant. Have Air and Water a Form then?

Pythagoras. Ay, without doubt; for without such they cou'd have no Motion. Besides, you must know that God himself is nothing but Number and Harmony.

Merchant. Wonderful, as I hope to live!

Pythagoras. Nay, more than all this, you that seem one thing, shall find your self another, and another after that.

Merchant. How's that, tho' ? Am I somebody else, and not he that's talking with you now ?

Pythagoras. At present you are he, but time was when you were another Shape and Name; and time will be when you shall undergo a new Transmigration.

Merchant. Say ye so, in truth? Then I shall be immortal, since I shift Shapes so often; but let that pass. Further, Friend, what dost thou feed upon?

Pythagoras. Nothing that has had Life, but every thing else except Beans.

Merchant. What Quarrel have you against Beans?

Pythagoras. No Quarrel at all, but they are divine and mysterious Things. First they have a Prolifick Quality; and if you shall 'em green from the Cods, they resemble a Man's natural Parts; then if you boil 'em, and expose 'em a certain Number of Nights to the Moon, they will turn to Blood. And what's more than all, the *Athenians* always chuse their Magistrates by Beans.

Merchant. Truth, well and goodly fashion !
Come, Friend, strip ; for I would be your friend
Heavens and Stars ! He has a Golden Tigh.
Some God I'll warrant him ; he can be so over-
tail ; I'll buy him at any Rate : Pray, what do you
ask for him ?

Mercury. Five and twenty Pieces.

Merchant. A Bargain then ; I'll have him.

Jupiter. Enter the Buyer's Name, and where
we may find him.

Mercury. It seems, Sir, he's an Indian, upon
the Gracious Coasts of Crete and Tartarus ; but
he's not alone, for they're near three hundred
strong who go Shares in him.

Jupiter. Let 'em have him away then, and do
you bring out another.

Mercury. Would you have that nasty ill-looking
Fellow of Justice ?

Jupiter. By all means.

Mercury. So ho ! you Fellow with
your Bag at your Back, you that
can stand forth and take a Turn
round the Assembly. O yes ! I present you with
a lusty, rare, well-bred, fine-horned Monster : Who
kinds ?

Merchant. By your leave, Mr. Curator, I'll
sell a Fragment ! Hail !

Mercury. Yes, indeed.

Merchant. Are not you afraid of being infected
for Kidnapping, or of being summoned before the
Law ?

Mercury. He cares not a Straw for being sold ;
he thinks he's as free as the best for all that.

Merchant. What Use can a body have for such
a wicked, villainous, low, vulgar, and base, and
Dull or a Foolish Man ?

Albany. What's his name? You may mist'ke him
your Father; the Deil's not worth such Dogs; but
sides, he's got the Name of one already.

Merchant. What's his Country, and where he
his chief Talent? *Albany.* I know not.

Albany. Ask him that Question; he can tell
relish you. *Merchant.* He'll tell you.

Merchant. Gadzooks, I'm afraid to come with
the four grim-looking Dogs, for fear he should
open upon me, and snap me by the Neck: Do
you see how the Rogue lifts up his Gaiter, looks
his Brags, and looks as fierce and terrible as a
Demi-Gorgon?

Albany. Fear him not, Man; he's tame e-
nough.

Merchant. Prithce, honest Friend, what Coun-
tryman art thou?

Albany. I'm one of the *Worldlings*.

Merchant. How do you mean?

Albany. Why, I'm a Citizen of the whole
World.

Albany. Where do you inhabit? *Albany.* I note.

Albany. Where?

Merchant. In his Club, indeed; but then why
not in his Lion's Skin?

Albany. My Thread-bare Cloak's t' be
my Lion's Skin; in which, like you,
but as a *Reconquered*, I wage a mortal War with
Pleasures; and mean to clear Mankind of those
Monsters.

Merchant. Faith, an Heroick Enterprise! But,
good now, by what Science are you distinguish'd,
or what Art do you profess?

Albany. I'm the Deliverer of Mankind, and
the Physician of the Passions. In
short, I desire to be a Professor of
Truth and Plain-dealing.

Merchant.

Merchant. Well, Mr. Philistines, suppose I should purchase you; how would you manage me?

Diogenes. First, I'll take you and strip you of all your Delights, confine you to Beggery, and cloath you with Rags. Next, I'll enjoin you to toil and moil all Day, sleep on the Ground at Night, drink nothing but Water, and eat what comes next to Hand; then if you have any Money, by my good Will, throw't all into the Sea. As for Wife, Children and Country, take no care about; but look upon 'em all as insignificant Baubles. Then leaving your native House, you shall take up in some old Cave, forsaken Ruins, or else in some Tub. You must have a Budget cram'd full of *Lapises*, and old
Oridogen *musky Writings.* Thus rigg'd out, you shall vie Happiness with the greatest Monarch upon Earth; and if you are whipt, and rackt to Death, you shan't value it a bit.

Merchant. How's that? May I be whipt, and feel no Pain? Troth, I'm neither cas'd with Tortoise or Lobster-Shell.

Diogenes. You must imitate the Saying of *Esopides*, but a little turn'd.

Merchant. Prithce, what is't?

Diogenes. That Grief your Mind possess, your Tongue is free. But your principal Accomplishments are to be very impudent, vastly rash, to snarl at all without Distinction, at Kings as well as private Persons; the only way to be regarded, and admired, for a Man of Spirit. Let your Elocution be barbarous, your Pronunciation rude, and altogether like a Dog's; your
† Translation. Looks † forc't, and your Gait of the same Stamp; in short, your whole

whole Department wild and savage. You must utterly renounce all Civility, Gentleness and Modesty, and not leave room in your Face for one Blush; then you are to haunt the frequentest the most publick Places, there to walk all alone, without joining to any Company, or showing the least Civility to either Friend or Stranger; for that were to dissolve your Government; then you are to do that in Publick which others are ashamed to do in Private; and to fall in Love with the most ridiculous Object in the World. Lastly, when you're a weary of this World, take a *Dunk of Poison and pack off to the next. This is the happiness we shall next year wishal.

Marston. For shame, these are scandalous and beastly Instructions.

Diggen. Easy and obvious ones, my Friend, learnt close, without Education, Books and such poor Trifles; and such as will bring you to Glory a more commodious way. For tho' you be an ordinary Fellow, a Cobler, shoemaker, or a Fishmonger, a Mason or a Broker, get but a good stock of Impudence and Audaciousness with a true knack of Railing, and you need not fear being an Admired Man.

Marston. I've no great Occasion for such Accomplishments. Possibly in time you may arrive to the Honour of a Tarawlin or a Digger, therefore if your Master will take a couple of Pence for you, I'll venture to give that.

Marston. Ay, ay, away with him, and a fair Rejoinder. The Dog has kept such a Coil and Clamour, and made such a confounded Snarling at us all, we cou'd not be at quiet for him.

Justice. Come the next, being out of the
the *Quarrier's* Purple, and counsel with a *Cur*.

Merry. O ye! *Silken* is the *Quarrier's* *Cur*
thrust, I have perfect ye with a *Quarrier's* *Cur*
club, and a *Quarrier's* *Cur* for the *Cur*, a *Quarrier's*
thrust, being *Merry*. Who knows of *Cur* in *Cur*
and *Cur*? Who bids for the most voluptuous
Cur *Alone*?

Merchant. You, *Follow*, *Cur* *Cur*, and all
ye what you are good for. *Cur* *Cur* *Cur* *Cur*,
if you be worth any thing.

Merry. *Pro*, *Sir*, *Cur* *Cur* *Cur* *Cur* *Cur*
him, nor trouble him. *Cur* *Cur* *Cur* *Cur* *Cur*
dunk you for, and on *Cur* *Cur* *Cur* *Cur* *Cur*, look
how he clips the *Cur*'s *Cur*.

Merchant. Will any but a *Madman* venture
on such a *Cur* *Cur* *Cur* *Cur* *Cur* *Cur* *Cur*
ye? *Cur* *Cur* *Cur* *Cur* *Cur* *Cur* *Cur* *Cur*
not to be like a *Ship* without *Cur* *Cur* *Cur* *Cur*
Merry. *Cur* *Cur* *Cur* *Cur* *Cur* *Cur* *Cur* *Cur*
what he can do *Cur*.

Merry. To be brief, he's an excellent *Cur*,
a most *Cur* *Cur*, an admirable *Cur* and
Dancer, and the fittest in the *World* for an *Cur*
prodigal *Cur*. He's *Cur* *Cur* *Cur* *Cur* *Cur*
Cur, and a *Cur* *Cur* *Cur* *Cur* *Cur*.
To sum up all, he's the very *Cur* *Cur* *Cur*
of all *Cur* *Cur*. He was *Cur* *Cur*, and
waited on some of the *Cur* *Cur*, what
he was highly in *Cur*. The *Cur* of his *Cur*
is to *Cur* all *Cur*, to enjoy all *Cur*, and seek
Cur when it is to be had.

• *Cur* *Cur* *Cur* • *Cur*

Merchant

The Mission of Philosophers.

Merchant. You'd best go look at some rich and wealthy Citizens, my Port is not strong enough for such heavy Loads.

Mercury. As a Man may cast, Sir, The Fallow is like to lye dead upon our Hands.

Jupiter. Well, let him by, and bring us either, or rather a Couple, the Laughing Mercury and the weeping Epaphrus, they'll do more for us together.

Mercury. Come down, both of ye. O my present ye with an excellent pair of Merchants a couple of the wisest Philosophers in the World.

Merchant. Bless us all! What a mixture of Fire and Water is here. One seems to be laughing the other seems to lament himself, and will be perpetually. Princes Friend, why dost thou laugh so?

Democritus. Enough say ye! To laugh both you and all your Actions are ridiculous.

Merchant. What a shame, do you think much of us all, and laugh at all our Actions?

Democritus. Even so, my friend, there's no thing of Solidity in the best of 'em, every thing is Emptiness, and an endless Confusion of Atoms.

Merchant. In good Truth, I think there's no Emptiness and no endless Confusion in the World. For shame! Wilt never leave thy Grinning? Honest Friend, what do you wear for? I fancy 'tis best talking to you.

Hieroclitus. Why Sir, I look upon all human Affairs to be wretched and deplorable, and all obnoxious to the Strokes of Fate, therefore my compassionate Soul pities and bewails 'em. I'm very much concern'd for the present Age, but the Calamities of the Future, I mean the General Conflagration, and the final Dissolution of the Universe, are the Things which torment me so;

these

then to find nothing certain or fixt, but all as it were wrapt up in Confusion. Pleasures and Troubles, Knowledge and Ignorance, Great and Small, High and Low, all as it were whirling upon Gigs, and toss'd up and down by the * Rack-ets of Time.

Merchant. What is Time prithee?

Heraclitus. Time is a Child playing at Pibbles, and eager at its Game.

Merchant. Well, and what are Men?

Heraclitus. Mortal Gods.

Merchant. And what are Gods?

Heraclitus. Immortal Men.

Merchant. Gadabouts, Man, these are all Riddles and Labyrinths; thou'rt as obscure as *Apoll* himself.

Heraclitus. Why, I don't design to humour you.

Merchant. Therefore no Man in his right Wits will buy such a Fellow.

Heraclitus. 'Tis my way to enjoin all Men to weep from their Infancy, Buyers as well as Sellers.

Merchant. This is a Whim Cousin German to Madneſs. I'll ha' nothing to do with either of these Fellows.

Mercury. I fear these will lye upon our Hands too.

Jupiter. Cry the next then.

Mercury. The Silver-tongu'd *Athenian*, shall I?

Jupiter. The same.

Mercury. So ho! come down there. O yes! Does any Man want a virtuous and discreet Mortal? Who buys a most sanctified Philosopher?

Merchant. Friend, what's your Craft?

Socrates. Managing of Boys and Love Intreaguers.

Merchant. Why shou'd I buy thee? I want a Tutor for a pretty Boy I have at home.

Socrates. And who fitter for a pretty Boy than I? one who ne'er loves Bodies, but admires the beauty of Souls: For tho' we lye together in the same Bed, you'll ne'er hear any Complaints of my being a Burthen to 'em.

Merchant. Troth, very likely, for an old For-nicator as you are, to mind only their Souls when you get 'em in your Clutches between a pair of Sheets too.

Socrates. By the Dog and Plain-tree 'tis all true.

Merchant. Bless us all! What strange sort of Gods do you make?

Socrates. How, my Friend; is not a Dog a God think ye? Did you ne'er hear of *Anubis* in *Egypt*, *Sirius* in *Heaven*; and old *Cerberus* in *Hell*. Hah!

Merchant. Very right, I beg your Pardon, Pray what's your Profession, way of Living?

Socrates. Why, I dwell in a City of my own Building, observe Foreign Policy, and prescribe my own Laws.

Merchant. Pray let's hear one of your State Maxims.

Socrates. Listen then to one of my Principal, concerning Women; I'd have none of 'em be the Property of one Man, but be Common to all Comen.

Merchant. How, Friend; Must the Laws against Adultery be repeal'd then?

Socrates. Ay by Jove, and all those insignificant Statutes of the same Stamp.

Merchant. And how wou'd you dispose of hundred Rya?

Socrates. Those shou'd be Rewards for Masters, and the grand Achievers of noble Exploits.

Merchant. Lord, how generous are you! But pray what is the Sum and Substance of your Wisdom?

Socrates. Ideas and Models of Things Existing: For whatsoever you see, as the Earth, Heavens, Seas, and Things about 'em, have all their invisible Images and Ideas out of the World.

Merchant. Where do they exist?

Socrates. No where, for if they were any where, they wou'd not be at all.

Merchant. Truth my Eyes won't let me see these Ideas you talk of.

Socrates. No wonder, when the Eyes of your Mind are blinded. For my share, I can see the Ideas of all Things, an invisible You, and a second Me: In fine, I see every Thing double.

Merchant. Well, Sir, I find I must buy ye, since you are so wonderful wise and quick-sighted. What must you have for him, Cryer?

Mercury. A thousand Crowns.

Merchant. I take ye at your Word; to-morrow you shall have your Money.

Mercury. Pray what may I call your Name?

Merchant. Dion of Syracuse.

Mercury. Take him, and I wish you Joy with him. So ho, Epicurus, Who buys him? He's one of the Disciples of that great Laughter, and of that Toper I cry'd just now. He subdues 'em both in one Thing, that is, Atheism; in other Things he's an honest Fellow, and will I take off his Glass in his Turn.

The Action of Philosophy.

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Merchant. What's the Price of him?

Minerva. But five Pence.

Merchant. There's your Money: but before I go, let's have his Diet.

Minerva. Sweet-meats and Preserves, but his most lasting Food is Fame.

Merchant. That's true: but I'll have Five for him by whole Sale.

Minerva. Call another, that some rough-brawn, Crabbed-face Snick.

Merchant. Well thought of: All the Company have voted for him. O yes! I present you with the very Soul of Virtue, and the most accomplished Man of Learning, who is far ingesting all Knowledge to himself.

Merchant. How's that way?

Minerva. Marry, That this Philosopher is the only wise Man, the only Beautiful, and the only Just: He's Valiant, a King, an Ouzier, Rich, a Law-maker, and all the Things you can think of.

Merchant. Pray, Mr. Ouzier, is he the only Cook too? Mr. King, is he a Tanner, a Mason, and a Jack of all Trades?

Minerva. So it seems.

Merchant. Like enough: Come hither honest Friend, and tell your Master, that would be, what you are and sell. Whate'er is that gives you to the Guts to be sold thus, and made a Snick?

Philosopher. Not a bit: For there are Contingencies out of my Power: and whate'er is out of one's Power, ought to be regarded as different.

Merchant. What! different? What! different? What! different? What! different? What! different?

Merchant.

Merchant. I don't understand ye.

Chrysspus. No? What don't ye know that some Things *Pragmatical*, others *Non-pragmatical*.

Merchant. The De'il a bit do I know more than before.

Chrysspus. No Wonder, such as you are for the acquainted with our Terms of Art: You want comprehensive Imagination. Now a right Student and Practitioner in the Theory of Logick does not only know these Terms, but the Natures of Accidents, and Super-accidents with the Quality and Quantity of their Essential Differences.

Merchant. I adjure thee by the Name of Philosophy to tell me what these Accidents, and Super-accidents are; for I'm confounded with your Jargon of Terms.

Chrysspus. Yes, yes, with all my Heart: Suppose a lame Fellow goes limping in the Street, dashes his lame Foot against a Stone, and unexpectedly receives a Hurt; now his Lameness was Accidental, and his Hurt Super-accidental.

Merchant. Miraculously acute! What do you profess over and above?

Chrysspus. Making Mouth-Traps, to snare and entangle my Antagonists, making 'em hold their Tongue, by putting a Bridle in their Mouths; the Name of the Thing I do this by is the mighty Syllogism.

Merchant. By the Lord Harry, it must have a plaguy strong Virtue sure.

Chrysspus. Pray mark me: Have you e'er a Child?

Merchant. What then?

Chrysspus. Why look ye: Suppose your Child walking by the River-side, and a Crocodile

The Antium of Philosophers.

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While catching, it shou'd promise you to release it, upon Condition you infallibly tell him, what he has resolv'd concerning the Child's Resurrection, what wou'd you say he had resolv'd upon?

Mer. Why, Sir, that's a knotty Question to Answer, I know not what I had best say to get my Child again: But for Heavens sake do you answer for me, and save the poor Child from devouring.

Chry. Fear nothing, Man; I'll teach you more stupendious Things yet.

Merch. Let's hear a few.

Chry. There's the Reaper, then the Ruler, but above all the Electra and the Cryptick or the Mask.

Merch. For God's sake what's *Cryptick* and *Electra*, that you make such a prating of?

Chry. This *Electra* was the famous Daughter of Agamemnon, who at the same time knew a Thing and knew it not: For her Brother *Orestes* standing by her Iniquity, she knew *Orestes* was her Brother, but did not know that this was *Orestes*. Now for the so much admir'd *Cryptick*: But first let me ask you one Question, do you know your own Father?

Merch. I think I do.

Chry. Put the case then, I should bring one Mask'd into your Company, and ask ye, Do you know this Man? What Answer wou'd you make?

Merch. Pd say, No.

Chry. And it proves to lie your Father; therefore, if you don't know him, 'tis Demonstration you don't know your own Father.

Merch.

March. Pshaw, As soon as I had understand him, I should. But pray what's the main End of all your Wisdom? and what are your Means to arrive at the utmost top of Virtue?

Chry. I'm conversant about the most eligible things of Nature, as Riches, Health, and the like: But first, vast Dexterity must be employ'd, the Eyes well us'd to scanning Manuscripts, huge Comments to be compil'd, and all Schisms and absurd Sentences to be learnt. In a word, we can grant no Man to be a Philosopher till he has thrice purg'd his Brain with *Hellebore*.

March. Gentleman and manly Studies upon my Word! But for a Man to be a Banker, or Officer, for such a one you are, are these the Signs of *Knowledge*? his taking *Hellebore*, and becoming a *gout*. *9* *complete Virtues?*

Chry. Yes, for a Philosopher is the only fit Man to let Money upon Interest, as being able to make *sylogisms*: for to let out the Principal and compute the Interest, are very high a *Kind* of drawing Consequences, and they agree in *order terris*, namely a *Virtue*; who is not to take single income like vulgar Persons, but to draw Interest out of Interest, for don't you know there's a first and second Interest, and one drawn from the other? See how this Categorical *Syllogism* proves it. He that specifies the first Interest ought to receive the second; but he has receiv'd the first Interest, *Ergo*, he ought to receive the second.

March. Pray will this hold good in Rewards too, such as you take for infusing Wisdom into your Scholars? Methinks a virtuous Man should aim at no other Reward than Virtue.

Chry. I've a Trick for that you must know,
I receive no Reward for my own light, but my
Scholars: He's Donour, I'm Receiver, now I
scorn to refuse being Receiver, because I'd
give him the Honour of being Donour.

Merch. But you said the contrary, that the
Schollar is the Receiver, and the Master the Do-
nour by Instructing him.

Chry. O you're Misty, Sir; but have a care,
Friend, I don't buy you out with an all-confound-
ing Syllogism.

Mer. What's the Consequence of that? What
say you?

Chry. Doubt, Silence, and Confusion of In-
tellects; say more than all, if I please, I can de-
monstrate you to be a Stone in an Instant.

Merch. How a Stone? Faith, Sir, I can scarce
believe you're a *Logician*.

Chry. Thus then: A Stone is a Body.

Merch. That's true.

Chry. And is not an *Animal* Body?

Merch. Yes, I should say so, if I were not a *Logician*.

Chry. And are not you an *Animal*?

Merch. Truly, I think so.

Chry. Ay, you're a Stone.

Merch. I would be, but at all? But good Sir,
turn me to my *Flesh and Blood* again.

Chry. That's done in a twinkling: Is there
force in that? First tell me, is every
Body an *Animal*?

Merch. No for certain.

Chry. Is a Stone an *Animal*?

Merch. No, no, no.

Chry. But you're a Body.

Merch. 'Tis true.

Chry. And *Quoniam* you're a Body, you're an
Animal too.

Merch.

Merch. I grant it.

Clery. *Ergo* Quoniam you're an Animal, you're no Stone.

Merch. Faith, Friend, I think you blemish'd my Limbs like Nicks, they begin to grow Rife and petrify: However, I'll venture on ye, what must you have for him?

Merc. Thirty Pounds.

Merch. There's your Money.

Merc. Do you pay all the Purchase?

Merch. No, Faith, not I; these have all a Share in him.

Merc. Troth, they're a good Brawny Crew, and well able to manage his Keeper for him.

Yap. Waste no Time, but call another.

Merc. Stand forth, the Rich, Handsome *Peripatetick*. Come Gentlemen, what say ye to the wisest Man in the World, and one that knows all Things.

Merch. What is he?

Merc. O, a mighty Modest, Just and Regular Person, and more than all a double Philosopher.

Merch. How double?

Merc. He appears one thing without and another within, therefore if you chancet to buy him, you must be sure to remember to call him Inside and Outside.

Merch. Where lies his Knowledge?

Merc. O, He has a triple Knowledge, he says there are three sorts of Good, one of the Mind, another of the Body, and a third *Estin-fical* to both.

Merch. He understands Humane Affairs, but what do you value him at?

Merc. Fifty Pieces.

Merch. And what say you to this?

Merc. That's plaguy Dear tho'. I don't want

Merc. Not at all, good Sir; the Fellow seems to have Money of his own, therefore you can't be too ready to snap him up: Besides, he'll teach you how long a Gnat lives; how many Earths the Sun will shine into the Sea, and what sort of Souls Oysters have got.

Merc. Bless us! What exquisite Knowledge is that?

Merc. O you'll hear profounder Subtilties than these by far, concerning Seminal Procreation, Generation, and Formation of the Embryo in the Womb; that a Man is a Risible Animal, but an Ass not, which understands not one bit of Architecture, or Navigation.

Merc. Troth, Admirable and Profitable Sciences! Well here's your fifty Pieces.

Merc. Very well, who's behind? O 'tis your Sceptick, stand forth Pyrrho, you're next to be Cry'd. The Company is grown very thin, and the Market runs low: Who buys this Philosopher?

Merc. That will I: But first tell me what you know.

Phil. Nothing.

Merc. How so?

Phil. Because to me nothing seems to Exist.

Merc. Am we all Nothing?

Phil. 'Tis more than I know.

Merc. Art thou any thing then?

Phil. That I know less than the other.

Merc. O Ignorance, Ignorance! But prithee, what's the meaning of these Solles?

Phil. I keep 'em to weigh Arguments in, and reduce 'em to an Equality: And when I once bring 'em to a perfect and exact Equilibrium, then

then can't I tell which is the right side of the Question.

Morch. Canst do any thing else?

Phil. All Things but parting's easy.

Morch. Is that such a difficult Business?

Phil. To be sure I can't leave him.

Morch. Like enough; for thou look'st like a lubberly heavy moulded Slouch. But, prithee, Follow, what's the end of thy Knowledge?

Phil. Ignorance, and neither to Hear or yet to See.

Morch. Art thou Deaf and Blind then?

Phil. Ay, and wear both Suits and Kestles too, and there's not a bit a difference between me and a Worm.

Morch. Therefore I'll buy thee for a Rat; what's his Price, Coyer?

Morch. But fifty Shillings.

Morch. Take your Money: What say ye, Friend, have I bought you or not?

Phil. 'Tis Uncertain whether you have or not.

Morch. The fact is it, I've bought thee and paid the Money down upon the Nail.

Phil. I suspend my Judgment, and consider of it.

Morch. Follow me as a Servant should.

Phil. Who knows whether you say a Word of Truth or no?

Morch. The Coyer, my Money, and the Slanders by will prove it.

Phil. Is there any body here then?

Morch. Sirrah, I shall find you in the House of Correction, and drive it out of your Head with an Argument or Two.

Phil. I doubt of that too.

Merc. But by *Yee* I'll do't tho'.

Merc. Hold your quibbling Tongue, and sel-
low your Master that bought ye: To-morrow,
Gentlemen, if you please to come, we
shall sell * *Private Persons, Mechanics, & Idlers*
and Mortals of the Vulgar Stamp.

LUCIAN'S
DIALOGUES.

BOOK IV.

DIALOGUE I.

The Fisherman: Or, The Philosophers Reviv'd.

Sec. **S**TONE him, stone him, the cursed
Dog to Eternity, give him a Shower of
Clods, and a whole Storm of Brickbats:
Dash the Rogue down with your Clubs: To him,
Plato, ply about ye, *Chrystos*, and you too; let's
all at once make a general Assault upon the Rogue's
Carcase:

United Force will give the greater Blow.

This is a common Enemy, and there is not one
of us but he has egregiously affronted: *Dionysus*,
now or never shew what a Clubs-man thou art;
hold him to't, and give the scurrious Dog enough.
How's this? what, off your Mettle, *Agrippus*?
ah, syc upon it;

La

Let not your noble Furies be left dumb.

Arist. The t'other faind yet: So that's well, the Beast is taken. Oh, have we met with ye then, Mr. *Hellish*? 'bud, we'll soon teach ye what it is to abuse Persons of our Quality: But how shall every one of us have his full swing at him? We must invent a Thousand Deaths for him, to make us all amends; every one ought to give him Seven at least.

Plato. My Opinion is to scourge him unmercifully, pinch out his Eyes, mince his Tongue like Pot-herbe, and then crucify the Villain: What say you, *Empedocles*?

Emped. Flounce him into *Aeneas*'s Jaws, and there let him see what 'tis to rail at his Betters.

Plato. I think 'tis better to have him torn piecemeal like *Pentheus* and *Orpheus*, and let's every one take a Collap of him, and go off.

Lucian. For Heavens sake—O don't murder me, I beseech ye.

Socrates. We are resolv'd my Word for't, there's no escaping: Hark what Friend *Homer* says:

No Longer can Lions make with human Race.

Lucian. I'll pray *Homer* says too; and if ye reverence Poetry, 'tis like ye don't scorn my repeating an *Aesop's* Line or two of him:

For Quails have a gentlest kind of voice.

A gentle Rattle here, but a louder of late.

For Quails have a gentlest kind of voice.

A gentle Rattle here, but a louder of late.

For Quails have a gentlest kind of voice.

A gentle Rattle here, but a louder of late.

Plato. Sirrah, we have enough of *Homer* to baffle that immediately: Look here;

*Think not, reviling Slaves, for since you've caught;
Toward your doom, your golden Words are sought.*

Lucian. O lamentable! *Homer*, my chiefest Hope fails me; *Euripides* then must be my Refuge, perhaps he may throw in a saving Word:

'Tis base to slay the prostrate Wretch, 'tis base.

Plato. Puh, and does not *Euripides* say too,

Do not lend Crimes for Vengeance loudly call?

Lucian. So then, * this is meer Rhiming a Man out of his Life.

Plato. Ay, by the same token he says also,

A dreadful End attends the lawless Tongue.

Lucian. Well, then, I see you are resolv'd to have my Blood, and all my thrumming won't save my poor Life; therefore, sweet Gentlemen, let me but know who ye are; and what execrable thing I have done, that makes ye so horribly fierce at butchering me.

Plato. What damnable Work you've made with us ask your Rogueship, and those delicate Dialogues, so notoriously and maliciously compos'd against Philosophy and us; such pompous as Sages to publick sale, who are the only true Men in Nature; this has provok'd *Chryses*, *Epicurus*, my self, *Aristotle*, *Pythagoras* too, as silent as he is, *Digam*, and all you're shou'd, to

* *Lucian* justus et verus

Get leave of *Plato* to rise from the Dead a Slave;
and am come for Revenge.

Lucius. Nay, then I'm Life; for I'm sure ye
wou'dn't so much as hurt me, did ye but know
my Deportment toward ye: You may throw
down your Stones, nay rather keep 'em for those
who deserve 'em.

Plato. Staff all over, -- Your Execution is al-
ready sign'd;

A Gout of Stone may bind thy Villain's Heel.

Lucius. But, worthy Son, in killing me, ye
kill a Person who justly claims your Favour, a
Friend of the same Tribe, of the same Opinion,
one who has a great Esteem for you, and without
offence, an Encourager of your Studies: So much
I'm your Servant, consider therefore, and not in-
tate our modern Philosophers in Ingratitude,
Choler and Brutality, toward their Benefactors.

Plato. Ingratitude? Will we then be ob-
lig'd to ye for abusing us? Do ye think you are
dealing with Slaves indeed? Must we return you
Favours for your Affronts and Railings, wish a
poor to you?

Lucius. Where did I, the Admirer of all Phi-
losophy; or what did I, the Admirer of your Per-
sons, and daily Reader of your Works, so un-
gratefully abuse you? The very World I speak of
you, and like the Invidious Son, I suck suck
off your Flowers what's best, and turn it into
poison: The World knowing each Flower
what it is, whence it came, and how 'twas ge-
ther'd, applied my sweet Collections, but must
mar your Fair, so famous for its various and in-
estimable Flowers: Shall he, who can so easily

conjoin, and so harmoniously adapt each part of yours; can he, I say, for shall I but dare to disparage such worthy Men, whom he's ambitious of adhering to? No, unless he were tempted like *Thamyris* and *Eurytus*, who dare challenge the Muses, who taught them to sing; and of whom they learnt to use the Bow.

Plato. Sweet Sir, this is most Rhetorical upon the high strain, quite contrary to your Address, and serves only to demonstrate your damn'd Impudence; If it be Injustice and Ingratitude, as you say, to retort those Darts upon us ye had from our Magazine, we are the only Mark those censorious Speeches are level'd at; and this is all your Gratitude, for our admitting ye into this Hall, to pluck and load your self with the Fanny and therefore, don't you deserve to be sacrific'd.

Sirah. I have your words in billows, and rise not at all.
Lionel. Look here, ye give way to Passion, and won't hear Reason: Indeed, how did I think ever to have seen *Plato*, *Chrysopeus*, *Aristotle*, and all of ye so transported with Anger, the only Persons I esteem'd free from that? But, most unkind Sir, billows not so unbecomingly, as ye act unkindly; Force and Violence are opposite to your Principles; Let Justice, therefore, decide the Case before the Bench, when each Party is fully heard: Give your Judge, and then accuse me either all at once, or one subject to speak for all: I don't will answer to the Indignities, and if I be cast according to the Sentence, I freely submit, and this will clear you from all Violence: But should I deprive my Country, and clear my self before the Court, I shall only deliver ye to mine enemies upon which who shall do and mischief ye expect.

Plato.

I

Plato.

Plato. Those giving would blame his Mouth, to kick down the Evidence, and so get off; I hear you're a damnable Orator, and a confirmed false-tongued Lawyer: What Judge is it possible for us to go to, that shall not corrupt, like a Rogue without art, and to gain your Cause?

Lucius. Don't fear such a thing; and here now, to convince ye of my tampering with the Judges, as using any sort of quacks to gain the point, I leave it to *Philosophy* her self and you to be Judge.

Plato. And they who shall impeach ye, if we be judged?

Lucius. Your selves shall impeach, and be Judges too: I'm as bold as a Lion, since I have so much Justice on my side, and so much to say for my Actions.

Plato. What shall us do, *Pythagoras*, *Socrates*? the Fellow seems to talk something of Sense in appealing to Justice.

Socrates. Ay, to Court, to Court, what shou'd we do else? and get *Philosophy* along with us, to hear what he can say for himself; to hang a Man without judging him don't look like us; but meer Raillery, and a hair-brain'd sort of People, who know nothing but Club-law: We shall give Advantage to confus'd Tongues, shou'd we, under a pretence of Justice, show a Man without hearing him speak for himself: Besides, how shou'd I ever look like an Accuser, *Athen* and *Melinus* in the Face again, shou'd this Man die without the benefit of answering for himself.

§ The Orator, referring to an ancient Custom of dying a Wave through to seek Manna.

Now Very well consider'd, Savanah; we'll
resort to Philosophy to be our Judge; we are
bound in Duty to stand to her Determination.

Lucien. Thanks to ye, Philosophers; there's
something more of Right and Reason in this:
Ye may keep your Seats in your Halls, as I
told ye, for ye'll have occasion for 'em by and by
in Court for ought I know. But where is true
Philosophy to be found? where she dwells I know
not, tho' many a day have I been hunting for her
House, to get a little Conversation with her. I
once got in with all the thread-bare Cloaks and
long Beards, your great Pretenders to her, and
thought certainly to have her here, but upon
Trial, I found them less acquainted with her
than my self, and they wou'd either give me no
manner of Answers at all, to cover their Ig-
norance, or else they wou'd shew me into a Door
quite the wrong way; neither cou'd I, all this
very day, ever find out her Habitation. Often
have I follow'd the most noted Leading-Men,
even to her very Doors, as I thought; not doub-
ing but to find her there, and cou'd think no
less from the number of grave doctory Persons,
who walk'd thereabouts with a Port so Philo-
sophical; and a Head so full of Notions; Wuh
these I join'd, and went in, where I expect a very
Jade of a Woman; and because her whole De-
portment, at first, seem'd most Gracious and
Natural. I came near, but found her eyes
Locks all Counterfeit; her Attire and Carriage
affected, more trappings to cover the natural De-
fects of a deformed Body. Her Face was plaster'd
up with Paints and Patches, and her Tongue had
the very twang of a common Whore. She per-
ced her self at her Lovers Entreatings upon her

and greedily seize upon her Person: were made her. Her rich Lovers were found very near her, but she pursued her way so much as not to stop. When by chance her Gown was rent, she did order it, I could discover underneath, thick Golden Chains and Brevets. Upon this I immediately turn'd tail, and went to my flesh, insensible playing those Tricks to her 'tis so grossly let, not by the Neck, but by the Head, since she is embow'd in Cloud instead of a Goddess.

Phil. You have hit your mark: The Devil's not commonly yet to be found by every one, nor is it necessary to go to her Palace; here in the Court-yard will wait for her, she'll be here immediately, walking in the Park, when she comes from the Academy, for 'tis her daily Walk. Observe her come, observe her partly Demure, her obliging Way, her gentle Mien, and her thoughtful Countenance.

Lewis. I have seen a hundred with the same Gait, in the same Gait, and make the very same Figure, yet there is but one of all these can answer to the name of Philosophy.

Phil. To be sure her Discretion will quickly discover her.

Phil. Wonderful! What Plot and Conspiracy there should be to drive us astray, and to set the way to Men of my Disposition. How true ye are, again, in saying, the Ghosts affected ye here, and we look for disfigure? but who is it that has set this? On church, or Church-burial?

Phil. Indeed? Malice, a Church-burial is a Saint to him, for he has made his home in and blasphemed your Divinity, and then miserably lamented on your Scholars, together with all our Writings we left behind us.

Phil. Shall I bring these *Argument*s; they are both Favourites.

Lucian. Ay, as many as you please.

Phil. *Liberty* and *Free-speaking*, you must along with us, and help out with this poor Gentleman one of our Admirers, who's unjustly in Trouble, but, *Argument*, do you stay away.

Lucian. By all means let *Argument* come, and little enough too; for I have to fight with no common Beasts, but with a haughty peremptory sort of People, who have evasions at command, so there's little to be done without *Argument*.

Phil. Truly nothing at all: 'Twould do no harm to take *Demonstration* along with us also.

Truth. Let 'em all come, for I believe there is work enough for 'em.

Driscoll. God so, *Maliam*, does he bring *Truth* to fall upon us?

Phil. Hah, *Chrysopeus*, *Driscoll*, what startled? *Truth* can tell so lies for him.

Plato. We know that: But yet he's a plucky cunning and insinuating Rogue, and may corrupt her.

Phil. Don't fear't, 'tis impossible whilst Justice is here: Come let's march; but first, what is your Name?

Lucian. *Perrephades*, *Aethion*, the Son of *Elevenichus* was my Father.

Phil. Of what Country?

Lucian. Of *Syria*, an't please ye, near *Elephetes*. How! do ye wonder? I'll assure ye there are several of my Adversaries no less barbarous, whose Learning and Education has neither been among the *Solans*, *Cypriots* or *Babylonians*, or yet the *Stagirites*: But that's no Argument with you; let their Speech be

never so true, to their Mind to be good and virtuous.

Phil. Very right: In the next place we must know what Profession ye are of, for that's material.

Lacian. I'm a Pride-hater, a Chast-hater, a Lie-hater, a Hater of Antiquity; in short, I hate all sorts and kinds of Vice by Reason, and have a mighty Trade.

Phil. But not Your Trade is the very Center of all Hatred.

Lacian. It is so: For ye see, when I have brought upon my Back, and what Damage I am in by it. Besides this, I'm of another contrary Profession, consisting in Loving, a Truth-lover, a Lover of Honesty and Sincerity; I deal in all sorts of Virtues; but this Trade is thrust upon me, before the Customers for my other Trade are so numerous, and I have so much Hing-work, that I fear I shall be too well skill'd in that, and forget the other for want of Use.

Phil. No fear of that: For 'tis counted all one; both Trades are the same, and are really one Effect, tho' they seem two.

Lacian. That your Ladyship knows best; but 'tis my Nature to hate Rogues, and love honest Men.

Phil. So, we are got to the appointed Place; we will call a Court here in Master's Fellowship: Pray you wait here the while, while we pay our Devotion to the Goddess.

Lacian. O Father, I beseech thee aid and assist me against this heinous Generation. Think upon their daily Perjuries, then that only infect and surveyed their Actions, reward them now! And if the Number of this wicked Men prevail upon

and I stand up with your casting Vote to free
me, I beseech thee.

Philosophy. Anna: Well, now you are fixed in order to train your Cafe. You Philosopher must choose out one of ye, who is best at something, for its impossible for you to be good at everything. Agree upon an Instructor, and let me preach him: then, Parryfoote, you shall submit to it.

Mr. Giddens. Who is first to undertake the Charge? O! *Plato*, for you have a most perfect Genius, an elegant Delivery after the *Greek Way*, in talking, in persuasion, in elevated Wit and Acumen, and can't you see the Force of an Argument at the very Birth; you are so happy in all these, that you need not take the *Mosses*, and play the *Orestes* for all of us; *Moderate* us all your *Troops* you used against *Carleton*, *Johnston*, and *Appleby*; and join them into one main Body, for this is a greater Villain than they altogether: Pepper him off with your *Invective*, then at him again with your own *Interrogatory Way*: Then, if *Devotion* be, lash him at the *Reel*, and say, *Thundering Jove*, mounted on his winged *Chariot*, would indicate his *Wretchedness*. Could he escape our *Thunderbolts* and *Lightnings*?

[illegible]

Demetrius. As to our Lives and Conversations, your Ladyship is already so well acquainted with, that I need not say any thing. For not to stand on my self, who can be ignorant of the great *Pythagoras*, *Plato*, *Aristotle*, *Chrysostom*, and the rest have done in their Generations; yet, notwithstanding, consider how this ever-damnable and wicked Sophister has vilified us. He is, by report, originally a Lawyer, who left the Bar with all its Honour, and has bent his whole malicious Spirit to Oratory he brought from thence against the Philosophers; and is incessantly railing and flinging us with the names of Chaste and honest, stirring up the Mob to deride and condemn us as Persons of base-repute; and has even'd the Odium of many, not only to extend to us, but to your Ladyship, by calling your Discourses Silurian, and publicly blaspheming your greatest Precepts we had from you, to gain the Applause of the People, whilst we miserably suffer by't. It is the very Nature of the common Sort, to be pleas'd with Jokes and Gibes, especially when any thing that's Grave and Serious is swell'd at. O what a Follie formerly was it for us to be seduced so enormously ridicul'd by *Aristophanes* and *Epicharmus* upon the Stage! they did indeed venture to make bold with our single Person: It was allowable in the Bacchanalia, Joking made a part of the Festival; and *Epicharmus* being a lover of Mirth, might approve of it; but this Sophister has brought into the Schools the best of both, for with a great deal of Labour and Pains he has compil'd a whole Volume, all of Calumnies, in which, with impious Words, he has scandaliz'd *Plato*, *Pythagoras*, *Aristotle*, *Chrysostom*, &c. and the whole Body of us; a thing not warranted by

by any publick Feast, or yet deserv'd by an Injury from any one of us. This Plot might be somewhat plausible, were it only violating himself, but he has been the first Aggressor, and what aggravates more, he makes use of your venerable Name, and presses *Diogenes* our favourite into his Service to fight against us under the Title of *Mischief*. And too a follower once of us, he was whorled in to be grand Assistant in his Buffooneries, the only Philosopher now, who betrays the common Cause, and refuses to appear against him. Upon these accounts, he deserves the severest Punishment: What can he plead for himself since he has violated these weighty Precepts in the face of so many Witnesses? Before whom he ought now to be publicly made an Example to deter 'em from ever joining with *Philosophy*. To be still and passive in the Cause, can't be counted Virtue, but more Stupidity and Folly; but for Yesterday's Want Flesh and Blood can't endure't! to be expos'd like a Slave in a Market, and sold by an Auctioneer, as they call him, some for a large Price, others for fifty Shillings; but not the Villain brought off for two Pence; indeed well might the Company laugh; these Crimes have so much offended us, that we have come and seized him, and are before your Ladyship to require Justice for these notorious Abuses.

Philosophy. *Diogenes*! O howely well spoken *Diogenes* again! Had every Man spoken for himself particularly, we couldn't have done better.

Philosophy. Enough of these Encomiums. Turn the Glass for the Defendants. *Parasides*, what have you to say for your self; begin

begin without delay, for the Glaze is now
 melting. What should make *Digress* here, &
 he has, wave my greatest Accusation, I am ut-
 terly ignorant; but I am so far from standing
 or preparing an Excuse for my fault, that I shall
 now make it my business to lay before you what
 ever has been omitted by him now, or may be
 hereafter, and that to make as feasible that small
 part of *Parsons* they were I could be myself.
 Still, under the name of *Parson* I am forced to
 thank you to the truth of my Apology, and if it
 proves false and false, blame me not, but that
 whole *Ye* have been the Cause of it. I shall
 discover'd what vile Practices necessarily attend
 ed the Bar; such as *Chattering*, *Leaping*, *Impudence*,
Noise, *Blustering*, and a hundred of the like
 Qualities, can't do no less than shew that
 and far to your *Ladyship's* Protection, wishing
 to live the remaining part of my Life under your
 Care, as one escaped out of a Storm in a fisher-
 boat. No sooner had I imbib'd your first Drink-
 ple, but 'twas impossible for me not to be struck
 with Admiration at you, and that *Superb* *Mind*,
 & *The very* *Dearest* *of* *Mankind*; Men who
 seem to compassedly to help forward that
 who tend to it. Men who give out the best
 and most wholesome Instructions, would the
 World observe and practise them, or would but
 keep close, and firm to their *Patrons*, and teach
 their things the Rule and Pattern of all that
 follow. But *Heaven* knows how few of our
 Moderns there are that do it! Many have I seen
 no great lovers of Philosophy, but the *City* of
 it was their principal aim, they affected the con-

most beloved; that I should not be so much as to
 one to strive to, and purchase a new and
 ing Table of Philosophy. By this new Table
 grave Carriage, and much more. But, having
 their Affairs, I am content to let them be.
 Confession to me, to be in the same, and the
 Dignity of their Religion, to be in the same, and the
 justly should with satisfaction. I am content to
 as they are, and I am content to let them be.
 ed in the same, and I am content to let them be.
 might I should be content to let them be.
 enough of your own, and I am content to let them be.
 or, I should be content to let them be.
 forsook, I think I should be content to let them be.
 crushing such a fellow together with his own
 sentation, for his own sake, and for the sake
 of Efficiency. Just in the same way, I am
 your Christian ministry, but I should be content
 bear with the impudent Hypocrites, and I should
 for their own sake, and for the sake of the
 in his Father, and for the sake of the
 and then I should be content to let them be.
 deed, and I should be content to let them be.
 ignorant, and I should be content to let them be.
 know of the same, and I should be content to let them be.
 and I should be content to let them be.
 This I should be content to let them be.
 When I should be content to let them be.
 fall into the same, and I should be content to let them be.
 they intend to do, and I should be content to let them be.
 and I should be content to let them be.
 or any other, and I should be content to let them be.
 him, and I should be content to let them be.
 this I should be content to let them be.
 have I should be content to let them be.
 not in the same, and I should be content to let them be.
 for I should be content to let them be.

faced contain all manner of Impieties and Villanies, take you for no better, and brand you with the same Scandal. When I saw all this, I could not contain, but fell to Satyrising 'em, and so he nish'd 'em your Company; and for this Piece of good Service ye have try'd me for my Life. Would ye think me an irreverent Man for being angry, and removing a Priest who should blaspheme the Gods, and disclose their mysteries *Arrian*? No ye cannot. The Masters of the Stage frequently chastise these Actors with heinously representing *Miseries*, *Mystrans*, or *Jews*, and the Character of a God; yet the Gods are never angry with these Masters for delivering the Persons and Characters up to be punish'd, but are rather pleas'd to see 'em so us'd. To mislead a Servant or a Messenger is a smaller Fault: But to mislead a *Jew*, or a *Hercules*, is almost an insupportable Crime. Moreover, this seems most ridiculous, that many who have thoroughly attain'd the understanding of your Precepts by their Lives, would induce the World to believe they have bestow'd all that reading Pains to act contrary to 'em. All that they say is concerning the Contempt of Riches and Honour, and that Honour consists in Virtue, that Men shou'd be free from Anger, despite Gratitude, and covet a moderate Fortune. By Heaven, I say, they are all admirable, wonderful and substantial Teachings; but these Fishermen teach for Money. *What* Gods of great Men, and great Rewards; they are more covetous than little Cows, more timorous than Hares, more cringing than Apes, more importunate than Fishes, more devouring than Cats, and are fonder about their legs the Earth than Game-Cocks. Who shou'dn't but almost burst with Laughter to see 'em

'em crowding and scuffling about rich Man's Doors, intruding into their Parks, and thus plague their Company with their incessant unrelenting Cant, garrulosity continually find Fault with every thing, and make a grave philosophical Discourse against Wine, and is perhaps full drinking-sleep. Private Persons seeing this, can't but openly scorn and spit at Philosophy, for engendering Muck-worms in Nature. But what's more ridiculous yet, they pretend they want nothing, perpetually crying out, that the Philosopher is the only rich Man, and yet, my Gentlemen, are frequently begging Gentlemen, and will be in a Rage if they sail of 'em. 'Tis just as criminal as if a Person arriv'd in a Princely Garb with a Scepter and Diadem, and nothing to distinguish him from a Monarch, shou'd beg about for a pennyworth of Pens. When they are to receive any thing, they shall preach ye a long Sermon upon Liberality, and make it out to ye, that Gold and Silver are a little to be valued as the Dirt ye tread on. But shou'd an old Friend or Acquaintance, who is in want, come and beg something, tho' never so reasonable of 'em; they are immediately struck dumb, turn'd Beggars, comment'd Fools, and your Philosopher is quite another Man. They make a mighty Noise concerning Friendship, Virtue, and the principal Good, but by what I can perceive, they are only flying Words, and at the bottom Stalking Horses to fence their daily Disputes. Friends they are indeed as long as Interest or Interest keep out of the Way; yet how 'em but an Hallucination; the King's Peace is immediately broken, they are at Beggars drawing, all things are in a Confusion, Beggars are thrown away, Virtue kick'd out; just as among a parcel of Dogs when

a Bone

a Bone is thrown in, they sit out, all together by the Fire, and worry him that has got it. The Story, great of a certain King of Egypt, that had a Fancy for teaching a Company of Apes to dance; the Costumes being perfect Mimicks, took the thing very well, and they danced all manner of Ways in Purple Cloaks, and in Masks. All Spectators were much pleas'd with them for a long time; till a certain merry Fellow in the Company took a few Nuts, and sold 'em amongst them, which immediately put these constituted Dancing Masters out of their new-modish Boxes, into their old Apish Jingling and scratching, and turning their Masks and Robes, to the great Diversion of all the Spectators. These are the very Persons; they are the very same I have expos'd; neither can I ever shift from satyrising, laughing, and jesting out. I acquiesce in your Rules, (for some I believe them) who respect Philosophy living up to your Rules, Heaven forbid I should be so much of a Monster as to utter one misbecoming or indecent Word against; were I so deserv'd, what could I object? were any of your Actions like their's? No, they are those great Conquests of the Gods, who have finish'd us, and are our Masters. But as for you, Pythagoras, Plato, Cicero, and Aristotle, what Religion, what Respect, or what Congruity of Manners can ye have with such sort of Cattle? Verily as much as there is between Hercules and an Ape: What because they have long Beards, great Locks, and say they are Philosophers, shall they join their fists with you? I cou'd in some measure pardon you, cou'd they imitate any thing tolerably; but

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the Scritch-Owl will sooner rival the sweet Night-
ingale than these, the Philosophers. This is all
I have to say for my self, and Truth is my Wit-
ness, I have said nothing false.

Philosophy. Do you withdraw *Lucian*. Well,
your Verdicts, what say ye to his Speech?

Virtus. As I live he said so much Truth, that
I wish'd my self under Ground, the while Time
he was speaking. I knew the Persons that he spake
at the first hearing, and thought I saw the distinct
Actions of each Man in every Sentence of his.
He cou'dn't have describ'd them better had he
painted them in live Colours; nay, besides their
Bodies, he has given the very true Picture of their
Souls.

Philosophy. Indeed, *Virtus*, I was a little out of
Countenance too. Philosophers, what have you
to say?

Philosophers. We can do nothing else but cheer
him, and hold him for a Friend and Benefactor.
We have fairly done like the Inhabitants of Troy,
provok'd a Tragedian to fore-shew us our own Cal-
amities. Let him go on therefore, and in mag-
ically use such Contemners of the Gods.

Diogenes. For my part, I must commend the
Man, and renounce my Accusation, to make him
my Friend, for he's right himself, I think.

Philosophy. We forgive ye, you have won us all,
and from henceforth thank your self ours.

Lucian. You are my Patrons. But I have a
greater Tragedy to act yet, if the renown'd God-
dess of Victory will farther be propitious, and
grant me still the Laurel.

Virtus. What, shall we make the † other fishing on't, and summon in those for Punishment who have abus'd us; and will you accuse 'em?

Lucius. That is my Design, Madam. Who wait there? *Syllogism.* make Proclamation for the Philosophers to come out of the City and appear.

Syllogism. Silence i'th' Court. O yes! All manner of Philosophers are commanded to appear here in Court, and make Answer to *Virtus*, *Philosophy* and *Justice*.

Lucius. The De'il a Man comes that I see, they know that harsh Sound, and are plaguy afraid of *Justice*; they are not idle I believe, but are met of 'em now buzzing about your great Men.

Syllogism. If you have a mind to bring 'em hither, make Proclamation in these Words.

Philosophy. No, no, get 'em together, *Parroquet*, as you please.

Lucius. That's no hard Matter. Silence in the Court here. O yes! This is to give Notice for all manner of Persons pretending to Philosophy both in Name and Title, to repair to the Court for a certain Distribution, each Man shall receive five Pounds, and good store of Nap-Biscakes: He who can produce a good lusty Beerd, shall over and above receive a Fryl of Figs: He who has any Modesty, Justice or Temperance, let him leave 'em all at home, as Things useles here, but let every Man bring five Syllogisms of each Mode and Figure; for we can't afford him the Name of a wise Man without them.

† *Asper nigrum.* It is a Proverb taken from Deidam; or else it relates to turning the Hour-glass again, for the second Trial.

*For him two Talents more of Gold he by,
Who wrangles best and gets the Victory.*

Bless us all ! What a tumultuous Company has the naming these five Persons brought ! Some are got to the *Palestine*, others back to the Temple of *Esculapian*, the *Asiaticus* is full ; *Tobit's* Tomb is ready to be trodden down ; they have got Scaling-Ladders to get into *Cæsar's* Temple, all in a hubbub ! By my Soul, like *Dan* in *Swains* they come to my *Revenge* : They spend every where, and so use old *Homer's* Words ; *Like Buds and Flowers that deck the glorious Spring*. What a plaguy humming is here on a sudden of the *Converts* ; we are compass'd about on every Side with *Script*, *Beards*, *Flattery*, *Impudence*, *Shifts*, *Gluttony*, *Covetousness* and *Syllogisms* in Abundance. How few are there here, according to our first Proclamation : Here is no Mark or Appearance of any, they are so hid in the Crowd, there is no distinguishing 'em from the rest ; and this is a great Grievance, and what your Ladyship is mightily to blame in, not to give 'em a distinguishing Mark, by which *Moses* the *Quack-Buffard Philosopher* are more in Repute than the true.

Philosophy. I'll take Care of't for the future ; but let 'em come now.

Platonicks. If it please your Honour, we are to be serv'd first.

Pythagoreans. 'Tis a false Principle : *Pythagoras* was before *Plato* ; *Ay*, we are to be serv'd first.

Sticks. *Ay*, so ye shall for a Fly, when we *Sticks* are your *Betters*.

Peripateticks. Come, don't ye prate, the Money belongs chiefly to us, according to *Peripateticks*.

Epicureans. And according to our *Epicurean* principle give us first the Nipple-Biscuits and Eggs, and stay our Stomachs to wait for the Money till some of the scholars shall have a call on *Demetrius*. Where are the Two Talents? They are out, for we can dispute and wrangle best, oh! my! I am a philosopher, I am a philosopher, I am a philosopher. That will gratify you, if there were no such here. I am a philosopher; I am a philosopher; I am a philosopher.

Philosophy. Leave your Hangings. You *Cracks*, don't ye hassle so. Here is an Occasion for *Chil-Law*; for ye are furnished with a most excellent Argument that ye think for. I *Philosophy*, together with *Kittar* and *Tuppi*, are here assembled to judge between the two *Philosophers* and *False* of all Time: we shall award with a good Name, and future Happiness; but as for the false name and Imposture, we shall inflict our utmost Scourge upon, to teach our mate *Modesty* than to aspire to what's about them. What's the Matter with? Do ye forget? & Hey-ding, stay first! I have a tale to tell you about the *Adam Smith*. There's a man's Soul left to finish the Test, but about *Them* at so. You, Sir, hand up that Bag there the *Genius* threw down for having a lot of what's in that withal, no doubt with *Lupinus*, old Books, or burnt *Cassia*.

Lucian. Nothing like 'em; here's *Money*, *Ed-fence*, a *Sacrificing Knife*, a *Looking-Glass*, and a pair of *Dice*.

Philosophy. O my Soul! a special Fellow. And these your *Various* *Crises* that give ye the Privilege to go about, and rail at all Mankind, teaching others to do the like?

Lucian.

Philosophers Reviv'd.

Lucius. He's a right Modern Philosopher; but we ought to consider of a way how to distinguish 'em, that we may know the good Philosophers and had ones asunder. *Truth*, that must be your Province, but ye must take special care *Justice* don't put upon ye, and thrust in bad Men ye don't know amongst the good.

Truth. Because *Parryfide* from hence, a well-wisher to us, and a particular Admirer of your *Philosophy* will do this, that is, if he please, will commission him to take *Argument* along with him, and visit all that pretend to *Philosophy*: And all those he finds true and staid he shall call into the *Pritaneum*, and crown 'em with *Olive*. But when he falls in with any of the *Milcrant* *Infidel* *Philosophers* (I'm sure there's enough of 'em) he shall tear their Coats, give their *Gonats* *Bands* the rag-gick Cut, and brand 'em wth the Forehead with the Picture of a Fox and Ape.

Philosophy. That's well contriv'd: But *Justice* *Jades*, it must be such an Argument as the Sun is to the young *Eagles*; yet for all that, were looking against the Light shan't be their Touch-stone. But if you can find any one who can stand against an Argument of Gold, Glory and Pleasure, and not be mov'd to take it when it is before him, he is it that shall wear the *Olive-Branch*: But they who look upon it with an evil Eye, and then fall on and seize it, shall be signatur'd and condemn'd.

Lucius. As your Ladyship pleases; but we shall have Plenty of Foxes and Apes, but a scarcity of crown'd Heads.—But let me alone, and I'll bring some of 'em back full speed, I warrant ye.

Philosophy. How Sir! when they are all out of sight?

Lucius. Yes, if the *Prophet* will but bid me.

that Line and Fishing-hook the *Pisces* Fisherman left for a Relique.

Priest. Here take it, and the Quill too, and all that belong to it.

Lucian. Now if you please to help me to a few Figs and a little Gold.

Priest. Here they are for ye.

Philosophy. What's the Man about?

Lucian. I'll bait my Hook with Figs and Gold, and sit upon the Wall here, and angle in the City.

Philosophy. What do you mean to do, sit here and angle Stones out of the *Blasphemy*?

Lucian. Hold but a little and see the Sport. Now *Agathon*, King of Fishermen, and bright *Aspidochelone*, send us a good Makrel Fare. *Shew*, there comes a swinging *Pile*, zookers, 'tis a Fish of the golden Order tho'.

Lobster. No, no, 'tis a mere *sharks*; he comes gaping at the Bait, he scents the Gold, and comes at it, he bites, he has swallow'd it; strike him.

Lucian. Good *Agathon*, help me out with him a hook. Up he comes.— Your humble-Servant *Mr. Fig*; let's see what fort ye are of. How he gapes! wonderful, what teeth he has got! What's the matter Cousin? What, tampering among the Rocks till you are trapt? You thought to have a fine-falking Hole here, didn't ye? but we'll hang ye up now by the Gills a drying, that all the World may see what you are. Come, let's unhook him, and get the Bait. Hah! the Hook is bait, he has swallow'd both Figs and Gold.

Dignus. O! he casts it up again though. Come, bait the Hook for another.

Lucian. 'Tis very well,—what say ye, *Dignus*, do ye know him, is he one of your Gang?

Dignus. I renounce him.

Lucian.

Lucius. What say you? How much will you
I found him yesterday at Two Punt.

Digam. That's Eight Pathings too much;
he's as nasty as old Ling, and as hard as Duck-Fish;
he's neither Fish, Flesh, nor good Red-Wine.
Take him by the Tail, and toss him off the Back,
and throw in for another. But ye must have a
care ye don't break your Line with 'em.

Lucius. Don't fear't, for there is ne'er a one of
'em but he's as light, and has as little Substance
as a Shrimp.

Digam. Ay faith, and lighter too;—throw
in.

Lucius. Look there, a dog Fish, it looks like
half a Fish when he's split in two; 'tis a Pike;
he gapes, he bites; up he comes, what is he?

Digam. He pretends he's a *Planchet*.

Plat. Villain! What, and have a golden Tooth
in your Head?

Lucius. What say ye, what shall we do with
him?

Plat. Toss him after his Leader.

Digam. Now for another.

Lucius. There comes a clever Fish, he comes
gay and party-colour'd through the Water; he is
hung full of golden Bells, do you see him *Ag-
ment*? 'Tis the characterist *Agment*, he was com-
ing, but he's now drawn a little back, mind your
bills, he bears up again, he has fastid it in: He's
hookt, here he comes.

Agment. Don't mention him to me, for I follow
him not.

Lucius. So then we'll toss him in again.

Digam. Hold, I see a whole School; all one
sort of Fish. *Thwack!* I think, they have caught
or Quicker, and are most dangerous to touch than
Hedge-hog: Now for a Net, if we had it. 'Twill

It enough that if we can but single one out of the Company. No doubt but we shall have one of the boldest of 'em come for a Snap.

Argument. Lay in if you please, but arm your Hook with Wire first, lest they tear it off and run away with the Gold. *T. edis yd mjd edis T*
Lucien. There, 'tis so. Now *Argument*, for another lucky hit: Hark and how they fight fast; there is almost a hundred nibling at the Figs, and as many hugging the Gold, that they seem to grow to't: Faith, I have ye, one of the best of ye too, Hook; Mr. Fig, what fast are you of? Hey day! what was I doing, compelling Fish to speak when they're all muffled. *Argument*, Do you tell who was his Master.

Argument. Chryssos.

Lucien. I thought so, by his sipping in the Gold so dextrously.

Chryssos. I adjure you by the Goddess of *Wif* don to tell me whether you know this Darts, or ever taught him this Trick.

Chryssos. By my Soul 'twas an untiv'd Question, I wonder ye shou'd think we have to do with such sort of Cattle.

Lucien. Prithar han't angry, *Chryssos*, you're a good Man, we'll feed him after his Brethren: He's plaguy prickly tho', and wou'd fencer the Gold out of him that shou'd eat him most venomously.

Philosphy. Come, enough, enough, 'tis ill fishing too long with a golden Bait; for 'tis odds but one or other bites off Hook and Bait at last, and then you have so much to make good the *Priestess*. Well, we'll be walking, 'twill be time for ye to make haste back, lest you go beyond your Measure: You, *Paraglaste*, and *Argument*, take your Rounds, and brand or crown all the Fishes with ye what, as I order'd.

Lucien.

Philosophers' Row 2.

Ensign. It shall be done, **Malice.** God send ye great Sirs: Come, my loves, we'll go choose the Orders; but where shall we go first, to the *Academy, Parity, or Lyceum?* 'Tis all one, but this I know, go where we will, we shall get all of very few Crowns, but almost wear out the Seaming-Irons with branding.

DIALOGUE II.

The Stygian Passage; Or, the Tyrant.

Char. Come on ho! **Chloe** the Skiff hath been long since ready, and well fitted for the Passage, the Balke-water is pump'd out, the Mast set, the Sail already all the Oars are laid, and nothing on my part hindered, but that we may get up our Anchor, and break Ground. But **Alcibiades** says, who should have been here long ago. Besides, see the Boat full of Passengers, which might have made three Trips to day, and now it draws towards Evening, and we have not pass'd one Fathom of a Fath. In the mean time, **Pithe** will suspect that I tell in my Business, and will when 'tis the Point of sunset, for that good old **Roule Captain** of the *Duell*, as if he were out of the *Glasse*, hath what a Blotchy show of the Water of Oblivion, and doth not remember to return to us. He is either wrestling with *Silly*, or playing on his *Harp*, or practising his *Flamboyant*, showing his *Polly*. O the the pretty Gentleman is shewing himself in his *Room* to us, for this is one of the *Pleasures*. He is now.

take a great deal of Liberty with us, especially, since he is ours, at least the half part of him.

Clotio. But how do you know, O *Chorus*, whether some Business hath not fallen out for him, and if *Jupiter* hath not occasion for his Help in the Affairs above; for he also is his Lord and Master.

Chorus. But yet not so, *Clotio*, that he should above measure lord it over our common Servant; I have never detain'd him beyond the time he should return; but I know the Reason well enough, for here with us is nothing but Daffodil, Wafers, and Jumbles, and Funeral Oblations; as for the rest, 'tis Fog, Clouds and Darkness, but in Heaven all things are clear, there's *Androsia* and *Nellor* in Plenty, therefore it seems to me to be much sweeter to stay with them, but he seems to fly away from us, as if he had made his escape out of Prison, and all the time he should come down to us, he is slow; and at last comes, but unwilling.

Clotio. No more of that, *Chorus*, for here he is; look ye, he's bringing with him a huge Number, or rather driving before him with his Rod a mighty Shoal, like a Flock of Sheep. But what is the matter, for I perceive one amongst them to be bound, another ready to burst with Laughter, and another with a Budget and Cudgel, and don't you see *Merry* himself flowing with Scurvy, he feet all duff, and puffing and blowing, as if his Mouth was full of Air? What's the Reason, *Merry*? Why such haste? You seem to us disturb'd.

Merry. What should it be else, *Clotio*, but that by pursuing this Rascal, who ran away from us to day, as I had like suit to have yesternight, he has to day?

Clotio. Who's he, or what was he yesterday?

Run away to!

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Merry

LUCIAN. Tyrant.

Mercury. This is certain, he had rather live, is either some King, or Tyrant, as one may guess by his howling; he complains he is desir'd of some vast Happiness.

Clotus. And did the Fool run away, as if it were possible to survive when the Threat of his Life failed?

Mercury. Did he run away, say you? If the most generous Person, with a Corded had not assist-
ed me, and bound him fast when we took him, he had got clear from us, for from the very Instant that *Arctus* delivered him to us, he hung on and refused, clapping his Feet so close to the Ground, that he hath not been very manageable for us to drive him; sometimes he would beg and entreat, requesting to be dismiss'd a little, and promising he would give huge Rewards for it: But as it was fit, we'd not part with him, knowing what he us'd to be impossible. However, when we were got even to the very Gates, and I had made up my Account of the Dead to *Eachus*, and he had computed them all over by the Tally sent him by thy Sister, I knew not how, but the wicked Varlet sneakingly stole away from us; so that there was found one dead Man wanting in my Tole. Then *Eachus*, knitting his Brows, said to me, *Mercury*, don't tell thy plotting to all things; let thy Posterity in *Horatia* follow thee, the things of the Dead are accountably enough, and in no wise possible to be conceal'd from us; you see my Tally had a Thousand and Four mark'd on it; but thou wast't one of the Number, except thou wilt say *Arctus* has got a Tick upon him. Then I, blushing at his Words, solemnly call'd to mind what had happen'd on the way, and when in looking all about, I cou'd in no wise discern the Fellow, I perceiv'd his escape, and follow'd on

fast as I cou'd, to the way that leadeth to Light, and this best of Men going along with me, and holding away, as it were out of a Goal, we caught him in *Tartarus*, so near was he to have gotten from us.

Chloë. And we, *Charm*, all this while had been condemning *Mercury* of *Laziness*.

Charm. Well, but why do we stay any longer, as if we had not loitered enough already?

Chloë. Thou say'st well, let 'em get aboard, and I taking the Register in my Hand, and sitting upon the lowest Step of the Ladder, as my Custom is, will inform my self concerning every one of 'em as they enter, who they are, from whence they came, and after what manner they died: But *Mercury*, do thou rank and put them in order; but first cast in these little Children, for what can they answer to me?

Mercury. Look here, Ferry-man, there's 300, counting those who were dropped at other Fells Doors.

Charm. Good luck! how delicate a Fare, but thou bring'st such as are too green for us.

Mercury. Wou'd you have us, *Chloë*, put in with such as them, such whole Deaths were never lamented?

Chloë. Do you mean the old Fells? Yea, for what does it import me to make my self Dumb, by hatching out after the things, that were before *Enchloë*. Come hither all of ye that are turn'd of Sixty. Ho! h! What's the matter? They do not hear me, their Ears are stuff'd up with Age, 'twill be best suddenly to transport 'em.

Mercury. See, here's 400, having two, all unburied, over-buried, and gather'd in their graves.

LUCIAN: Trans.

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Chlo. Yes certainly, but all of us are the
dry & Chlo. Being the wounded too, *Mercur.*
but first of all, tell me after what manner they dis-
parted this Life. I my self will inspect the Inscrup-
tions thus 'em; it was decreed, that yearly
eighty four of them that were at the Battle in
Made, should be slain, and amongst 'em *Cle-*
vis, the Son of *Omerus*.

Mercury. They are all here.

Chlo. And the Even who kill'd themselves for
Love, and the Philosopher *Thyragus*, because he
could not possess the Whore of *Alcary*, that he
was in love with.

Mercury. They are all present.

Chlo. But where are those who for the Deeds
of Empire were butcher'd by one another?

Mercury. They stand here.

Chlo. And he that was kill'd by the Adulteress,
and his own Wife.

Mercury. Behold he is before you.

Chlo. Now bring those, that were condemn'd
by the Judges, I mean those that were hang'd and
crucify'd; but where are the seventeen whom the
High-way Men kill'd.

Mercury. They are present, those that you see
wounded are they, would you have me bring out
the Women with them too?

Chlo. Yes, and the Shipwreck'd, for they di-
ed together, and in the self same manner, and
those likewise who died by the Fever, and the
Physician *Aspidochel* along with 'em; but where's
Cyniscus the Philosopher, who was to die as he was
eating the Supper of *Heate*, and *Isidore's* *Em*,
and the cruel Cattle-Fish.

Cyniscus. I stand before you, best *Chlo*; but
what Injury have I done, that you let me so long
among the Living? for you have almost crowded

my whole Spindle, and although I have order'd you to break the Thread to quiet him, yet I know not how, but it was not to be broken.

Clitho. I left thee to be an Inspector and a Physician of human Sins, but come aboard now, and good luck to thee.

Cyniscus. Not I, till we have driven this lewd Man on board, for I fear lest he move even you from the Sentence by his Solicitations.

Clitho. Bring him in, let me see who he is.

Mercury. 'Tis *Megapenthes* the Son of *Laydis* the Tyrant.

Clitho. Come up here.

Megapenthes. No good Lady, *Clitho*, do but permit me to go back a little while, I will voluntarily return, without any body's calling to me.

Clitho. What is the reason that thou would'st live again.

Megapenthes. Suffer me first to complete the Building of my House, which I left but half finished.

Clitho. Thou dostest, come in.

Megapenthes. I do not ask much time, O Destiny, give me leave only to stay this one day with 'em above, untill I shall give Orders to my Wife concerning my Estate, and shew her where the great Treasure is I had buried in the Ground.

Clitho. Well, thou shalt not obtain it.

Megapenthes. Must therefore all this Money be lost?

Clitho. For that matter, take heart, for *Megacles* thy Sister's Son shall have't.

Megapenthes. O Affront! that very same Enemy, whom out of Scorn I have not dignify'd.

Clitho. The very same, and he shall survive thee forty Years, and a little more too, and get thy Wardrobe and thy whole Treasure.

Megapenthes

Megapenthes. You do me Injustice, *Chilo*, in giving what is mine to my most cruel Enemies.

Chilo. Didst thou not seize all the Estate of *Callimachus*, murdering him, and cutting the Throats of his Children whilst he was living?

Megapenthes. But now all he had was mine.

Chilo. But now the time of thy possessing it is completed.

Megapenthes. Hark, *Chilo*, what I say to you in private, no body hearing of us. Withdraw then a little; if you will suffer me to run away, I'll give you some Talents of coined Gold.

Chilo. D'you keep your Gold and Talents in mind still Blockhead?

Megapenthes. And if you please, I will show thee two Baskets which I got when I slew *Charistus*; either of 'em is a hundred Weight of Talents of pure Gold.

Chilo. Tell him in thine; for by his Good will he will not come at us.

Megapenthes. I call ye to witness that the Walls remain unfinish'd, and the Dock for Ships, which had I lived five Days longer I had perfected.

Chilo. Take thou no Care for that, neither will finish 'em.

Megapenthes. But I expect this Boon from you, which is altogether reasonable.

Chilo. What's that?

Megapenthes. That I may only live so long as to finish the Pylos; and put the Lycians under Contribution; and then having erected a most stately, magnificent Monument for my self, I will engrave upon it all the great and warlike Actions I have achiev'd in my Life.

Chilo. Hold, thou dost speak to me every day, but twenty Years hence.

Megapenthes.

Megasthenes. I'm ready to give you Phlegon for my family Return, and if you please, I will deliver to you my beloved Succesor.

Clitus. Oh Rascal! whom thou so often pray'st on Earth to survive thee.

Megasthenes. Formerly I did pray so, but now I pursue what is more for my Interest.

Clitus. In a little time he will come unto you, the new King will dispatch him.

Megasthenes. Yet this you shall not deny me.

Clitus. What's that?

Megasthenes. I wou'd fain know how my Affairs go now I am dead.

Clitus. Hear it then; thou wilt be more comforted by knowing. Mithridates shall lately Write; he hath long since made her his Successor.

Megasthenes. What! that cursed Villain, whom I made free at her Persuasions.

Clitus. And that for thy Daughter, she shall be reckon'd amongst the present King's Harlots; the Statues and the Monuments which thy City formerly erected for thee, are all broken down, and made sport to all the Spectators.

Megasthenes. But tell me, shall none of my Friends resent such Proceedings?

Clitus. Who was ever thy Friend? or who had ever any just Cause to be so? Art thou ignorant, that all thy Adorers and Extollers of every thing thou dost or do'st not do, did it either through Hope or Fear, being Friends of the Government, and siding with the Times.

Megasthenes. But when they sacrific'd at their Banquets, with a loud Voice, they wished many and good things for me; every one of 'em was ready to die before me if possible; and to dispatch, I was the only Oath they swore upon.

Clitus.

Chilo. Yesterday, therefore, thou gottest thy Death by supping with one of 'em, for the last Pot that was given sent thee hither.

Megasthenes. That was it that I tasted so bitter; but what did he mean by so doing?

Chilo. Thou delay'st too much, thou ought'st to come in.

Megasthenes. One thing most mightily afflicts me, *Chilo*; for which I could wish to live again for a very little Season.

Chilo. What can that be? It seems to be something of very great Importance.

Megasthenes. *Corin*, one of my Household Servants, so soon as ever he perceived that I was departed this Life, about the Evening Twilight, entering into my Bed-Chamber, which was then empty, for no body look'd after me; lay with my Concubine *Glycerium*, with whom he had been formerly common; then shutting the Door fast, as if no body had been within, after he had taken his fill of Lust, looking upon me, said he, thou wicked Fellow, thou hast often buffeted me when I did not deserve it; and so saying, he struck and cuff'd me. In fact, when he had spit upon me, and bid me packing in the Region of the Dead's, out went he, but I smelt with Anger, tho' I had not wherewithal to revenge my fall upon him, because I was old, and had no Blood in me; besides, my wicked Maid hearing the Noise of some coming, rais'd her Eyes with her Spittle, and as if she had lamented for me, went away howling, when if I catch it.

Chilo. Leave off your Threats, and come aboard here, 'tis high time for thee to appear before the Judgment.

Megasthenes. And will any one dare to go against a King?

Chilo.

Chlo. Against a King no Body will, but *Rhadamanthus* will against a dead Man; whom thou shalt find to be most equitable, giving every one his due according to his Merits; wherfore now delay not.

Megasthenes. O Destiny! make me some poor private Person, and a Slave, instead of a King; only permit me to live again a little.

Chlo. Where is he with the Coggel? Had him by the Foot, *Mercury*; for he will never come by his Good-will.

Mercury. Follow now *Ramagate*; take him Ferry-man, and this Fellow, for that he be help'd to the utmost.

Megasthenes. But 'tis fit I shou'd have the great Cabin.

Chlo. Why so?

Megasthenes. Because I was certainly a King, and had my Guards without Number.

Chlo. And did not *Caries* justly give thee a twitch, when thou hast been so cruel? Thou shalt have a little Tyranny shew'd thee by tugging the Coggel.

Megasthenes. And does *Cyrius* give me the Coggel? Have I not lately almost fasten'd thee in the Oar, because thou wert too free, sharp and reprehending.

Chlo. And therefore thou shalt be close fasten'd to the Mast.

Micylus. Tell me, *Chlo*, do you make no Account of me, because I am poor; must I therefore be the last of all that come aboard.

Chlo. Who art?

Micylus. I am *Micylus* the Cobbler.

Chlo. And is Delay troublesome to thee? Dost not see how much this Tyrant promises to give to be loose but a little? I imagine that staying is not desirable to thee.

Micylus.

21 *Alas! but of the Destinies, that are, the Gift of the Cyclops, does not very much delight me, to be devour'd the last; for whether first or last, the Teeth are still the same. The Rich and the Poor are not alike, our Lives (as we may say) are diametrically oppos'd, for this Tyrant, who in his Life-time shou'd be happy, arriv'd to old age, and admir'd by them, leaving behind so much Gold and Silver, and Raiment, Florins, and Delicacies, lovely Boys, and beautiful Women; is justly afflicted and griev'd to be taken away from them, for I know not how, but the Soul, as if 'twere fasten'd with Bird-Line, sticks close to these People; not will it easily fly from them, as being long since addic'd to them; but rather, as if the Bond by which they happen to be bound, was not to be broken, when any are taken off by force; they howl and roar very loudly; and tho' in other things they are courageous, yet in this way that leads to the Shades, they are found to be Cowards; like despairing Lovers, she looks still backwards, and desires to see, at a great Distance, the Things that are done amongst Mortals; as this Fool did running out of the way, and here by importuning of you; but I who in my Life-time left no Pledges behind me, no Grounds, no Number of Houses, no Gold, no Household-Stuff, no Pomp, no Image, was altogether ready for Death; and as soon as ever Aresop but wink'd upon me, throwing willingly away my pining Knife, and Short-Sword, and having the Last in my Hand, (I, wistful as I was) without rubbing out the Wax, follow'd, nay rather went before; looking still downwards, for nothing that was behind cou'd stay or recall me, and truly I perceive all things are very fine amongst you; for to me it seems the foremost thing in the World, that the Degrees of Honour shou'd be e-*

good to all Men, and have more kindness than
Neighbour, and I confess, we body have
much Use-Money of his Debts, and as payers
of Contributions; and what goes farther yet
see, no one is frozen in Winter, nor indiged,
nor distressed by the most powerful distress in
man Affairs are turn'd quite happy surveys for
us who are Poor, do laugh and are merry, but
the Rich are doleful and are mourning.

Cloth. I have seen thee laughing this good while, Myella, but what was it that made thee laugh? I would thy laughter!

Myself. O Goddess, for whom I have the
greatest Veneration, living near this Tyrant, I
very easily observ'd his Proceedings, and though he
seem'd to me not inferior to a God; for when I
view'd the Flower of his Purple Robe, and the
Crowd of his Attendants, his Gold, and Caps set
with Jewels, and his Silver-footed Bus, I bless'd
him, besides the Favour of such things as were
proper'd for his Supper did very much affect me,
and therefore I look'd upon him to be a Man more
than human, and thrice happy, yea, much more
exceedingly and tall, by the Success of his Fortune,
raising himself more lustily by a whole Royal
Habit, walking stately, regarding of himself, and
offending others, but when he deceas'd, and was
stript of all his Pleasures, he appear'd to me very
ridiculous, and I the more decided my Mind in
admitting the Villain, offending of his Majesty,
only by his Splendor, and declaring him guilty
for his Scandal. Neither was he only a Sport to
me, but I could not forbear laughing, when I saw
the Usher Cripple falling, and repeating the
Methods he had taken not to enjoy his own Chair,
but to die without so much as tasting of it.

leaving his Estate to his Nephew *Rhadamanth*, for he was the nearest in Kin to him, and sent *Heir* at Law, especially, when I called to mind how pale and wan he was, making his Countenance sorrowful with Care, and rich only in the Fingers wherewith he counted his Talents and Ten Thousand, gathering together by Degrees, what was in a very short time wasted, by the fortunate *Rhadamanth*; but do not we get away, for we will laugh out the rest as we fall, when we see these lamenting.

Clitus. Come aboard then, that the Ferryman may get up his Anchor.

Chares. You Sir, whither go you, the Boat is full, stay there, I will give you a Cast over to Morrow-Morning.

Micyllus. You do me Injury, *Chares*, to leave a poor dead Man behind you, certainly I will accuse you of Injustice before *Athenianus*; miserable me, now they sail, and I shall be left all alone here, but why do not I strive to swim to them, for I do not fear drowning when I am tir'd, being dead already, especially, since I am so poor that I have not one Farthing to give to the Ferry-man for my Vassage.

Clitus. What's the matter? Stay *Micyllus*, for 'tis not lawful for thee to pass over.

Micyllus. But it may be I may swim out before you.

Clitus. By no means, but bring the Boat nearer, and let's take him in, *Micron*, pull him in there.

Clitus. Where shall he sit now, for thou hast all is full.

Micron. Upon the Shoulders of the Tynde, if you think fit.

Clitus.

Chorus. *Mercury* hath contriv'd it very wisely, come aboard there, and tread upon the Neck of this Villain; we shall have a good Passage.

Cynic. 'Tis fit, *Chorus*, I tell you the truth, I truly have not one Farthing to give you for my Passage, for I have nothing for the *Wells* but the Satchel and Staff you see here; but if you would have me pump and row, I am ready, nor shall you have any reason to complain, provided you give me a good pliable strong *Oar*.

Chorus. Row then, let that be enough to take from him.

Cynic. Is it requisite that I give you a Song?

Chorus. Yes, for then well knowest how to give the Mariners a Lesson.

Cynic. I know many, *Chorus*, as you are sensible, but these Mariners are too obstreperous, so that our Song will be spoil'd.

Rich Man. Alas! alas! my Possessions.

Author. Well-a-day my Father! miserable Man that I am, what a stately House have I left behind me!

Author. Oh! how many Talents will my Heir squander away, which he has got from me!

Author. Woe! woe to my Infants.

Author. Who will dress my Vines that I plant-ed last Year?

Mercury. *Micellus*, bemoanest thou nothing, it is fit sitting for my to sail without Tears.

Micellus. 'Tis upon't, I have no cause to lament when I have a good Passage.

Mercury. However, for Complaisance sake whine a little.

Micellus. My Shoes Sore! Oh my old Feet! Lack-a-day my Stinking Shoes! I shall no more, unhappy Man, be starved from Morning till Night.

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Night, nor shall I stay where we half naked, and gnashing my Teeth for very Cold. Who shall have my Culling Knife? Who shall enjoy my Awl? Some have's Lamentation enough, for we are almost at the end of our Voyage.

Chorus. Come on, first pay that Fare, and give me three oles, for I have gotten from every one, *Micellus*, give me thy Farthing.

Micellus. You Joke, *Chorus*, or as one may say, you wait in the Water, if you expect one Farthing of *Micellus*; for from the beginning, whether a Farthing be round or square, I know not.

Chorus. A very pretty painful Voyage to day, but get ye out together, I will go to the Horses and Oxen, and Dogs, and the other Animals, for 'tis fit that they have their Passage.

Clotho. Take and carry them away, *Mercury*, but I'll sail back to the Shore on the other side, and bring along with me *Isidore* and *Alcibiades*, the sons of *Quon*, for they have kill'd one another by this time, by fighting for the Dominion of the Dominion.

Mercury. Yes, sir, let's be going, but for that you all follow me in order.

Micellus. O strange! What a Mist's here? Where is now the fair *Micellus*, on which shall any one know, for he is not so fair as my Lady? For all things are alike, and of the same Colour. Here is no Degree of Comparison of Fairness, my dear *Micellus*, that scold before very handsome, is now become equal to Royal Purple, for they are both of them without any Lustre, and wrap'd up in the same Darkness; but whether all that gotten *Confusio* *Parvulus*.

Confusio

Cyniscus. Here am I, *Micellus*, and if you think good, let us go together.

Micellus. You say well, give me your Right Hand, tell me, for you have been initiated to the *Eleusinian* Mysteries, do the things that such persons do.

Cyniscus. You say right, behold a divine Person comes, carrying a Lord; looking awfully and threatening, is it not *Erinyes*?

Micellus. It seems to be her by her Dress.

Mercury. Look you, *Tisophon*, take this for a Thousand and four here.

Tisophon. *Rhadamanthus* has expected you long.

Rhoda. Bring *Erinyes* there, and *Mercury*, let them Cryer, and call 'em all over.

Cyniscus. O *Rhadamanthus*, for *Jupiter's* sake, I beseech you first of all to examine me.

Rhoda. For what reason?

Cyniscus. I desire to may accuse a certain Person, what I am conscious he has done such things to me in his lifetime, for I shall not be worthy of being except it be first apparent, what manner of Person I have been, and after what sort I have lived.

Rhoda. Who art thou?

Cyniscus. Oh, most worthy Judge, I am *Cyniscus*, by Profession a Philosopher.

Rhoda. Come then, come first to thy Trial; *Mercury*, call the Witnesses against him.

Mercury. If any manner of Person hath any thing to say against *Cyniscus*, let him come forth here; no body comes; but this is our custom, *Cyniscus*, and such that we may condemn what Men have done against us.

Cyniscus. Where have I been *Significative*?

Rhodes. Scanning all Things as I have com-
mit in his Life-time, so many invisible Brands
incur'd in his Soul.

Cynic. Look, I am naked therefore, search for
the Brands you speak of.

Rhodes. He is altogether pale, except some
three or four Sores, which are very obdurate, and
almost worn out; What's that here? That are
the Traces and Marks of a Burn; but I know
not how they are effac'd, or rather cut out, how
comes that to pass, *Cynic*, after what Manner
are you become pale.

Cynic. Formerly, when I was wicked for want
of Instruction, and thereby had contracted many
Marks, as soon as ever I began to Philosophize
by little and little, I washed all the Spots out of
my Soul.

Rhodes. Certainly thou hast us'd a most excel-
lent and perfect Method to go into the Woods,
live with the best, but first accuse the Tyrant, as
you term him, call others.

Micyl. My Affair, *Rhodes*, is little, and
needs but small Enquiry, I am ready before you,
and stark naked, therefore inspect me.

Rhodes. Who art thou?

Micyl. *Micyllus* the Cobler.

Rhodes. Well, *Micyllus*, thou art delicately
purr and unbranded, go thou to *Cynicus*; now
call out the Tyrant.

Mer. *Megapenthes*, Son of *Lacydes*, come
forth, whither dost thou turn? Come hither,
I call the Tyrant, take him by the Collar *Tri-
sphons*, and drag him before us; and now *Cy-
niscus*, smite and convict him for the Fellow is
near us.

Cynic.

Cyp. Altho' in general I think not nobl, for you may know what he is by his great Sins, yet, however, I will display the Man, and make him more notorious, by what I have to say to you. As for this most accursed Villain, I think it to pass over all the Rogueries he did as a private Person, but after he had associated with the most desperate People, rais'd Guards, and advanc'd himself to be chief of the City, he murder'd Six hundred, without hearing their Cause, taking away all Mens Estates, and arriving at the very Height of Riches, he never omitted any sort of Lust, but us'd all manner of Cruelty and Injuries against the Citizens, corrupting the Virgins, debauching the young Men, and insulting all Manner of Ways over such, as were subjected to him; then for his Pride and Insolence, and roaring against all he met with, you cannot execute Justice enough upon him, for 'twas easier for any one to look upon the Sun, than earnestly upon him. And who is able to reckon up his new Punishments to satisfy his Lust, who did not abstain from his very intimate Friends? And that you may know this is no vain Calumny against him, call those who have been murder'd by him; all these, O Rhodomantus, were butcher'd by this Villain, some treacherously taken out of the World, because they had beautiful Wives; others, because they stood out to see their Children abus'd; some because they were rich, others because they were good, and prudent, and in no wise pleas'd with his Proceedings.

Rhodo. What say'st thou to this, thou Cyprian?

Cyp. I have committed the Murders he speaks of, but as for all the other Points, the Adulteries, lying with young Men, and Whoring with

with Virgins, in all these Things *Cyris* accus-
es me of filly.

Cyris. Oh *Rhodesianus*, I will produce Evi-
dences of it.

Rhoda. Whom do you mean?

Cyris. *Mortus*, call me hither his Lamp and
his Bed, when they are come, they'll testify what
Things he has done to their Knowledge.

Mor. You Bed and Lamp of *Megasthenes*,
come into the Court here.

Rhoda. Tell us what you know of *Megasthenes*
in this Matter, speak first, *Bed*.

Bed. All's true that *Cyris* hath objected, but
I am ashamed, Lord *Rhodesianus*, to tell you
all he hath done upon me, they are so heinous.

Rhoda. Thou dost manifestly convict him, tho'
thou canst not endure to declare them; but now,
Lamp, give in thy Evidence.

Lamp. Truly, what he did in the Day-time, I
know not, but what he did suffer in the Night,
I am ashamed to tell you, but I have observed
many Things, which are not to be express'd, ex-
ceeding all Villainy, altho' very willingly I did
not suck in the Oil, desiring to be extinguish'd;
but he us'd me in all his Wickedness, and contami-
nated my Light.

Rhoda. Here's Evidence enough, pull off his
Purple, that we may see the Number of his
Scars; good-luck, he is quite black and blew, and
quite mark'd all over, or rather of a Sky-Colour
by his Brandings; after what Manner therefore
shall he be punish'd, is he to be cast into the fiery
Phlegon, and given to *Cerberus*.

Cyris. By no Means, but if you please, I will
propose to you a new sort of Punishment, and ve-
ry agreeable to him.

Rhoda.

Rhoda. Tell it, and on that Condition, I will give you the greatest Thanks I can for it.

Cypis. 'Tis the Custom, I think, for all who die to drink of the Water of Oblivion.

Rhoda. Yes.

Cypis. Then let him only of all others, be without drinking of it.

Mer. Why so?

Cypis. Because he will be severely tormented, when he remembers what a base sort of a Person he was, and how powerful upon Earth, and recollect his past Pleasures?

Rhoda. Right, let him be condemn'd, let him be bound fast to *Tartarus*, and let him for ever remember what he did in his Life-time.

DIALOGUE III.

Prometheus or Caucasus.

Vulcan, Mercury and Prometheus.

Mercury. **T**HIS is the Mountain, Brother, where we are to truss up our Criminal. Let us find out now some pretty convenient place free from Snow, that we may drive in our Nail the better, and open on all sides, that his Punishment may be the more notorious.

Vulcan. You are in the right on't: But we must not hang him too low, lest the Creature of his own making, Man, shou'd take him down; not so high as to lose the sight of him. The fittest place in my opinion will be towards the middle of the Mountain, a little above that Precipice yonder. We'll fasten one of his Hands to this Rock, and the other to the next.

Mercury. Agreed, for both of them are high and unaccessible. Come, old Friend, never hang an

use for the matter, but make haste, that we may bind thee to thy good Behaviour.

Prometheus. Have pity on a poor unfortunate Wretch, that suffers most unjustly.

Mercury. What I warrant you, and be trussed up in your Room. Don't you think now this Mountain is big enough to hold us all three, or wou'd you by your good will have Companions in your Misery, to make you less sensible of your own?—No, dear Heart, we are no such Coxcombs neither—Come, *Vulcan*, take his right Hand, and nail it with all your force—Bravely done, and now show the same kindness to his left. Done like an Artist i' faith. The Vulture will be here in a Minute, to examine your confounded Entrails, by way of Recompence for your noble Invention.

Prometheus. O Mother Earth that didst engender me; and thou Father *Jupiter*, and Uncle *Saturn*, must I suffer all this Torment, I that have done nothing to deserve it?

Mercury. Done nothing you impudent Fellow: Why, do ye think 'twas nothing to put a Trick upon *Jupiter* at a Feast, and stunn a few Bones cover'd with Fat upon him, and keep the best share for your self? Then, who in the Devil's name put it into your Head to make that subtle crafty Animal, yclep'd Man, but especially Women? And last of all, to inslave your Reasoning, what made you steal Fire from Heaven, which was the Inheritance of the Gods, and the most precious Treasure they had? After all this, how canst thou be so impudent as to prate of thy Innocence, and pretend they have done thee a mighty Injury to punish thee?

Prometheus. By your leave, *Mercury*, 'tis nobly done, to persuade a poor Wretch in my condition,

and reproach me with several things, for which (by the Gods I swear it, and let 'em take it how they will) I deserv'd to be maintain'd at the publick Expence in the Prytaneum. If you are at leisure, I shou'd be glad to dispute this matter with you at large, and confute *Jove* in your Person. Come, try what you can say in his Defence, you who are so fine an Orator; and show what reason he had to hang me up here, near the Captives Ports, to be a Spectacle of Horror to the *Athenians*.

Mercury. You come somewhat of the late with your Defence now. However, speak what you have a mind to say, while we tarry here for the coming down of the Vulture, that is to rummage your Bowels for you. I should be glad to hear some of your Rhetorick, for they say, you are a plugg'd Sophister.

Prometheus. Do you speak first then, since you are my Accuser, and have a care you don't betray *Jupiter's* Cause. *Vulcan* there shall be Umpire between us.

Vulcan. Excuse me for that, old *Hephaestus*; I shall rather appear against you, and be your Executioner, for starving my Forge, like a Rascal as you are, by stealing Fire from Heaven.

Prometheus. Divide my Indignment, I beseech you, into two Parts. Let *Vulcan* manage the matter of *petty larceny* against me, and *Mercury* do you show your Parts in displaying my other Crimes; for between Friends it wou'd look but very ill-favour'dly in the God of Thieves, to sit at People of his own Profession.

Vulcan. Let *Mercury*; and he will speak for us both. For my part, I don't know the manner of Pleading; being never had up at the Bar as he

was. All the World knows, that Pettyfoggings is one of his Trades, as well as Thieving.

Merry. It would take up too much time to prepare a just Accusation, because 'tis not enough to mention the bare Facts: But since you have a fancy to be heard what you can say in justification of those Crimes that you value your self so much upon, there is no necessity to make a long harangue; nay, it would be downright Madness, for one to trouble himself about proving a Fact which the Party avows. I will only tell you, 'tis the right way to abuse your's Mercy, to cleave so often into the same Crimes.

Protestant. We shall see immediately, whether what you have offer'd is not foolish: But since you think that to be sufficient, I will endeavour to defend my self as well as I can. In the first place (I call Heaven to witness it) I am sorry with all my Heart to see Jupiter so peevish and ill-condition'd, that because he had not the best Part forsooth curv'd for him at a certain Feast, he must therefore crucify not a Man, but a God, as well as himself, and one of his old Acquaintance who has serv'd him upon a Thousand Occasions. You know well enough what Liberty all the World allows at publick Entertainments; and that none but Children and Fools take part at what is done then. As for your People of Honour, they are so far from being offended, that they turn it all into Mirth and Railery: But to let so small a Trifle broil so long upon his Gizzard, and afterwards to take so cruel a Revenge for it, is altogether unworthy, I don't say of a God, much more the Sovereign God of all; but even a Man of any Honour. Banish once from your Table innocent Freedom, and what will be left behind but salsome

Eating and Guzzling, which Beasts enjoy in as high a Perfection? And wou'd it not be infinitely scandalous for *Jupiter* to live after this rate? For my part, I think he ought not to have remembered the next day what was done or said over Night, much less to punish one in so barbarous a manner, and imagine himself highly affronted, because one Mess forsooth was better than another; as if he was not of Years of Discretion to chuse the best for himself: But take the thing by the worst handle, and suppose that his share was not the least, but that he had nothing at all given to him, must he for this throw the House out of the Windows, jumble Heaven and Earth together, and talk of nothing but Crosses, and Vultures, and Rocks, and Precipices? Let him have a care, I say, for sober People will be apt to impute this to a froward, silly, childish Temper. What would he not do for Matters of any Consequence, that plays the Devil thus about a poor Mouthful of Meat? How many Men in the World are infinitely more just and reasonable than this comes to? Who ever saw a Man of any Sense knock his Cook's Brains out for licking his Fingers, or stealing a few Morfels? People are asham'd to take notice of such Trifles; or if they think fit to chastise such a Servant, why they give him a hearty Cuff or two and all is over: But for so small a matter to hurry a Man away to the Gallows, is a barbarous, unheard-of Piece of Cruelty. Thus I have fairly argu'd the first point, and as I hope to live I was asham'd to defend my self; how much more then ought they to blush that accuse me of such a Trifle? Let us now proceed to the second, which concerns the Creation of Man; upon which Subject some will think perhaps, that I ought not to have made him at all; and others,

that

that he should have been made after another manner. I will examine both Objections; and as to the first, I may boldly say, that the Gods have been so far from being Losers, that they have gain'd considerably by the Bargain; and that it is much more advantageous to them, that there should be such Creatures as Men in the World, tho' Knaves and Rascals may slip into the Herd, than that there should be none at all. To carry the Dispute a little higher, we must consider, that in the Beginning there was nothing but Gods in the World; and that the Earth was a mighty spacious Desert, incumbred with Forests everlasting: From whence, I beseech you, came these Fields and Gardens so well cultivated, these Temples, these Altars, these Statues that are ador'd, but from human Invention? As I am perpetually hammering my Brain to find out things that may be useful and serviceable to the publick, I happen'd once to be tempering some Earth with a little Water, as the Poet tells us; and kneading them together, out of this Stuff I made a Man after our Image, by the Assistance of *Mineros*. This, Gentlemen, is all they can lay to my charge. But what shou'd set the Gods in such an uproar, and make them complain so? Pray tell me, are they less Gods now than they were in the Days of yore? For one that should see how *Jupiter* frets and torments himself about the matter, wou'd swear he had lost one half of his Dominions. What, is he afraid that they will rebel against him, as the Giants did formerly? and is he not powerful enough to rout 'em horse and foot, he that reduc'd the *Titans* to their Allegiance? 'Tis certain, that the Gods have not sustain'd the least Injury by my Invention: But now to convince them that they are considerable Gain-

ers

em by it, let them but cast their Eye down upon the Earth, which not many Ages ago was a continual Solitude; but now is cultivated, and produces abundance of things useful to Mankind: Let them see of it self it scarce brings forth any thing but what is savage and wild. Even the Sea it self is in some manner civiliz'd by Navigation: Men are inhabited, Towns full of People, Temples and Altars erected, Festivals and Sacrifices instituted. In short, to express my self in the Poet's Language, *All Streets and public Places are full of Jupiter*. Can any one charge me with having done this to promote my own Glory? Among so many thousand Temples of the Gods, I defy them to show me one that was ever dedicated to *Prometheus*, which is a sufficient Proof that I have neglected my own particular Interest for that of the Publick. Consider too, if you please, that Happiness it self without Witnesses to admire it, is but an imperfect State; and that if there were no Man extant, the Beauty of the World wou'd be entirely lost, and even our Condition less agreeable, as having no body to pay us homage. Besides, as we have no other Knowledge of Things, but by comparing them with others; the Grandeur of our Fortune wou'd be unknown to us, at least we should have a fainter Relish of it, if there were no unfortunate Persons in being: In the mean time, instead of rewarding me for my good Services, I am offer'd to a Cross; and whereas I might justly have expected to find a noble Recompence for my good will, all I have yet receiv'd is the most insupportable Torments that cou'd be thought of: And what Reason do they assign for treating me thus? Why, all Mankind, it seems, are not Saints, but now and then we hear of a Murderer, or a Fellow that has committed

committed. I wish and Advise, that we should
 none then of that Character to be found among
 us: yet for all that we don't condemn Heaven and
 Earth that punish'd them. It will be objected gain-
 here, that we have more Care now upon our
 Hands than we had formerly; that we are ever-
 lastingly detain'd by them; and that we must pro-
 vide for all their Necessities: But I wonder who
 ever heard a Shepherd complain of the Necessi-
 ties of his Flock for the Trouble it gave him? For if there is any Trouble in it, yet the Profit
 makes sufficient amends: Besides, this serves as
 instead of an Occupation, and takes up several to-
 dious Minutes, without which we should sit yawn-
 ing in our Elbow-chairs with our Arms folded to-
 gether, doing just nothing but chivaching our Guts
 with *Nectar* and *Andros*. But what vexes me
 most of all is to see, that those that make the loudest
 Complaints against Men, are the very Persons
 that cou'd not live without 'em, but especially
 Women, whom they love more than any of their
 Brethren do, tho' they are perpetually telling scan-
 dalous Stories of them. They put on a Thousand
 Disguises every Week, to carry on their shame-
 ful Intrigues with them, and not content to con-
 summate with these Dowries, advance them to
 Heaven, and make them Goddesses. And here
 some one may tell me, that indeed I might have
 reason on my side to make such a Creature as Mah,
 but then I ought to have given him a different
 Cast, and not have made him like one of us. Now
 I'll appeal to the greatest Bigot among them, whe-
 ther I cou'd have chose a better Model than that
 which I knew before-hand to be the most perfect?
 Wou'd you have me create him a Creature with-
 out Understanding, who cou'd have done us no
 manner

manner of Service? How unjust a Generation ye are! To regale your selves with a Hecatomb, you can dispense with beating the hoof as far as the unblameable *Aethiopian*; and yet, with a murmur to you, you must crucify him who is the Cause that you have these Altars and Hecatombs. But we have said enough to this point, let us now speak a word or two about that abominable Crime we are charg'd with, the stealing of Fire. In the first place, can you pretend that I have robb'd you of it, because I gave it to Mankind? Is it not the Nature of this Element to communicate and spread it self without being lost? This is so unaccountable, so foolish a Jealousy, that it fits very ridiculously upon those to whom the Poets have given the honourable Title of *Benefactors*. Besides, if I had carry'd off all the Fire in Heaven, I had done you no harm, for as as I take it, you neither boil nor roast your *Androas*, whereas Mankind daily wants it for a thousand Occasions; not to tell you, *en passant*, that without it they cou'd not offer Sacrifice to you. Now, is it not a plain case, that you are never better pleas'd than when you snuff up the heavenly Stream of an *Hibercus* with your hungry Nostrils: So evident it is, that your Complaints run counter to your Desires, and faucily contradict what you love best. For my part, I am astonish'd that you have not laid an *Interdict* upon the Sun, or fin'd him for distributing his Light, which I am sure is the purest and most glorious Fire that is; and yet I never heard any of you accuse him for squandering away your Treasures, and spending your Goods and Chattele. This, Gentlemen, is all I have to say in my Defence. 'Tis time for you now to answer me, if you are able, and to deal freely with you, I expect a Reply.

Mercury.

Merc. 'Tis no easy Matter to answer so impudent a Sophister as thou art. Well, 'tis happy for thee that *Jupiter* hears nothing of this: Take my word for't, old Friend, he wou'd have sent thee down *Vulture* instead of one, so villainously hast thou rail'd at him, under the Pretence of defending thy self. But answer me one civil Question, How the plague came you, that set up for a Prophet, to know not a Syllable of what has happen'd to you?

Pram. No, no, I knew it well enough, but at the same Time I knew that I shou'd be deliver'd by a Hero, a gallant Fellow of thy Acquaintance, that is to come from *Thetis*, and dispatch my *Vulture*.

Merc. Well, I wish with all my Soul he were arriv'd already. Faith, old Boy, I long to sit at Table with thee as I us'd to do. But heark you in your Ear---you shou'd not then divide the Messes.

Pram. Pristhee do but be patient. You'll see me *in statu quo* one of these Days, for *Jupiter* will deliver me for an important piece of Service I am to do him.

Merc. Out with it, dear Rogue, what can it be?

Pram. Why, you know *Thetis*, but Mum for that,---I must not divulge the Secret, that is to occasion my Deliverance.

Merc. Nay, if 'tis so, you are in the right on't, not to part with it.--- But, Brother *Vulcan*, let's away. I see the *Vulture* yonder coming full swoop upon his Prey, and I heartily wish that the Deliverer was as near as the Persecutor.

DIALOGUE IV.

Between Prometheus and Jupiter.

Prom. **R**elease me, *Jupiter*, I have now suf-
fer'd sufficiently.

Jup. Release thee, say'st thou, who dar'st
stronger Shackles, with whole *Caucasus* thrown
upon that Head, not only fixt in *Future* at
once to gnaw your Liver, but to peck your Eyes
out too; for having made that Scabby feet of A-
nimals, Men, and manumov'd Foe from Hea-
ven and made Women? Not to mention the
Trick you put upon me at Dinner, where reserv-
ing the best Fare to your self, you order'd Bones
cover'd with Fat to be set before me.

Prom. And have not I done sufficient Pe-
nance, Chain'd to *Caucasus* for so long a time,
and feeding the most Ravenous of *Future* with
my Entrails?

Jup. Not the Thousandth part of what you
deserve.

Prom. But, *Jupiter*, you shall not release me
without a Bribe, for I'll acquaint you with a most
important Secret.

Jup. You could cheat me again *Prometheus*?

Prom. To what purpose? You'll know where
Caucasus stands, and how to hamper me again, if
I deceive you.

Jup. But tell me first, what mighty piece of
Service will you do me?

Prom. If I tell you what Affair you are now
going about, will you believe what I shall further
Prophecy.

Jup.

Jup. Why not?

Prom. You are going to lie with *Themis*.

Jup. You are so far in the Right *What* more! This looks as if there couldst utter some Important Truth.

Prom. Meddle not with that *Set-Less*, for (*Jupiter*) if thou hast a Son by her, He'll serve you just as you did your Father *Seton*.

Jup. Will he detest me?

Prom. May it never come to pass, but this Intrigue forebodes some such matter.

Jup. Then farewell *Themis*, for she *Discomfyt* let *Furies* strike off my Shackles.

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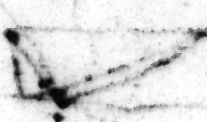
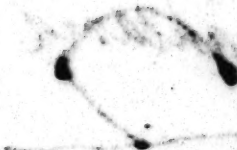
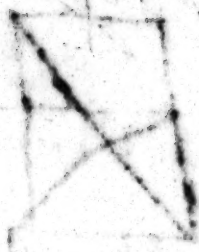
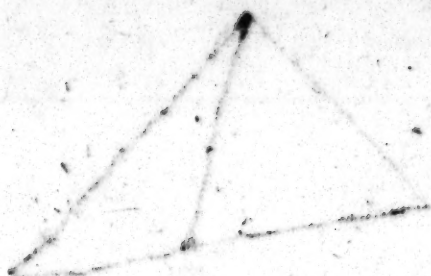
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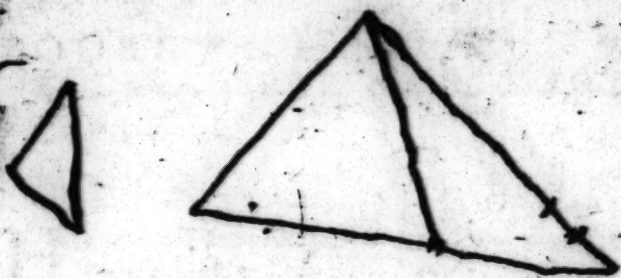
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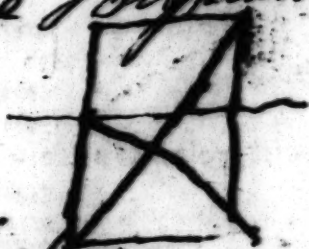
— *Julia*

Caesar's Ovid 2 Vols

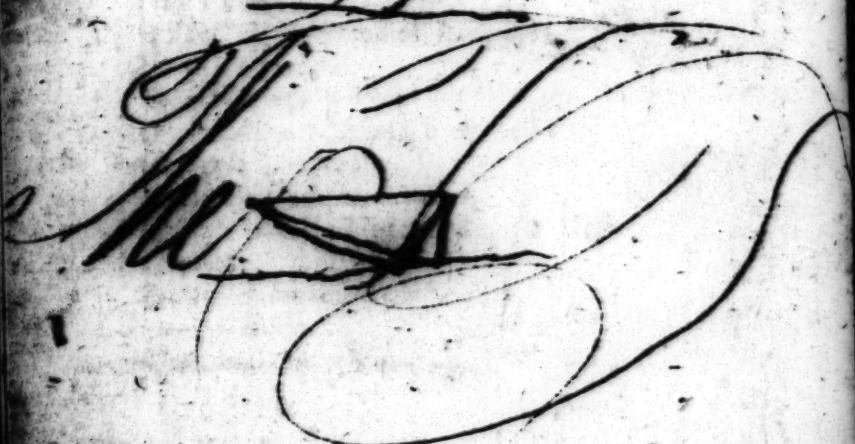




The Highland Honor



The lightened lance rest



The Highland
clans with sword
in hand from 94

[Handwritten signature]